

THE HILDRETH FAMILY

SAMUEL P. HILDRETH

No. 4338.256

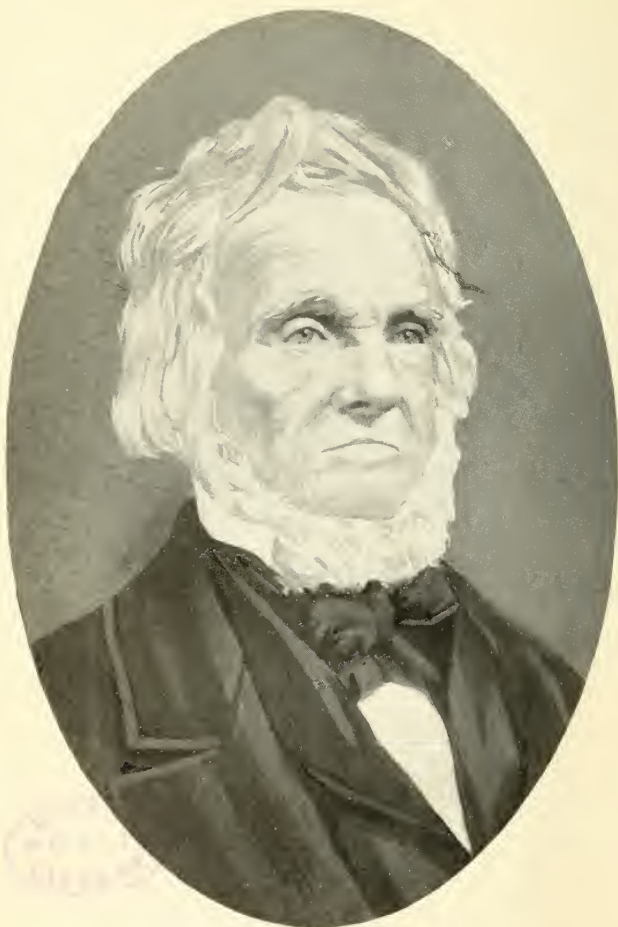


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DR. S. P. HILDRETH,
IN HIS LATTER DAYS

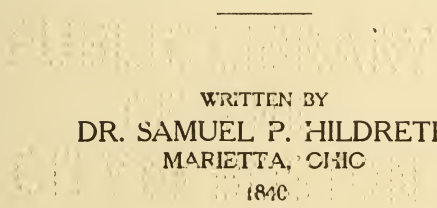
Genealogical and Biographical
Sketches

OF THE

Hildreth Family

FROM THE YEAR 1652
DOWN TO THE YEAR 1840

WRITTEN BY
DR. SAMUEL P. HILDRETH
MARIETTA, OHIO
1840



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Dedication

To the memory of my grandmother, Mary Ann Hildreth, daughter of Dr. Samuel Prescott Hildreth, (the author of this work) wife of Douglas Putnam, (1806-1894) and mother of Benjamin Perkins Putnam (1835-1871) Samuel Hildreth Putnam (1835-1911) and Colonel Douglas Putnam 1838 - —) this volume is affectionately dedicated.

B. B. PUTNAM.

Introductory

After the death of Dr. George O. Hildreth, which occurred on May 3rd, 1903, the books written by Dr. Samuel Prescott Hildreth came into my possession.

As Dr. George O. Hildreth was the last male of this family of Hildreths, and childless, the history of this line of vigorous men becomes of particular interest to those persons in whose veins flows Hildreth blood inherited through the female line.

To the Hildreth Genealogy, in the latter part of this book, I desire to add the following:

Samuel H. Putnam, born June 7th, 1835, married October 18th, 1866, to Abigail Fobes Mixer (born April 12th, 1839, and living), who have three children, all living, as follows:

Samuel Hildreth Putnam, born Jan. 10th, 1869, married March 31st, 1902, to Clara Louise Mooney, (born April 18th, 1875, and living) who have three children, all living. Clara Louise Putnam, born April 25th, 1903; Abigail Frances Putnam, born June 16th, 1904; Samuel Hildreth Putnam, born August 27th, 1905.

Benjamin B. Putnam, born November 5th, 1871, married September 6th, 1894, to Lucy Hay, (born July 12th, 1872, still living) who have had four children: Benjamin Hay Putnam, born July 6th, 1895; George Hildreth Putnam, born May 1st, 1897; Samuel Lawrence Putnam, born October 13th, 1899, died February 18th, 1901; Pauline Webster Putnam, born December 12th, 1906.

Mary Dorcas Putnam, born May 21st, 1879, living and unmarried.

Douglas Putnam, born August 21st, 1838, married twice; Valonia Reppert, to whom was born two children, as follows: Louis Reppert Putnam, born October 7th, 1864; Douglas Gaylord Putnam, born August 28th, 1871.

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Genealogical and Biographical Sketches of the Hildreth Family

From dates obtained from the records of the Town of Chelmsford, in Massachusetts, it appears that Richard Hildreth was the great progenitor of all of the name of Hildreth, now living in the New England States, and probably of all in the United States. It does not state in what year he emigrated from England to America, but probably as early as the year 1650, for his name is found among a company of petitioners, twenty in number, from the towns of Concord and Woburn, applying to the general court, in the year 1652, "for a tract of land lying on the west of Concord or Musketaquid river," where the petitioners say they "do find a very comfortable place to accommodate a company of God's people upon." This petition was granted, and the settlement founded, which proved to be a very prosperous one.

The spot where his house stood is known to this day and from the date on a grave stone in the burying ground, which is said to be yet standing, it is ascertained that he was born in the year 1612, and was

eight years old when the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth. If he removed to Chelmsford in the year 1654, which is probably about the period of their taking possession of their newly acquired territory, he was then in his forty-second year. He at that time must have been the father of several children, as we find his son James married and the father of a daughter named Margaret in the year 1660. Old Richard's wife was named Elizabeth and his son's wife was Margaret. I can learn nothing of our progenitor's personal appearance, acquirements or pursuits, but he was doubtless a simple tiller of the earth, as there was little demand in those primitive days for anything beyond the absolute necessities of life.

The race of the Hildreths seems to have been a prolific one, for we find by the record of births in the town of Chelmsford and Westford, that sons and daughters were multiplied unto them exceedingly. In the course of half a century the descendants of Richard were found in many of the adjoining towns, especially Billerica, Dracut, Westford and Chelmsford.

In all these towns they were men of consideration, especially in Dracut, whose records I examined in the year 1839 and find men of that name acting as town clerk and selectmen for several years in the early days of the town; and more recently William Hildreth held the office of Brigadier General in the Militia of Middlesex County, and that of Sheriff. In the days of the Revolution he held a Lieutenant's commission, when

only 18 years old, and served through the war. During the Indian and old French war, several of the name acted as "minutemen" as they were called, ready prepared to sally out at a minute's warning. If in the winter, every man was equipped with snow shoes, as well as arms, for without them he could make but slow progress through the deep snow, which invariably covered all the northern states during winter, while with them he could walk rapidly on the surface of the snow, where it was three or four feet deep. They also used them in their hunting excursions, when in pursuit of the moose, deer and bear.

From the record it appears that Richard was the father of five sons and one daughter, viz—James, Ephraim, Joseph, Thomas and Isaac; the daughter's name was Persis. It is probable he had other children born to him before he lived in Chelmsford, and whose names were not entered on that record. Among these five branches from the old trunk, I find that my family are the descendants of Joseph. His wife's name was Abigail.

Joseph was born the 16th of April A. D. 1658, and was the father of nine children, four daughters and five sons. The sons were named Joseph, Richard, these two it seems were twin brothers; Joseph died young, for in 1695, eleven years after, he had another son also named Joseph; John and Ephraim, the last born in 1700. The daughters were named

Hannah, Abigail, Elizabeth and Elizabeth again, the first having died previous to July 29th, 1703, when the last Elizabeth was born. From these five branches our family descent is continued in the line of Richard, who bore the name of his grandfather. Richard the second was the father of eight children, by his wife, Dorcas; the oldest named James was born on May 18, in the year 1701. He had seven sons and one daughter.

The sons were named James, John, Benjamin, Thomas, Samuel, Jonas and Jonas again, the first having died between the years 1713 and 1716. The daughter was named Dorcas, after her mother. Among these seven sons our family branch is continued in that of James whose first child was born in the year 1723, July 11th; he was named Oliver, and was my paternal grandfather. By his wife Dorothy Prescott, James became the father of eight children—viz: Oliver, born as above stated; Rebecca, March 21, 1726; Zachariah, December 28, 1728; Dorothy, 1732; another Dorothy in 1736; Amos in 1738; Lucy in 1742 and Samuel in 1744.

Previous to the birth of Dorothy in 1732 he had removed from Chelmsford into the town of Westford, or rather Westford had been set off into a town by itself, and taken from Chelmsford, from which record the five last births are transcribed. So it seems he was the father of four sons and four daughters.

Oliver, my paternal Grandfather married Anna Blaisdell or Blasdale October 26, 1744, of Andover, Massachusetts, and settled in Townsend, not many years after it became inhabited or incorporated in 1732.

As my father was born in the year 1750, there were two or three children older than him. By this marriage my Grandfather, Oliver Hildreth, became the father of fifteen children, six sons and nine daughters. The sons were named Oliver, Jonathan, Samuel, James, Seth and Abijah. The daughters, Molly, Dolly, Lucy, Anna, Sarah, Rebecca, Joanna and Abigail, which last two were twins. All these children lived to manhood, married and became the fathers and mothers of large families.

As I have not had access to the records of Townsend, the date of the birth of the children is not given, but doubtless might be procured from the town clerk. The daughters married and settled as follows, as far as I could ascertain from an old lady, who, when I visited Townsend in June 1839, lived on the farm which belonged to my Grandfather.

Molly married Edmond Tarbell, Rachel married Edward Tarbell and Anna married Samuel Tarbell, three brothers. Anna lived in Mason, and the others lived in Cavendish, N. H. Dolly married Oliver Green, of Ashbornham. Lucy married a Mr. Barnes, and settled in Concord, Mass. Sarah married Job Brooks of Stoddard, N.H. Rebecca married C. Elliot,

a Baptist preacher, in Mason, Mass. Joanna married Reuben Davis, of Chelsea, Vt. Abigail married Jabez Green, of Marlborough.

The brothers had issue as follows: Oliver had four sons and seven daughters. Jonathan had four sons and five daughters;—viz., Eunice, Benjamin, Warren, Andrew, Franklin, Nancy, George and two Elizas. Samuel had five daughters and two sons;—viz., Susan, born in the year 1778; Abigail, born on February 26th, 1779; Samuel Prescott, on September 30th, 1783; Mary in October 1786; Nancy, October 28th, 1789; Harriett, June 22nd, 1796; Charles Trueworth, 1798.

James had a large family of children, the number I have not ascertained. Seth had nine children, two sons and seven daughters. The sons were named Oliver and Amos. The daughters were Sally, Polly, Susan, Betsy, Lucy, Dolly and Nancy. Abijah had one son and three daughters, whose names are unknown to me. As to the children of the female branches of my Grandfather's family, I have been unable to learn their names or numbers. They were widely scattered over that portion of New England, and as I lived, when a boy, from forty to one hundred miles from them, I never saw any of them but Aunt Lucy Barnes.

My uncle Oliver lived in Billerica, and followed the occupation of a blacksmith. Uncle Jonathan lived in

Concord, Mass., and was engaged in various pursuits, farming, storekeeping and coopering. Nearly all the brothers learned this trade when they were boys, working on the farm in the summer and at coopering or some handy craft in winter. The same course is pursued by the inhabitants of Townsend and all that region of country to this day.

At the time of my visit to Townsend in June, 1839, I saw at the "Harbor" a wagon drawn by four horses on its way to Boston with a load of cooperware consisting of nail casks and numbering 1150 pieces. It formed quite a hillock of casks.

Their farms are generally small, and not very productive without great attention to the cultivation, requiring a heavy dressing of manure for all the grain crops, so that without the aid of some trade they would hardly be able to support their families in a country where the winter months make up nearly half the year.

My uncle Jonathan, by industry and frugality, at the time of his death had become the possessor of a valuable estate and for that day was accounted rich. The other brothers only attained a mediocrity, so as to support their families comfortably; their education extending only to reading and writing, with a small smattering of arithmetic.

Brief Notice of My Grandfather and Grandmother

The last of June in the year 1839, I visited Townsend for the express purpose of seeing the spot where my father was born and spent his youthful days. Having a good deal of imagination and poetic feeling in my temperament it proved to be one of the most interesting in my life, and awakened feelings and thoughts of a kind which I had never experienced before, until recently in a visit to the place of my own nativity. What rendered it the more impressive, was the fact of their being not one person of my own blood relation in the township with whom I could communicate.

The old farm, containing about one hundred acres, is pleasantly located near the center of an elevated tract of country called "Wallace Hill." It is probably about three miles long and two miles wide, and rises to the height of three or four hundred feet above the adjacent country, and especially a little village called "The Harbor," where I stopped for refreshment and to procure a guide.

The farm is now owned by a Mr. Campbell, whose family treated me with great kindness, and from his

grandmother, who is more than eighty years old, and was intimately acquainted with my grandfather's family, I gathered many interesting particulars of their history. I also met with a Mr. Brooks, who lived on a farm a little north, and was intimately acquainted with my father, being only a few years younger. My grandfather was a plain, honest farmer, who earned his living by the sweat of his brow, and must have been very frugal in his habits, as well as constantly industrious, to furnish food and clothing for so large a family on a small farm.

Where all were placed in the humbler walks of life, he stood as high as any of his neighbors, and I have no doubt was as happy a man with his few shillings and pence as a modern congressman with his thousands. He lived to a good old age, and died about the year 1798, attaining to about 75 years.

My grandmother lived a few years longer after his death and died in the year 1800 at about the same age. She was a woman of large frame, tall and commanding in personal appearance. For the last few years of her life she became very corpulent and unwieldy, weighing no less than four hundred pounds. In passing through the doors from room to room, she had to turn sideways, as the breadth of her hips would not allow of a straight forward passage. If she visited any of the neighbors, she was conveyed on a sled or cart drawn by a yoke of oxen. What is not

a little curious, one of her sisters, who married a Stedman and lived in Hallis, N. H., was equally corpulent, weighing, as was told me by old Mrs. Campbell, as much as my grandmother.

After their death my father administered on the estate, settled the debts and paid off the heirs, becoming himself owner of the old homestead; after renting it a few years he sold it. During their lifetime I remember he made them annual visits for many years in the autumn. I used to hail his return with much pleasure as he alway brought myself and sister his saddle bags full of chestnuts, which I think were gathered in Ashby, a town a few miles farther west and in plain view from "Wallaces Hill," where a favorite sister resided.

I looked over the old farm with deep interest, while my heart was filled with interesting recollections of my father and grandparents. The fields were before me where he had plowed up the soil and tilled the earth; the scenes of his boyish sports, and where he laid the plans of his future life, few of which were probably ever fulfilled. I plucked a twig of fresh leaves from an old pear tree which my grandfather planted, a fresh rose from a bush in the garden and have preserved them in the leaves of this memorial.

After breaking a few minor minerals from the granite rocks in the stone wall, a kind of fence common to all the New England states, I returned to "The

Harbor," which is a little village on the borders of Squanicook, a stream passing through Townsend and falling into the Concord river. It is a fine stream for mills and several are now in operation at this place and have been for many years. I could not learn the origin of its name, unless it might in early times have been a place where the Indians kept their canoes.

Curious Flood

From the Emptying of a Pond

Somewhere in the south part of the territory of Townsend, there was formerly a small lake or fresh water pond of about 150 acres surface. It lay on elevated ground about half a mile from Squanicook river. There was no apparent outlet, although some small streams ran into it from the adjacent upland, but a large spring which broke out about 50 feet lower down than the surface of the pond at the foot of a slope, and ran in a shallow channel till it joined the Squanicook.

About the year 1790 in the spring season, two boys or young men of 16 or 18 years old named Manning and O'Neil, were idling away the Sabbath day, as is too often the case with county boys, by walking and amusing themselves along the margin of the pond. Late heavy rains had filled the pond to overflowing so that a small stream of water ran down the side of the declivity by the large spring. Manning, with a bit of a stick for amusement, deepened this shallow channel for a few feet till the water began to run quite briskly. While they stood watching its progress, the earth, of a loose gravelly nature, began to give away and worked up to the main body of water

in the pond, which finding relief for its crowded state in that quarter, suddenly rushed with such rapidity to this outlet, deepening and widening the channel with such fearful haste that the earth gave way under their feet as they retired from its borders, until it required their utmost exertions to keep themselves from being swallowed up in its gulf.

The waters roared like thunder, trees of a hundred years growth were swallowed up like chaff in its course, and in a few hours the whole pond was emptied of its water, cutting a channel many feet deep and ten rods wide to the river.

The Squanicook, unable to accomodate within its banks this unexpected contribution, overflowed its borders all the way to Concord river, destroying several mills in its course, drowning cattle and covering the meadows with thousands of loads of sand and rubbish. The inhabitants along its borders were astonished above measure and thought a new deluge was coming over the earth.

The two boys fled for their lives, but kept the real cause of the disaster a secret for more than 30 years, when one of them told it to Mr. Jos. Holden of Marietta, who was living at that time 3 miles below the pond and whose fathers farm was greatly damaged by the sand and gravel heaped on its surface.

It was supposed by the people to be caused by the overflowing of the pond from rains, and the only con-

solation the boys had for their unintentional mischief was that the land laid bare by the emptying of the pond was more than equal to that spoiled by the "avalanche."

A Short Biographical Sketch of My Father Dr. Samuel Hildreth

Samuel Hildreth, was born in Townsend in the year 1750. Of his early boyhood I know but little, having heard him only narrate the events of his manhood which were not very extraordinary, as the most of his life was spent in civil pursuits and in a private station. He was brought up to labor on the farm and during his life retained a liking to agriculture, although his time was devoted to the study and practice of medicine and the care of a small store of groceries and dry goods.

His education like the most of his class at that day, previous to the freedom of the Colonies, consisted of the elements of reading, writing and arithmetic. Grammar was not taught, except to those rare ones who received a college education. His temperament was sanguine, disposed to be cheerful, and when young, fond of dancing and sprightly conversation.

Having faithfully served his father until he was twenty one years old, he determined on acquiring some profession, which would, as he thought be less laborious than his pursuits thus far. Depending for his

support entirely on his own labor, he wrought diligently for two or three years at the occupation of coopering, in which time he earned money sufficient to board and clothe himself for two years, the time then allotted to fit a young man of tolerable parts for the practice of medicine.

About the year 1774, he put himself under the preceptorage of Dr. John Brown, of Wilmington, Essex County, Massachusetts. Before he had fairly finished his studies the war of the Revolution had commenced and every able bodied man was expected to take part in it. In the year 1776, having fitted himself for the practice of physic, he settled in the westerly end of the town of Methuen, Essex County, Massachusetts, not more than a mile or two from the easterly side of Dracutt.

Here he formed an acquaintance with my mother, Abigail Bodwell, whose father lived on the bank of the Merrimack river, about half a mile above the falls called "Bodwell Falls". They were married the 21st of May, 1776. He soon fell into quite an extensive practice, and acquired sufficient money to purchase a small tract of land and have a house and home of his own.

In October 1777, he was called to act as the surgeon of a regiment of volunteers, or militia, who were ordered out to assist in the capture of Burgoyne's army, at Saratoga, in New York. He was present on the memorable occasion and witnessed the surrender of

that host, which had been the source of so much trouble and anxiety to the New England states.

I well recollect seeing, when I was a boy, several small articles which he received from one of the Hessian soldiers in return for some medical service. By the capture the war was removed to some distance from that part of the country where he lived, and his services in that line were not again needed.

In 1778 he still continued successfully to practice medicine in Methuen and the adjoining town of Dracutt. This year they had an addition to their little family circle in the birth of my eldest sister, Susan. At her birth she seemed to have belonged to the race pigmies, for she weighed but about three pounds. Nevertheless she proved to be a healthy child, and grew to be a well formed woman, and at the time of her death in 1814, was the mother of eight children.

Privateering having become about this time, quite a lucrative pursuit from some of the eastern ports in Massachusetts, especially Salem and Marblehead, my father was induced to quit his peaceful avocation and take the post of surgeon in a sixteen gun brig, from Marblehead, under the command of Captain Conway. The cruise proved to be a fortunate one, and the prize money and goods which fell to my fathers share amounted to about a thousand dollars.

The merchandise he sold to a Mr. —, a trader in Salem, on a credit; and the debt was unpaid when

he embarked on his second cruise. At the close of the war there were many failures among business men and this man was one of the unfortunate, so that the debt was entirely lost.

It seems that towards the close of my fathers captivity, which took place in the next voyage, my mother who was a woman of great energy of character, had commenced a suit for the recovery of the debt, and her attorney had seized on property sufficient to pay it—but my father returning about this time, he was persuaded by the fair promises of the man to relinquish it. I have often heard my mother laugh and say, if he had stayed in Canada only a few weeks longer she would have recovered the whole debt.

When a boy I used to hear him relate many of the events of the cruise under the bold Captain Conway, a man for whom he always entertained the highest respect, for his bravery and honorable bearing.

One case displaying his intrepidity was as follows, during the cruise the privateer one day spoke an American vessel, of the same or larger in size than her self, under a press of sail running away from another ship which was in full chase. From the flying vessel he learned that the one in pursuit was a twenty gun ship of large size, for which she was no match.

Old Conway swore he would give her a try, although his vessel carried only 16 guns, and immediately run alongside of her, giving her his broadside

in such rapid succession, and so well directed that after an action of fifteen or twenty minutes she struck her colors, and proved to be a large letter of marque ship, carrying twenty guns and loaded with merchandise.

During the action, my father was occasionally on the deck, and said it seemed to him as if the brig was shrouded in a sheet of fire, so rapid were the discharges from the great guns and small arms.

The Americans are noted for their activity in naval fights, and in well trained privateers where every man has a deep personal interest in the success of the engagement, no doubt we see their energies fully displayed.

From the success of this cruise, my father was led to believe that he could make more money by privateering, than by the slow and laborious pursuits of a country physician.

But in this it seems he was mistaken; in as much as the slow but honest gains of every day labor, though but little in amount, yet at the end of the year rise to a considerable sum, and are spent in an economical manner. While the more hasty gains of privateering, are acquired so easily, that they are often spent without consideration, or wasted without doing much good to any one. Besides the chance of captivity or loss of life attendant on all pursuits of this nature, not saying anything of the manifest injustice of this kind of warfare.

The next cruise in which my father engaged, was in the spring of the year 1780. He sailed this time from Salem, in a vessel of about the same size, commanded by Captain Putnam Cleves.

Captain Cleves seems to have been a man of courage but lacked decision of character. The fore part of their cruise was tolerably successful, and they captured several prizes of but little value. One of them however was a vessel from Malaga, loaded with wines for the British troops in America, and was one of a small convoy in charge of a fifty gun ship. The ship gave Captain Cleves a close chase, but he escaped, as much from the timely aid of a thick fog, being on the banks of New-foundland, as from his superior sailing.

But having a high opinion of the fleetness of his ship and pretending or saying that he was not satisfied as to the size and force of the enemy, he like a foolish man, put about his ship, and ran directly for the course in which he thought her now to be sailing, thinking if he did not find her he might find another of her convoy.

The weather still continuing hazy; before he was aware of the proximity, he found himself directly under her guns, and so nigh that escape was impossible. So after little or no resistance the poor privateer Captain struck his colors, and my father with the rest of the crew, became prisoners to his Britannic majesty.

In a short time after, it so happened, that the prize also fell into their hands and Captain Cleves' men

were put on board their wine ship, with a British crew and ordered to accompany the 50 gun ship to Quebec. In going up the Saint Lawrence, the prisoners were kept below, and used to regale themselves every day, with as much wine as they wanted, which they contrived to suck through quills from a hole made in one of the casks.

On their arrival in Quebec the prisoners were put in close confinement and so kept until the following spring when they were quartered out amongst the French inhabitants at the "Trois Rivers" or three rivers, an old settlement on the north side of the St. Lawrence about midway between Montreal and Quebec.

Here they received kind treatment and plenty of the homely food used by the French Canadians. Their wheaten bread, however was very good, as well as their soups and ragouts.

My father soon became pleased with them, and was a great admirer, ever after, of their lively, friendly manners, cheerful habits and family attachments.

No people perhaps excel them in their domestic or blood relation affection, as it is no rare thing to find three or four generations living under one roof, and the descendents and branches by marriage of a hundred years production, all living on the same tract of land, within sight of each other and working a common field, the produce of which is divided equitably among them.

In this way they commenced their first settlements in the country, for mutual protection, when surrounded by Indians. So sociable, and fond of each others society are they, that the practice of living in communities is now continued from choice.

Almost every night in the week and especially every Sabbath evening, after attending the services of the Chapel in the day, the whole village is seen engaged in the cheerful dance. The grandmother and granddaughter often footing it merrily together to the sound of the violin, on which instrument almost every Canadian was at that day an adept.

My father in a short time acquired the use of their language so as to converse readily with them and being in the prime of manhood, and naturally of a lively disposition, joined cheerfully with them in their amusements, and soon became a great favorite with young and old.

He was called the Bon American; and when they found out he was a physician and had been surgeon of the ship in which he was taken prisoner, they directly began to call upon him to practice the healing art amongst their sick. In the course of the first year he by degrees fell into quite a lucrative practice, extending into the adjacent settlements and villages in the region of the Trois rivers, as well as across the St. Lawrence, along the southern shore of that broad expansion of the river known by the name of Lake St. Peters.

In one of his medical trips to the southern shore of the Lake, he had occasion to return alone in a small boat at a spot where it is two or three miles wide. The night set in more suddenly than he had anticipated, from the evening being cloudy. Before he accomplished one third of the voyage it became very dark and the wind arose, throwing the surface of the lake into tremendous waves and putting the safety of my father into great peril.

Never the less his presence of mind did not forsake him, but plying himself stoutly to the paddle and doubtless calling on the "blessed virgin Mary" with whom he had so long associated, for aid, and keeping the head of the little craft in the right direction, he after about an hour of hard struggling, reached the shore in safety.

I have heard him say he considered this one of the narrowest escapes from death that he ever encountered in his whole life.

When not prevented by attendance on the sick he always visited the chapel on the Sabbath, crossing himself with the holy water and partaking of the consecrated wafer offered to him, although a protestant, by the French priest.

Among the Canadians, the priest is a companion, as well as a confessor and teacher. He partakes in all their amusements, attends all the family dances and joins them in their lively "carryall" rides during the snows of winter.

He is always greeted with smiles and a hearty welcome when he calls at their houses, and is looked on as their best friend and social companion, as well as their spiritual guide. There is, in short, a kind of companionship and feeling kept up between a Canadian priest and his flock, which is wholly unknown amongst protestants and never can be understood by any sect but those of the Catholic persuasion.

They looked on my father with favorable eyes, and were doubtless the cause of introducing him to a considerable number of the patients that came under his charge during his residence amongst them.

The second summer of his captivity proved to be very dry and threatened the destruction of the crops of grain and grass. In addition to the drouth, as evils seldom come singly, myriads of grasshoppers covered the country, devouring all before them, and menacing with destruction the scanty remains of the drouth.

In this distressing calamity the people applied to the priest for aid, as is their custom in all public providential calamities, such as pestilence, famine, etc. A procession was formed, the host was elevated, and the Virgin Mary invoked by prayers and the sprinkling of the holy water over the meadows and fields crossed the priests in their progress.

The afrighted grasshoppers dispersed on every side as the procession advanced, making way for the priest, and in the course of a few days, my father says plenti-

ful showers fell on the consecrated fields and in less than a week not a solitary grasshopper was seen in all that region.

This was considered by the simple hearted Canadians as amounting to a miracle wrought by the Virgin Mary, in answer to the prayers of the priest.

My father supposes that the result of the procession was the effect of natural causes which had been completed at or near the time when their existence was about to terminate, and which may be known to any one who closely observes the operations of nature.

The lives of all insects that appear in large numbers and simultaneously, must terminate nearly together. And by noting their appearance, the time of their disappearance can be foretold. That of the Cieada, or America Locust, can be told with certainty, within a very few days, by any one who has observed carefully their progress in former periods.

The priests had doubtless a previous and distinct knowledge of the habit of the grasshopper, and were able so to time their operation as to appear to the people to have a preternatural influence over them.

Amongst the numerous cases of diseases treated by my father was that of a man whose knee joint had been wounded, followed by inflammation with so extensive and free suppuration, that the patella, or knee pan loosened from its hold on the tendons, and came entirely out. The diagnosis of such a case would

usually be that the man would loose his leg, or compound for that with a stiff joint. My father however so skillfully managed the case that neither of these results took place, but he had the satisfaction of seeing his patient perfectly restored, with the free use of the knee joint of the diseased leg.

This cure was viewed with much admiration by the Canadians, and created a high opinion of his skill as a surgeon. Considerable fungus flesh appearing about the ulcer during the cure, he had often to apply blue vitriol, which the patient not inaptly named in French the "Blue dog" from its biting sensation when applied to the flesh.

One of the sorest evils of this tedious captivity, was the difficulty attendant on a correspondence by letters with their friends. Communications between Canada and the New England states were slow and far between.

And the watchful jealousy of our enemies lest any facts should be communicated by the prisoners to the Americans, that might be injurious to them, made letter-writing still more difficult, being subject to the inspection of the British officers, if sent through them, as was usually the way, unless the poor prisoner was so fortunate as to meet with an opportunity of writing by one of his own countrymen who was about to be exchanged. Nevertheless, letters were sometimes received, so that my father was not totally ignorant of

the condition of his wife and family, and they also sometimes heard from him.

In October 1781, the army of Lord Cornwallis was captured by the united exertions of the French and American troops. Soon after this, negotiations commenced between the belligerent nations for a general peace; but it was not fully consummated till the Spring of 1783. Hostilities by land had in a manner ceased, and the prisoners on both sides were anxiously looking for and expecting a general exchange, which should restore them to their families and friends.

In the meantime the little band of prisoners, about 30 in number, quartered at the "Trois rivières" had become very impatient, and restless under their present restraint, imagining that their masters, the British, had no wish to exchange them, but meant to keep them in Canada as long as they could.

Men who are idle and have nothing to do will always be devising some project to change, if not to better, their condition; accordingly some of the more daring men projected a plan of quitting their comfortable quarters amongst the Canadian peasants, and making their way home through the wilderness and thick forests which for more than 150 or 200 miles separated the frontiers of Canada from the nearest settlement in the state of New Hampshire.

Their intended route, which they had studied with all the scanty means in their power, it seems was to

be up the St. Francis river to where its head waters approach the Connecticut, and down that river to the nearest settlement, where they would find friends and their own countrymen.

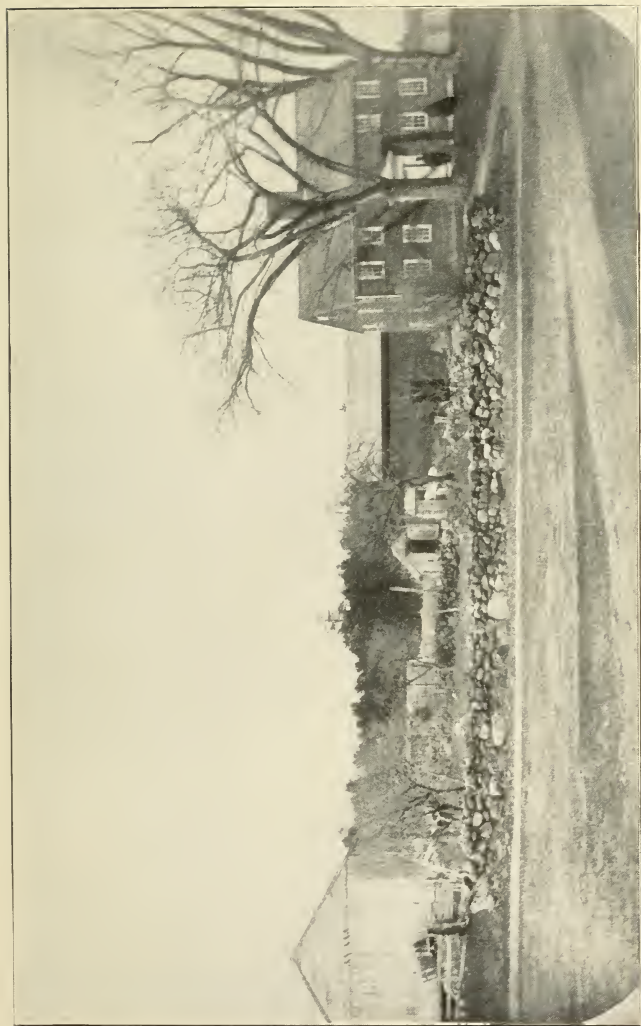
My father, who was early apprised of the project, for a long time opposed it, and was with great difficulty brought to join in their measures. He alleged many and substantial reasons.

First—The dishonor and impropriety of breaking their parol of honor, given to their captors, when released from close confinement and quartered out amongst the Canadians.

Secondly—The difficulty of procuring sufficient food to support so large a number for 15 or 20 days, the time estimated for the journey, without alarming their enemies; and to procure it on the way from game, with their scanty supply of fire arms, was too uncertain.

Thirdly—The probability, if not almost certainty, of their being pursued, recaptured and again returned to close confinement.

These reasons, although weighty, were considered by most of the men as lighter than feathers, when put in competition with their chance for liberty, which the project afforded, and they decided that they would go and leave my father behind if he did not choose to accompany them.



THE HOME OF S. P. HILDRETH FROM THE YEAR 1783 TO 1800, METHUEN, ESSEX COUNTY, MASS.

Overcome by their flattering prospects of success and disliking to hold back from a plan in which all his fellow prisoners were embarked, he finally consented to join them in the attempt. The period for their departure, it was decided should be about the first of November, and for three or four weeks previous every preparation was made and precaution taken that they thought would promote their success.

My father immediately proceeded to the collection of his unpaid dues for medical services, which amounted to a considerable sum, and with what he already had received, when added together made one hundred guineas, which he took the precaution of quilting into a linen belt that he fastened round his body under the shirt. Some of his other dues were converted into clothing, amongst which were two or three rich silk dresses intended as presents to my mother, probably procured from the Nunneries at Montreal.

Amongst other things, he got hold of an old compass which would serve to correct their course in stormy or cloudy weather. On various pretences the men had borrowed or gotten possession of five or six muskets and shot guns with some powder and balls, with which to procure game for food and to defend themselves from wolves and other wild beasts.

Finally, one night early in November 1781, they were so fortunate as to cross the St. Lawrence river, at various points and unite their numbers into one body

at the place designated. They immediately commenced their journey, and before daylight were beyond the settlements which at that period were confined on the southern shore to the vicinity of the margin of the river.

For five or six days they pursued their route through the trackless forest unmolested, and would probably have escaped the pursuit of the savages had they not been retarded for more than 24 hours by the sickness of one of the party, and whom the rest were unwilling to leave behind.

About the break of day on the sixth morning of their journey, while the main body were yet sleeping around the camp fire, the sentinel was alarmed by the approach of several men; he immediately hailed, but receiving no answer snapped his gun, which fortunately missed fire. Before he could repeat the attempt, the enemy, who proved to be a party of Cochnewaga Indians, were upon him, wresting the musket from his hands, took the whole of them prisoners, without any resistance.

As none of the Indians had been injured no violence was offered to their captives, save that of plundering them of their best apparel, and ripping open their packs in search of plunder. The squaws who accompanied the party, were highly delighted with the contents of my fathers pack, and soon arrayed themselves in the silk dresses intended for my mother.

For several days after, they would talk to each other in the low Indian dialect, when encamped round their fire at night, and laughing, point at my father as the man who furnished these desirable articles to their scanty wardrobes. As no very strict personal search was made of the prisoners my fathers rich belt escaped detection and answered a valuable end in their future imprisonment.

It was probably a fortunate circumstance to the party, although then deemed an evil, that they were captured by the Indians, for the season was so far advanced, and the chance for procuring food so small, with their ill accoutred arms, that it is more than probable a considerable number would have perished from famine and cold, before they could have reached the American settlements. Their progress however so far had been rapid, and the Indians told them they had slept every night at their encampments, and would not have overtaken them had there been no delay for the sick man.

The Indians were about thirty in number, and belong to the Cochnewaga tribe living in the vicinity of the Three Rivers. They were detached by the British, in whose employ they had been for many years, with orders to bring back the prisoners without bloodshed, if possible. The return of the captive party was slow, in comparison with their march out, and instead of finding themselves in their comfortable quarters with the honest Canadian peasants, they were sent up to

Montreal, and put into close confinement. Here their rations were small and poor, and the blessed light of the sun, and pure air, intended for the poorest of God's creatures, denied to them.

To add to their troubles, in the course of the winter several of the prisoners, were attacked with the Putrid or Jail fever, of which some died. My father was brought near to death with this disease and ascribed his escape entirely to the assiduous and careful nursing he received from the Sisters of Charity, an order of Nuns in Montreal, and other Catholic cities, whose whole lives are devoted to attendance on the sick.

Their constant occupation in this employment would naturally make them familiar with the best modes of treating diseases, and form some of the finest nurses in the world. My father often spoke of their kind treatment to him, and said, had they been his own sisters they could not treated him more tenderly. In addition to the ravages of disease, the prisoners were annoyed with vermin, in countless multitudes, harassing and destroying the rest of the sick.

During this confinement my father found full use for the guineas which had escaped the search of the Indians, and what with supplying his own wants, and lending to his destitute comrades, the whole sum was exhausted before they left Montreal. Late in the autumn of 1782, orders were given to send home all the prisoners.

They accordingly embarked on board a transport, with many others at Quebec, and sailed early in November. As they were leaving the mouth of the St. Lawrence, in a sudden storm of snow and wind, the transport had a very narrow escape from being wrecked on the Island of Anticosta.

It is a spot on which more ships have been wrecked than almost any other on the American coast. Lying as it does near the mouth of the river, and filling or occupying almost half its width, if the wind and tide are not favorable for passing its rocky shores, vessels are in great danger. The frequent recurrence of such events, had induced the government at that early period to erect a number of huts, near the most exposed points, in which was placed a supply of fuel and cooking utensils for the use of the unfortunate mariners, who might chance to be cast on its rocky and barren shores.

The transport however, escaped and the prisoners, I think were landed in Boston, after having been in confinement and in their enemies hands two years and six months. It was a joyous day when they could again tread the shores of their native land, and be welcomed to the embraces of their friends.

My father hastened with all speed to his home where he found my mother in good health and overwhelmed with joy and gratitude at his safe return.

He also found another smiling prattler ready to greet him, in my sister Abigail, born a few months after he left home.

My mother was a spirited, firm minded woman, and continued to keep house with the children, all alone excepting what aid she received from a married brother who lived near her, although often urged by her father to come and live with him.

While speaking of my mother's father, I may as well note down what I recollect of his family. My mother, Abigail Bodwell, was born in the year 1755, in the town of Methuen. Her father was Daniel Bodwell, born also in Methuen about the year 1720; and died at the age of 80 years. He married Abigail Ladd of Haverhill, born July 12th, 1726, who outlived him several years and died in 1816, aged 90 years.

They were the parents of eight children, four sons and four daughters: Daniel, Parker, Alpheus and John Ladd; Elizabeth, Abigail, Ruth and Lydia. These all lived to adult age and had families.

Elizabeth, the oldest daughter, married John Sargent and lived in Methuen, at the falls of Spickett, where he owned a grist mill and carried on fulling and dressing cloth. Ruth married Josiah Abbot of Andover, and died young leaving three children; one son and two daughters. Lydia married Robert Chase, and lived in Sandown, New Hampshire.

Daniel and Parker lived on small farms a few miles west of my grandfather in Methuen. Alpheus lived near his father, on a portion of the same farm. He had a peculiar faculty for catching salmon and pigeons in nets, making both pursuits quite profitable in favorable seasons. The pigeons, after fattening them, were carried to the Boston Market, and the salmon also found there ready sale.

He had four sons and three daughters; Samuel, Moses, Alpheus and Mason; The daughters were two Hannahs and one Betsy, two of these died quite young. Moses, who was about my age, died when ten years old from the bite of a mad dog; Samuel was lost at sea, when about 21 years old. Alpheus also died at sea.

My Uncle married Hannah Bodwell, a full cousin. She was a cheerful, kind hearted woman, whom, when a boy, I loved more than any other of my Aunts. John studied medicine, with my father, and followed the practice for many years. He married Dorcas Bodwell, the sister of aunt Hannah, also a full cousin.

My Grandfathers farm lay along the left bank of the Merrimac, coming down within a quarter of a mile of the falls, called Bodwells Falls, across which a bridge was built about the year 1790. It was the second or third in point of time built across the Merrimac. The turn-pike road from Boston to Concord, N. H., passes over this bridge. Previous to the build-

ing of the bridge, for many years my grandfather kept a ferry, the main travel crossing by his house, it was known as "Bodwells Ferry."

My grandfather was a plain farmer and earned his bread by the sweat of his brow. The "intervale" land on the river was productive in corn and grass, the upland rather thin. I remember, he never used tea or coffee with his food, but supplied their place with a mug of cider, which he took at every meal. He was always very healthy.

My grandmother was a large, fleshy woman and seldom went from home, since my recollection in her latter years, she became rather helpless and being a pious woman spent the most of her time in her large arm chair, with the Bible in her lap, or by her side on a small stand table.

After my father had recruited his flesh and strength he again commenced the practice of medicine, but every body around him being as poor as himself from the effect of the war and the sudden depreciation of paper money, business was at a stand, and when anything was earned, his patients had little to pay but the production of their farms. With this he could feed his family, but add little or nothing to his purse.

On the 30th of September 1783, he had a son born to him, which he named Samuel Prescott; being his own name and that of his paternal grandmother, who was a Prescott.

The winter after this, or the winter of 1783 or 4, was long remembered all over New England, for the great depth of snow, it lay between five and six feet all over the face of the earth; filling up wells, blocking the doors of houses, and near New Bedford a flock of sheep, lying under a high wall were so deeply covered, as not to be found for 4 or 5 weeks after. They were all living, but thin in flesh, and had gnawed a large portion of their fleecy covering from each others backs.

During this winter, for 6 or 8 weeks my father visited his patients on snow-shoes, hauled all his wood on a hand-sled and carried his grain to the mill in the same way. I have often seen them when a boy, hanging to the rafters of the old garret.

About 75 or 100 years ago, snow-shoes were in common use all over the middle and eastern states during the deep snows of winter. Their value in traveling over the snow was learned from the Indians, who had been in the practice of using them for many ages before the whites came to America.

In the soft snows which often fell early in the winter to the depth of three or four feet, traveling was rendered very laborious, if not impossible for many weeks in succession, as when the country was covered with thick forest of trees, the snow did not melt for several months and the weather was steadily cold. They were used by whites and Indians in their winter hunts and in all their war excursions from

Canada in the winter, the French as well as Indians constantly used them.

They were of an elliptical shape, coming to nearly a point at the hinder end, about three feet long and twelve or 14 inches wide in the middle. The frame work was a bow of hickory or white oak nearly an inch thick and bent into shape, across which was interwoven a net work made of thongs of Buck or Moose skin, stretched very tight and fastened to the wood work; in the center was placed a large shoe or moccasin with thongs for confining the foot. On these broad shoes an active man, accustomed to their use, would walk from 30 to 40 miles in a day.

In the year 1785, my father sold his small farm, and bought a large one, near the center of the town, within a few rods of the Congregational meeting house. The dwelling house was a comfortable wooden building, of two stories high, two rooms in front, with a kitchen back, and a bed room and entry, one on each end of the kitchen. The chimney was placed in the middle of the house, with a huge fire place in the kitchen and an oven in the fire place near one jamb.

The front stairs went up by the front door along side of the chimney; under the stairs was a closet for rubbish, and dry kindling wood in the winter, into which the back of the oven projected. The chambers were arranged nearly in the same order as the lower rooms, with a capacious garret under the roof, where

was kept the Indian corn in the ear, spread on the floor, with rye, in casks.

In the back chamber, over the kitchen, was a loom, where much of the common clothing of the family was manufactured for many years. Here also was placed the meal chest, with several divisions in it for the disposition of the corn and rye meal. A stairway led from the kitchen into the cellar, which was dug under only half of the house. Here was stored the cider, potatoes, garden vegetables and what apples the few trees afforded.

Every winter, to prevent freezing, a bank of earth was raised all round the sides of the house to the height of eighteen or twenty inches, secured by boards and stakes, to protect the cellar from frost. A well of good water had been dug a few feet from the kitchen door, and a comfortable barn stood about fifty feet from the house, a little back of a parallel line. Behind the house, the ground rose with a gradual slope into a broad hill of moderate elevation, on which, near the house were a number of scattering apple-trees.

The ground at that day was covered with loose stones, but bore good crops of grass, being occupied for a pasture. In front of the barn was a piece of an acre or more, a part of which was used for a garden and part for corn and potatoes. Directly in front of this was the road passing east and west by the house and on a little rise of ground which lay open as a com-

mon, stood the old meeting house, a plain wooden building, without porch or steeple.

At this point there came in four public roads, so that it might be called a place of some note for travel. The common was of a triangular shape, and the roads either passed across it, or along the side. On the west side, at the foot of the slope stood a little red school house, about twenty feet square.

On the west side of the common between and bounded by two of the roads, my father sewed a meadow of about eight acres, the center of which had been a white pine swamp and for many years after was covered with huge stumps, the roots of which spread over the surface of the ground like the eyes of immense spiders. A little in front of the house, on the south and east he sowed about 50 acres in one body, composed of pasture, wood-land, tillage meadow and cranberry swamp.

It extended across the lower lands on a small branch called "Bloody-brook," half a mile over to another road; a portion of the tract was called the "chickering pasture," and another the "spring pasture." The tillage land did not occupy more than 4 or 5 acres, and was planted yearly with corn and potatoes, producing a good crop, if well manured.

The pasture grounds were occasionally plowed and sowed with with rye, for one crop. They were generally covered with sweet fern, scrub oak and huck-

leberry bushes. The wood lands produced white and black oak and yellow or pitch pine, the last of which was used chiefly for oven wood, and was always cut at the close of winter, before the frost had left the trees, so that the wood could be split much more easily than when unfrozen.

Near the meeting house and a little to one side of the front of my fathers house was the burying ground, alongside the little common. Within its quiet bounds slept many of the early fathers of the town whose humble tombstones and quaint epitaphs, bespoke the the manners of an age long since passed away.

The little stream passing through the low grounds of the farm and called "Bloody-brook," was so named from a large herd of deer once slaughtered along its borders in the early settlement of the town. It is reported that after a deep snow, there fell a little rain, forming a thin crust into which the deer sunk and were entangled so that the hunters killed them with their tomahawks and knives in such numbers, that when the snow melted in the Spring, the water of the brook was deeply tinged with their blood. Since that period, more than a hundred years, it has borne its present name.

Soon after taking possession of the new purchase my father opened a tavern and a small store of dry goods, which for many years was kept in the little bed room at the end of the kitchen, and was about twelve feet square. The location being a central one, and all

the town and public meetings held at the meeting house, made it a very good spot for a tavern, and especially in as much as at that day the soberest part of the community partook freely of "Flip" in winter and "Punch" in summer without once being aware that they were doing wrong, or infringing the strictest rule of morality, so long as they drank, not to the verge of intoxication. Even the deacons and preachers of the gospel, thought not of evil when they partook of the cheerful bowl on public occasions when every body drank. The calling of the tavern-keeper and mingler of strong drinks was often a very profitable one.

On such occasion very little was drank simple or only mixed with water and a little sugar as in more modern times; but it was made into some palatable form, often into toddy, with a biscuit toasted and put into it and eaten as the toddy was exhausted, technically called "a toad". Flip was made mostly in winter, with small beer, heated with a red hot iron called a "loger-head" and constantly kept in every public house for this expressed purpose, and generally in the fire when not in the beer can.

This drink was sweetened and spiced and made a very palatable beverage. Switchel, rum and molasses; Eggnog, made by beating up eggs and mixing them with rum, sugar and water, was also another New England drink, much in use at that day, especially in the spring of the year at elections. The habit of

drinking strong liquors had greatly increased since the revolutionary war, and the dissolute manners of the soldiers too often followed by the citizens, amongst whom they had become amalgamated, after the close of the war.

At the head of the various kinds of choice drinks, stood the universal favorite, Punch. It was composed of Rum, water, sugar and the fresh juice of the lemon. It was drank from large china bowls, if they had them, and was often partaken by the females, especially on the day of their grand national jubilee, the 4th of July. Wine, was a drink comparatively but little used, the variety was mostly Malaga or some of the sweet wines and chiefly appropriated to the use of females, at dances, balls, quiltings and weddings.

Cider was a drink in constant use at the table, and especially with their dinner. So habitual was its employment by all classes, that a store of four up to twenty or more barrels, was regularly stowed away in the cellar, every autumn, as one of the real necessities of house keeping; with the beef, pork and potatoes. Very little, if any was used by the distillers of rum, etc. in New England; although it had been so appropriated for several years, especially during the war, when foreign liquors were scarce, by the people of New Jersey, Maryland and North Carolina.

The national beverage, cider, was constantly drank by the laboring classes at their work in the fields in-

stead of water; and any farmer who furnished water in place of cider for his work hands was accounted a close fisted, niggardly man. And although very few of the farmers became drunkards from this habitual gurling of stimulating drinks, yet their red noses, blotched cheeks and sore eyes betrayed the constitutional effect of their favorite beverage.

Mixed with a little molasses and water, cider, with bread crumbled into it, was eaten by the children with a spoon from a bowl, or pewter poringer, for their supper at seasons when milk was scarce. Tea at this early period of the republic, was viewed with rather a jealous eye, by a large portion of the people, although the females began pretty soon to have a hankering after it and none the less so from its having been a prohibited article; like their progenitor Eve, whose appetite was greatly stimulated from the prohibition laid upon it in the garden of Eden.

However, the females from their influence on the hearts and minds of the men, soon overcame this reluctance, and tea became in a few years one of the most common drinks of the country. Chocolate or cocoa and shells, the husk of the cocoanut, was for many years after the war one of the most common of the foreign articles used as a dietetic beverage. It was both palatable and nourishing. Coffee came into more general use at a later day, not very generally before the year 1800.

The trade of the eastern states with the West-India Islands where they carried all kinds of lumber, cattle, horses, mules, etc., with fish and many articles of provisions, supplied the inhabitants with sugar and molasses; especially the latter article, which was used by all the laboring classes as a common sweetner for their drinks and ginger bread. Very little sugar was consumed in comparison with molasses. Great quantities were also worked up in the distilleries of New England rum, which was taken by those who could not afford to drink the more costly Jamaica, French Brandy, or Hollands Gin. Many families consumed a barrel or two of molasses in a year, giving it to the children on rye and indian bread, hasty pudding, boiled pudding, etc. It was a wholesome article.

The ground on which my father's house stood, although not much elevated above the surrounding country, yet commanded a very extended view of the region. In clear weather the mountains of the Manadnie range in the western part of the state, were distinctly seen lifting their blue heads above the verge of the horizon at the distance of sixty miles.

Farm houses, meeting houses, etc., were to be seen on clear days for six or eight miles on every side, and a little south of us from the top of the hill could be seen the ocean; and by the aid of a glass the ships as they passed in and out of the ports, although the distance in a direct line was about twenty miles.

No portion of America which I have ever visited, possesses so clear an atmosphere and such extensive views as this part of New England. It may be owing to the gradual rise of the country as it recedes from the ocean, and to the regular distribution of low, broad hills of nearly equal elevation, all over it.

The cutting away of the forests has also assisted much in the extension of vision. For fine prospects of towns, villages and rural beauty, no part of the world can exceed this district ranged within thirty miles around Boston. The theological building, academy and meeting houses in Andover, with the manufacturing village at Spicket Falls, are all in plain view now from the old house. The city of Lawrence has been built since this was written and is in plain sight.

At the new home my father continued the practice of medicine and conducted the operations of the farm. The labor was chiefly performed by men hired by the day, especially the more laborious parts. The proceeds furnished food for the family, and the stock needed for for labor, meat, milk, etc. He usually kept two or three horses, four cows, a yoke of oxen, six or eight head of young cattle, twenty sheep and six or eight hogs—with geese and poultry.

The crops consisted of indian corn, 'rye, potatoes and beans. Flax was raised every two years or oftener, and was a very essential article in the clothing of a family, furnishing bedding, sheets, shirts and much

of the summer wear, all manufactured in the house from this valuable plant. At that period not a single cotton factory was built in the country, and the merchants had barely begun to import cotton muslins from the East Indies. Even Great Britain had but recently commenced the manufactures that at this time supply half the world with their clothing by day, and their bedding at night.

The every day dress of the people was as simple as their manners, and made of cloth fabricated at home. The wool was all carded by hand, and made the labor of females far more arduous than it was after the invention of carding machines. My father's dress was a long skirted coat with broad metal buttons, waistcoat with pocket flaps and shirts. Breeches or small clothes with silver knee buckles, worsted stockings reaching above the knee, shoes with broad straps and large silver plated buckles. In cold weather he wore boots reaching to the knee. Hair tied with a ribbon and long queue, ear locks frised and hair powdered.

My mother wore close bodied stays, high heeled shoes, thick quilted petticoat and short gown, for every day dress. On Sunday and visitings, a rich worsted stuff or brocade silk gown, full length, over the quilted petticoat. On the head "a craped cushion of hair" over which the natural hair was turned and confined by long wire pins, with silver or glass heads. The hair was turned up under a cap or high turban behind,

or of a young woman it was suffered to fall down its full length over the shoulders, being confined from spreading too wide by clasps made of thin steel plates about four inches long.

At one period the bottoms of their dresses were kept extended by a light hoop two or three feet in diameter. At a later period instead of the hoop the drop was extended out into a long train of two or three feet, which dragged on the floor or on the ground. Some of the dresses at this period were very rich, being ornamented with gold or silver lace. They were also found of rich colors, the men wearing scarlet broadcloth coats, and the women short cloaks of the same material.

When in full dress the men wore cocked or broad brimmed hats, turned up at the sides and behind so as to display three corners. These were kept in place by loops; sometimes a brilliant ornamental button on the side. The hats were made of the richest beaver fur.

As the country had at this period but just emerged from a seven years war, and the resources of the people at the lowest ebb, with a heavy debt resting upon it, the utmost economy was necessarily studied, in order to keep themselves from bankruptcy and ruin.

Whatever could be manufactured at home amongst themselves was done so. Many of the house-hold articles were made of wood. For plates, bowls etc., the basswood and white maple furnished a suitable

material; and an old man whom I well remember when a boy, by the name of Flanders, used regularly to visit my father and all that neighborhood, once or twice a year with a horse load of wooden dishes, carried in large bags. In exchange for these articles he took fat pork, meal, cheese, etc., with money when it could be procured.

Pewter spoons and buttons were cast to order by traveling tinkers, who traversed the country to mend kettles and other articles of culinary use. Many of these men had been soldiers during the war and preferred a roving life to any steady pursuit that would confine them to one spot. Nearly all the plates, basins, platters and drinking vessels were made of pewter, and long rows of shining dishes decorated the cup-board and "dressers" in the kitchens of all the neat and tidy housekeepers of New England.

The females prided themselves greatly on the clean and shining appearance of their pewter dishes, not less so than modern females in their rich display of silver plate. Every Saturday they received a regular scouring, and their sitting room and parlor floors a brisk sanding, with the finest and whitest sand that could be procured in the neighborhood. The patterns drawn on this with a broom, were viewed with as much interest as the figures and colors of the carpets of these days. The doors and casings of the windows of the rooms were scoured with sand, soap and water, displaying a purity and actual neatness of appearance, far

superior to that of oil paint. Carpets were never seen except amongst the most wealthy, whose floors were sometimes decorated with these appendages of aristocracy.

As late as the year 1800, scarcely a single pleasure carriage, even of two wheels was seen in the town where my father resided. Such a thing as a chaise or a sulkey, was not known in the country except in some of the richer and older settled towns. Nearly all the traveling was done on horseback. The farmers and mechanics took their wives behind them, seated on a broad pillion, which is in fact a large cushion, placed on the hips of the horse and attached by straps to the saddle, and by a crupper to the animal. They were often very neatly made of woolen or worsted stuff, and on them a woman could ride comfortably and lovingly, with her right arm around the waist of her companion. Equipped in this manner, my mother and myself, when a boy had many pleasant rides on the old red mare to visit my aunt and grandfather's family. Much of the traveling was done on foot and a walk of six or eight miles but little thought of.

In the fall of the year 1800 a man by the name of Mansise, who had been a sea faring personage and owned a dwelling house and some town lots in the village of Haverhill, came to my father and persuaded him to exchange his farm for his property in town. Haverhill was at that time a place of considerable trade

situated on the Merrimac river at the head of tide water, ship-building was carried on to some extent, and several wealthy men for those times were engaged in merchandise and shipping.

At this place my father had purchased many of the goods he sold at his little store, giving in exchange country produce. Here he continued to sell goods in a small way and to practice medicine a little. But he missed the occupation of the farm and the pleasing employment it afforded to his leisure hours. Besides he had many things to buy for the support of his family, such as wood, meal, meat, etc., which all his lifetime heretofore had been furnished by his farm, and of which he knew not the real value.

He was now 50 years old, and had reached a period in the life of man when changes are borne with more difficulty than at an earlier date. From these combined circumstances he became very unhappy in his new home, and no mountaineer ever bewailed his separation from his native hills with more poignancy than my father bemoaned his removal from his beloved farm. Many sleepless nights and sorrowful days were spent in dwelling on his folly, as he was pleased to call it, although in points of actual value there was but little difference in the farm or the town property. However, time, the soother of many sorrows, finally softened his regrets; but he was never fairly reconciled to his new home to the day of his death.

My mother was of a more firm and resolute temperament and could be contented in any place where she chose to be so.

About this time he became a member of a Masonic lodge and one or two evenings in a week were spent in laboring with his brother Masons for the good of mankind. Political parties now carried their measures with a high hand and every man was expected to be either "Jeffersonian Republican" or a "Washington Federalist." My father belonged to the Republican party and in discussing the affairs of the nation he often forgot his own troubles.

His children had received good common school or academic educations and some had married. The oldest daughter Susan, married John Nesmith of Derry, N. H. in 1796; Abigail, the second child married Enoch Bradley, a farmer of Haverhill, west parish, in 1802; Nancy married Thomas Newcomb, a goldsmith, in 1814; Mary married Francis Eaton, a lawyer of Haverhill, in 1816; and Harriet, Captain John Day, a sea captain in the India trade, in the year 1819; Charles T. Hildreth, married Miss Elizabeth Elliot, of Denton, in the year 1822 by whom he had only one living child, William, who died in his third year.

When the Ohio Company was formed in the year 1787, my father became a member, and was the owner of two full shares of land, which he purchased

through the agency of Rev. Manassah Cutler, of Ipswich, Mass. I well recollect that a part of the payment was made in cattle, about the year 1793. Amongst them was a favorite pair of twin steers, which I saw driven away with great reluctance.

When his business did not go to suit him, my father used to talk of selling out his town property and moving on to some of his Ohio lands. But my mother being averse to going to a new country, he was easily persuaded to lay aside such resolution, and finally about the year 1816, and previously, disposed of all his Ohio lands, realizing in the sales about the first cost and the interest on the money.

In the year 1822, my mother who had been for many years in feeble health, died at the age of 67. She was a woman of strong powers of mind, very charitable and piously disposed. In any sudden emergency or danger her calmness never forsook her and for moral or physical courage she was superior to most men. She was so little disposed to that melting feminine manner common to females, that she has been heard to say that she had never kissed one of her children when infants, or rocked them in a cradle; holding the latter to be a useless appendage to the nursery and the former a mark of childish weakness. Nevertheless her children were treated with all due tenderness, and she possessed the hearty love and affection of them all from their earliest recollections to manhood.

On the other hand my father was much given to fondling the little ones and when in the house and not employed, had always one or two of them on his knee. Some of my earliest recollections are connected with sitting on my father's lap, by the morning fire, snugly enveloped in his ample worsted morning gown, rocking back and forth in the chair to the low hum of some French nursery air, which he had learned in Canada, for whose language and manners he ever retained the most favorable opinions to the day of his death.

Nevertheless the children, when they wanted any special favor always applied to my mother in preference to my father; as more certain of granting their wishes. My mother's health had been very delicate for several years previous to her death, which took place on November 29th, 1822. She was naturally of a reflecting, contemplative turn of mind; and in her latter years devoted a good deal of time to religious reading and charitable occupations, bestowing a considerable share of her goods on the poor and needy inhabitants around her, thus obeying the command of the apostle, to do good and communicate.

In the Spring of 1823, my father concluded to make a visit to Ohio, not only to see his son in Marietta, but also to view the rich valleys of the west which had for many years excited his curiosity, highly raised by the extravagant tales of its fertility retailed in New England about the time of the formation of the Ohio Land Company.

His journey out was performed very comfortably in a small covered one horse wagon. The visit was very pleasant to him, and the time passed rapidly away until the fore part of August, when the country became the seat of a violent epidemic fever. The year before had been very sickly, but this year it was still worse. While on a visit to Belpre, he was attacked with the epidemic and died at the house of my wife's mother, after an illness of about a week, August 6th, 1823, in the seventy-third year of his age. His health was generally firm and good, and but for this attack he might in all probability have lived a number of years. His remains were interred at Belpre, but were in 1825 removed to Marietta, and laid in Mound grave yard. A plain stone monument marks the place of his repose.

A Brief Autobiography of S. P. Hildreth

Written in 1840

The writer of this simple memoir was born on the 30th day of September, 1783. At the time of my birth I was of a feeble, weakly constitution, in part occasioned by a large abscess directly over the right parietal bone, or near the top of the head. It was thought to have been occasioned by a fall which my mother had down the cellar stairs a few weeks before her confinement.

My father made a free incision into the abscess a day or two after my birth, which discharged considerable matter and so large a quantity of blood as nearly occasioned my death; and leaving me for many months a poor, pale, sickly child, whom no one thought would arrive to manhood. A scar three inches long and nearly an inch wide remains to this day, over which no hair has ever grown.

When I was about a year old and had in some measure recovered from this excessive depletion and had began to balance my body a little in a sitting posture on the floor, the nurse placed me in a chair before the

kitchen fire and run to the door to look at a funeral procession then passing by, she had barely left me when I tumbled from the chair into a large bed of coals on the hearth, a violent scream brought her to my aid; but not in time to save me from a terrible scorching. My face and hands were burnt in a desperate manner, the scars of which remained for many years and left a premature wrinkle of the skin, giving me when a young man the aspect of one several years older than I really was.

With the exception of these two accidents my infancy passed away without anything very serious befalling me. Until I was three or four years old my mother generally kept a bowl of *Spigelia*, or Pink tea constantly in readiness for me, and whenever I complained of pain a good drink of it was sure to follow. So accustomed had I become to its use, that the taste was not disagreeable to me, especially as I knew it by the name of coffee.

When about three years old a little incident occurred that amused my mother considerably. I had seen the men at their labor of mowing grass; in imitation of them I picked up the branch of a tree with a projecting shoot resembling a scythe. With this I had been laboring on the side hill near the house, until by an unlucky step I fell and broke it. It being near noon I came in and stood in the doorway of the sitting room, swinging it to and fro and staring at a traveller who

had called for his dinner. He seeing me thus employed asked "What is your name little boy?" I directly answered "Samuel Prescott Will, went up the hill to mowing grass, fell down and broke his scythe." Such a curious name amused the man greatly, and the children for some time called me "Samuel Prescott Will."

When five years old I was sent to school and set to the task of learning the A. B. C. in the New England primer, a book at that time put into the hands of all beginners in the road to science. I remember that in returning from the school house the first day at noon which was not more than 20 rods from my father's, over the little common in front of the meeting house, I took a shorter route across the small lot in front of the barn, that led me by a favorite apple tree, and while busied with collecting apples, laid down my primer and went home without it. However I soon missed it and returning to the spot was greatly rejoiced to find my lost treasure.

In the course of that summer I learned to read pretty fluently in the Bible, which was considered quite an achievement by the school mistress and my mother.

My teacher was a maiden lady, about 40 years of age; she was nearly four and a half feet high, with a projection between the shoulders of the size of a man's head. It was occasioned by a curvature of the spine

from the effects or disease then called the "Rickets" but now known as that of the "Spinal disease."

She was a perfect picture of Esop in a female dress. Her features were small, but well shaped, complexion pale, with a decided intellectual expression of face. Her dress was always neat, but very plain; one article was a high crowned, white lawn cap, which added somewhat to her stature. A clean, triangular white handkerchief covered her neck and shoulders, with a gown of plain calico, over which depending from her right side hung a large pocket, ornamented with needle work.

In this she carried her pen-knife, handkerchiefs, snuff-box and apparatus for knitting, sewing, etc. She was quite an inveterate snuff taker and generally carried some slight indications of the habit on her upper lip and about the corners of the nostrils, although she was very cleanly in her general appearance and took great pains to remove all outward marks of the use of snuff.

The boys, though many of them were taller than herself, all stood in fear of her frown; still more in dread of the delicate birchen rods, which she was in the practice of applying with no sparing hand around the ankles and shins of the refractory and idle ones, the bare feet and short trousers then common during the summer months affording every facility needed for this kind of punishment. When our conduct was deserving of praise, Mistress Sally Wood, for that

was her name, never withheld it from us, but every one received his full share.

By this course of even handed justice she won the good will of all her scholars, as no one could say he was ever punished without a full and sufficient reason. As for myself, during the two or three summers spent under her tuition, she stood next to my mother in point of love and esteem and to this day I call up her remembrance with deep and never to be forgotten respect. Under her direction I made my first attempts in the art of writing. After writing out a copy on the top of the page, I distinctly remember she used to guide my fingers in the use of the pen, by placing her own over them until I acquired the habit of moving them in the right manner.

Her home was in the town of Boxford, a few miles south east from Methuen; at what period she died I do not know, as I did not see her again after she ceased to keep school in our district.

Molly Russ was another of my female school teachers, she kept in a small shoemakers shop, about ten feet square. It was situated half a mile east of our house, across or beyond Bloody-brook, on a road which ran nearly parallel with that by my father's. In the winter it was occupied by her brother, an old bachelor, for the manufacture of shoes; while in the summer he worked on his farm. This was a common practice amongst the frugal New England yeomanry.

Mistress Molly had a very small school and was but a poor teacher in comparison with Mistress Wood. My improvement under her care was but little. About ten or a dozen children composed the whole. In going and returning from school we had to pass across the pastures and meadows by a foot path and through several sets of rail fence or bars. One day in coming home I recollect I fell into some quarrel with a boy and girl two or three years older than myself, by the name of David and Sally Page, who lived near us.

They both fell upon me at once and gave me a severe beating with small sticks, although I was more than a match for either of them singly. While walking along sulkily behind them with my switch in my hand ready for revenge should a chance occur, I spied them trying to force their way between the bars of the fence, instead of climbing over them. Now, I thought was my chance, and rushing up unexpectedly paid them off with full interest, before they could get through and out of my reach. However these little quarrels were soon forgotten and in a day or two we were on friendly terms again.

My father was very fond of fishing, and at leisure time during the summer months often amused himself in this way. The scene of his operation was the Spicket River, a fine mill stream of about twenty yards in width, that flowed along through the low lands, half

a mile from our house. I had often expressed a desire to attend him, but had always been put off by saying I was too little yet. However one day when I was about six years old he consented to have me accompany him in one of his piscatorial excursions.

Having dug the angle worms for bait and confined them in one of his large tin pill boxes, we shouldered our fishing rods and started for the shores of the Spicket. The route to the stream lay most of the way across meadows and pasture grounds, thickly studded with low thorn bushes. As it was a wet drizzly day, by the time we reached the river, my clothes were pretty well sprinkled, but as I was bare footed it made but little difference.

My father baited my hook and showed me how to cast it into the water, while he went a few rods further up the stream where he could have the benefit of a large tree to shelter him a little from the rain. The fish we caught were mostly spotted perch, and ruffs or sun fish, with now and then a pickerel. The sport was however sometimes interrupted by a school of horn-pouts, or cat-fish who would drive away the other fish and take the hooks to themselves. This is very annoying to the fisherman, as their flesh was considered as worthless and never eaten by the New England people.

My father had left me but a few minutes when I felt a tremendous bite at my hook, and the fish started

off into the stream with the line. I made every effort in my power to drag the monster to the shore, but the bank being wet and slippery, as well as steep, my feet gave way and I was dragged into the water up to my knees. In this dilemma I shouted with all my might to my father to hasten to my aid. He was soon at my side and seizing hold of the pole threw my antagonist on to the land. It proved to be a horn-pout of the largest class, and I considered myself as very fortunate in not having been dragged quite away, as I was too ambitious to let go the pole, when I found myself thus sliding into the water.

This adventure amused my father considerably, and served as a joke for some time after, whenever I mentioned going fishing. However we continued the sport he remaining by me and baiting the hooks until we had caught as many fine perch as he wished for that day; and I remember that more and larger fish were taken from my hook, than from his. After this we had many pleasant trips to the Spicket for fish, which were usually fried with salt pork, and eaten with great relish, from the fine appetite acquired by this kind of exercise.

By the time I was seven or eight years old, the whole charge of driving the cows to pasture and bringing them home, with riding the horses to water was put into my hands. A part of the season this was no small labor, as the pasture was more than a mile

distant, near the little school house of Molly Russ. Until I was familiar with the road, one of my older sisters used to go with me, generally sister Abigail who was about three years older.

Our other pastures were nearer home, one of which was called the "hill pasture" and lay directly back of the lot where I took my first lesson in mowing. It was dotted with pine bushes and briers, and stones so thick that only a small portion of them served to enclose the whole lot with a substantial stone wall. All the farms in this region were fenced in this manner. Another pasture was known by the name of the "chickering" pasture, and lay south of the house towards the Spicket River, distant not more than thirty rods from the house. A part of this lot was covered with huckleberry bushes and sweet fern, and in the summer afforded us an abundance of fine fruit to eat with our bread and milk and to cook in rich indian puddings.

The berries were generally gathered into baskets made of the bark of the white birch, which grew in all the wet grounds, and could be peeled off in large sheets of the right size for sewing up into boxes or baskets. The outer surface was white and as smooth as paper, and was often stained and ornamented with many curious devices. The Indians of this region used it for making their canoes. Slips of it rolled up and

fired at one end burnt nearly as well as a candle and were used for torches in their fishing at night.

Another part of the pasture was covered with forest trees of oak and pine, and furnished the family with their fuel. The whole lot contained about thirty acres, and many solitary rambles I used to have amongst its labyrinths of bushes in search of the cows. Near the center of the more open part stood a single white pine of great size. The wind, as it sighed and moaned through its thick, deep green foliage, has often attracted my notice and excited my boyish wonder as something supernatural or connected with the spirits of the air.

One other pasture lay near the center of the farm and was called the "spring pasture," from a fine spring which broke out from under a gravelly bank, and run away across a low swampy piece of ground to unite its waters with those of "Bloody Brook" which ran meandering through our meadow. Along the borders of this wet land, I used to regale myself with the roots of the "Brake" a variety of fern, and whose white, mucilaginous tuber made up of taminated folds used greatly to please the palates of the boys.

To all these pastures, the cows and young cattle were driven by turns during the summer months, so as always to have a succession of fresh grass. In the winter nearly the same labor was to preform, in driving them every morning about half a mile to "Bloody Brook"

for water, through the deep snow, with an axe on my shoulder to cut through the ice.

The snow sometimes fell to the depth of three or four feet and when attended or followed by wind, as it generally was, the windward side of the road was lined with deep drifts, which as the wind whistled through or over the top of the stone wall, was wreathed into all manner of fantastic shapes, many of which would have afforded fine models for the sculptor in fashioning the capital of a Corinthian pillar. When it was very deep the whole neighborhood turned out with their ox teams, sleds and shovels to open the road to the school house, meeting house, mills, etc. After the snow had become compact and sufficiently solid to bear the weight of a boy, we used to have fine sport, in sliding down the hill by moonshine, on our hand sleds.

By the time I was eight years old I began to attend the winter schools, under the charge of a male teacher. The school house was not more than twenty rods from my fathers, and was a wooden building, about twenty feet square, painted on the outside with spanish brown. The interior was conveniently arranged with seats and benches, and a huge open chimney for heating the room.

The first winter school I attended, was kept by a young man, named Asa Messer, who was then preparing for college. He in after life became the president of Brown University, in Providence, R. I. I recollect

a novel mode he had of punishing the little boys for whispering, from having myself been subject to the operation; it was done by taking them up by the heels and thumping gently their heads on the floor. I remember it the more distinctly from the floor being at that time very wet with melted snow.

The next winter the teacher was a cousin of mine named Asa Sargent, who was then studying medicine with my Uncle, Dr. Bodwell. Soon after this he was appointed Surgeons mate to a sloop of war in the U. S. service, the Pickering, it was the period of our disturbance with the French Republic. The vessel and all the crew were lost at sea, probably in a squall, as she was never heard of afterwards. He was a fine looking man and greatly lamented by all his relations and acquaintances.

My next teacher was Phinehas Messer, a man rather past the middle age of life. He was of a thin, spare habit, sharp features and a long thin face, with generally an ominous frown on his brow. On his left cheek was a large scar, with the flesh projecting as if a knife had been run through about a third of an inch of the skin, raising it up and leaving it in this position. His right knee joint was stiff, with the limb half bent, so that he walked with a stout, heavy crutch.

He was by occupation a shoemaker, and wrought at his trade during that portion of the time not taken up with a school, generally confined to the winter

months. His temper, like his face, was crabbed and sour, and seldom so much pleased as to create a smile. He kept on his table a heavy ferrule, made on purpose for punishing the boys, which was often applied with no sparing hand. With his stout crutch he was in the habit of making a wide sweep amongst them and hurling them to the right and left when they crowded too thickly around the morning fire.

He was on the whole a faithful teacher and did his best to make the boys learn, but they would have loved and obeyed him better could he have done it with a more gracious manner. Under him, until I was ten or twelve years old, I learned to write, cypher, read and spell. One of our exercises in spelling was for two of the older and better scholars to choose sides once a week and try their skill in spelling.

Each scholar selected a word from any book he chose, and wrote it out on a slip of paper, they were generally taken from the Bible. These were read by the master and the side which missed the fewest of these was considered the conqueror. In this way their wits and ingenuity were exercised, if they were not improved in useful spelling.

Mr. Messer also added to his acquirements the art of singing, he was the parish chorister, and in the winter evenings used to teach a class of boys and girls in this pleasant accomplishment. When about 12 years old I attended one winter under his tuition

and learned to sing what was then called "counter," but in these days it is known by that of the "second." On Sundays his short, thin pitched pipe was heard amongst the choir sounding the note which was to govern the cadence of the tune then to be sung. He was, on the whole a useful man, but not one to be loved. My sisters Susan and Abigail attended his school and became very good singers.

My last country or common school teacher was Isaac Swan. When a young man I think he had been attached to the quarter-master department in the revolutionary army, and acquired a habit of intemperance. He was about the middle age, and a bachelor. He was a fine penman and I learned to write more, and better under his instruction than from any of the other teachers. He was moreover a very kind and pleasant man in his manners and all the boys were well pleased with him. He was generally quite sober during the school hours. Under his teaching I completed my knowledge of arithmetic, mastering nearly or quite all the rules in Dilworth and Pikes arithmetic.

Amongst the playmates of my early childhood were Christopher and Elijah Sargent. They lived about twenty rods west of our house and in my visit there I had to pass across a small meadow thinly planted with apple trees and to climb over one pretty high stone wall. Their father was deacon Elijah Sargent, and their grandfather the Rev. Christopher Sargent, among the first ordained ministers in Methuen.

His venerable figure is associated with my earliest recollections, he used to sit by the fire in a large arm chair, clad in a full, loose woolen gown, a woolen cap on his head, shaped somewhat like a mitre, with standing tassels on the corners. The cap was used in place of a wig, as more convenient, a number of the latter being hung up in the old garret, where we used to play and amuse ourselves by putting them, with the deacons old cocked hat on our head, and chasing each other around the great chimney which passed up through the middle of the attic.

He was then quite super-annuated and a man by the name of Simon Williams was associated with him in the ministry. He, however, was dismissed in a short time for misdemeanor. I recollect the old man was a great smoker, and the room, into which I seldom ventured, smelt as strong of tobacco as any barroom after an election. I used greatly to admire his long stemmed pipes, tipped with green, and the curious little curved tobacco, or pipe tongs, which hung by a nail in the chimney corner and were never applied to any other use than that of lighting his pipe.

He was over ninety years old at the time of his death. The deacon was then a man about 50 years old and as much addicted to chewing tobacco as his father was to smoking. The juice of the fascinating weed was usually seen distilling from each corner of his mouth, and trickling through his long beard to the chin;

while the corners and upper part of his waistcoat were stained with the spittle which fell on the way from his mouth to the ground, owing to his slovenly way of discharging it.

He was the owner of a pretty large farm and the work and appearance of every thing about it was much in the style of his own personal looks. By the time I was 13 years old he had become involved in debt, obliged to sell his farm and move on to a much cheaper one in Windham, a few miles northwest of Methuen, in New Hampshire, and died leaving his family nearly destitute. All his misfortunes and trouble may be safely charged to his want of order and slovenly habits.

The family consisted of Isaac, Susan, Lydia, Dorcas, Christopher and Elijah. Dorcas and Christopher were near my age. Isaac, Susan and Dorcas died of consumption when about 18 or 20 years old. Lydia married my brother-in-law, John Nesmith of Derry, N. H., as his second wife and became the mother of two sons.

Attached to the old parsonage house was a huge kitchen in which we used to have fine sport playing "blind man buff" and other games. On such occasion we used to light the room with the blaze of pine knots which afforded a brilliant flame and saved the use of candles, which in those days were scarce and burned with much more economy than now.

The deacon had a large number of apple trees on his farm and made an abundance of cider, with this,

before it became too sour, we used to regale ourselves; drinking it from a pewter tankard, after we had warmed it on the coals. It is said to have a much higher relish from a metallic vessel, than from glass, owing to a slight galvanic influence imparted to the tongue.

The first peach I recollect of ever seeing, grew on a tree at the foot of the deacon's garden. It was the only one they had I think, and was a clingstone of the largest size and richest deep red color. To my boyish imagination it was the most desirable of all eatables and Eve's unholy longing for the forbidden fruit of Eden was not more intense than ours for these peaches; and although they were forbidden to us by the deacon on the severe penalty of the rod, yet we used to seize every opportunity of knocking off one or two apiece, not daring to take more at a time, lest they should be missed. These were eaten with a relish I have never found in any peach since.

There was also a tree in the orchard near the school house which bore sweet apples, and which we used to visit daily, from the time when the apples were not bigger than an ounce ball, till they were all gone, which generally happened a long time before any of them were ripe. When I was a boy, good eating fruit was a great rarity; and was seized with avidity and sometimes without honesty. Common, natural fruit for cider was abundant.

The old meeting house, a plain frame building without any steeple, stood on a small common only a

few rods from my father's, and between our house and deacon Sargent's. The little common around the house and the old horse sheds back of it afforded us a fine playground. Under the pulpit was a small vacant room that was never applied to any use, which the little boys, I know not how, became impressed with the belief was a jail, or prison for confining the unruly boys on the Sabbath.

The clap-boards had been removed in part, by time or by accident, from the planking over this room so that we could look through the crevices into the dark interior and as we could distinguish nothing distinctly our imagination peopled it with a thousand terrors. I can remember with what fear and trembling I used to look into this dreaded room. During the summer evenings we used to have fine sport in watching the bats as they poured out in hundreds from the old cornice and crannies of the crazy building, and knocking them down by throwing our hats, sticks and stones amongst them.

The interior of the house was in strict keeping with the outside. The pulpit was an old fashioned kind of box, with an octagon sounding board attached to the wall six or eight feet above the head of the minister. I recollect that for several years a number of kegs of gun powder belonging to the town were kept on the top of this sounding board, as the safest place to be found for it until they built a powder house.

In front of the deacon's seat, on each side of the broad aisle, were two long benches, where the elders or oldest men and women of the town were seated. When the hot weather of summer prevailed the bald headed old men wore white linen caps, and in winter, woolen ones. Amongst them was a man named Ordway who had a wen the size of a hen's egg in the center of his forehead, another named Davis had one nearly as large on one eyelid; these two men often attracted my notice.

The old men took the right side, and the women the left of the pulpit, back of these were the pews, square shaped with seats all around them, these seats were fastened with hinges and made a great clattering as lifted up and down at the beginning and ending of prayers. Near the front door sat two tything men, or wardens as they were called, with their canes of 8 or 9 feet in length set up behind them as a terror to the mischevious boys.

These were viewed with great dread, no boy dared to smile or make any noise while they were in meeting. Once a month we used to attend on Saturday afternoon for the purpose of being examined in the Westminster catechism, by the minister. We used to be very ambitious to give the answer correctly and without any mistakes. It was also the practice in some of the schools to teach the catechism every Saturday until the scholars had become masters of it. It was

an excellent practice and gave children and young persons a more correct view of christianity and the moral law than could be taught in the same space in any other way. Our parents also examined us in the same manner on Sunday evenings. Sunday schools were not in use till many years after this period.

By the time I was eight or ten years old I was put to light labor on the farm, during those periods when not engaged in school, which was generally only a small part of the year. I learned to ride on horse-back when quite young, my first attempt was on the old red mare and as she took a fancy to go rather faster than I wished, instead of checking her by drawing the rein, I applied my whip quite lustily to her side, and called out, "whoa, whoa," as loud as I could bawl; this treatment only served to increase her speed, what the result would have been, I do not know, had not some one directed me to quit whipping her, and to draw up on the bridle reins.

On the old mare I for many years did the milling for the family, lading her every other Saturday with two bags, one containing a bushel of indian corn, the other a half bushel of rye. From these articles were manufactured the bread of the family. Sometimes we had the rye bolted and from the flour made a very sweet light bread. Our common pie crust, drop cake and doughnuts were made of the same, except on some special occasion, such as Thanksgiving, election day, or a great party, when we were treated with

articles made of wheat flour. Our flour was all brought from the southern states as wheat would not grow in our soil after it had been cultivated a few years, although when first cleared from the forest it bore one or two very good crops. Various were the reasons assigned for this failure by the simple hearted farmers of New England, although it was generally attributed to the blighting effect of the farina from the blossoms of the barberry bush, a plant which grew luxuriantly in the poorest kind of soils.

The poor bushes, although entirely innocent of the charge, had to suffer the penalty of a bad name, and in many places were nearly exterminated. Modern science has however discovered that the source of the failure was a deficiency of lime or calcareous earth in the soil, and that by a judicious application of lime to their fields the farmers of Massachusetts can raise as good wheat as they do in Ohio.

The mill to which I usually wended my way was owned by my Uncle John Sargent, and was about a mile from my father's. It was built at the falls of the Spicket, one of the most romantic and picturesque spots in all that region of country. The dam was thrown across the stream directly at the head of the pitch so that the water as it fell over its face mingled with the foam of the fall, the descent was over thirty feet in about two rods, so that the whole face of the rock was one sheet of foam.



MRS. S. P. HILDRETH

A small island divided the river at the head of the fall, and a dam was connected with it on each side, affording sites for two mills; that on the left bank was an over-shot mill, while my uncle's was an under-shot. When the river was pretty full in the Spring of the year, the spray filled the air for many rods around the falls, while its roar was heard for a mile or more. During the severe cold of winter many curious columns and fantastic arches were formed on the projecting rock by the frozen spray, on which I used to gaze with wonder and delight.

Before dams were thrown across the stream, it was filled with fish every spring; salmon, shad and alewives in thousands, and rare sport the early settlers and Indians used to have in catching them as they lay in the still water below, preparing to make the mighty effort of scaling the rocky barrier, through the flood of falling water. So great was the height to be scaled that repeated trials were often made before it could be accomplished.

My uncle also carried on cloth-dressing, and his fulling mill stood near the top of the falls, while the grist mill stood lower down and were both supplied with water from the same penstock. The moving of the great feet, or hammers of the fulling mill used to excite my curiosity, as they moved so regularly that I could hardly divest myself of the belief they had animation and were directed in their movement by some living body.

My visits to this mill were always seasons of joy, and merriment, as my cousin Frederic, two or three years older than myself, was always ready to join me in my sports. While the grist was grinding, we used in the spring and summer, to visit the quiet waters above the falls, with our fishing rods; or if the water was warm, by bathing in its limpid bosom. And many nice messes of fish I carried home to fry for my supper. The stream for a mile or more above the mills flowed quietly along through wet meadows that abounded in cranberries, which in the spring of the year were fully ripe and good eating. The *Saracennia*, or side-saddle plant, also abounded; and from its purple, pitcher-shaped leaves we used to quench our thirst with the water of the Spicket.

In the winter we used to amuse ourselves by sliding down the declivity which occasioned the fall of the river, into the valley of the stream. It was a rapid descent and was enjoyed with great glee, as we passed swiftly down, both seated on the same sled. My aunt Elizabeth Sargent was a very kind, pleasant woman and always treated me to a piece of pie or a slice of cake, while I chatted and romped with three or four female cousins a little older than myself.

My uncle was a man of refined talk, far above most men of his station and calling, dressed neatly and was a great reader. Our Social Library was kept at his house, the company which owned it was formed about

the year 1790, and he was the librarian. It contained four or five hundred volumes, and as Saturday was the period for exchanging the books, I generally took this opportunity of getting a new one. I was extravagantly fond of reading, and in the course of four or five years, I had read nearly all it contained, except the works on theology.

One of the first I took out, I recollect was Æsop's fables, it greatly delighted me and gave me new ideas of the faculties of birds and beasts so that I imagined they were endowed with minds and reasoning powers, somewhat similar to human beings. One day when I was returning from a visit to the old mill, leading the mare by the bridle, and amusing myself by throwing stones at the various objects along the side of the road, a small bird called a snow bird, attracted my notice as it sat in a bush. A stone was hurled at it with fatal effect and it fell dead to the earth; I immediately picked it up and as its nerveless limbs and drooping head lay quivering in my hand, the thought struck me that I was a murderer, and as it was the first sensitive being that had ever been deprived of life by my hands, feelings very similar to those of Cain came over me and I hastened to hide the object of my cruelty in a crevice of the stone wall by the side of the road.

Not long after as I was amusing myself by throwing apples at the swallows, whose nests were attached to the rafters of the barn, without any intention of harm-

ing them, one was struck as they were flying in mazy circles beneath the roof, and another death of an innocent bird was added to the account. I was for a moment quite confounded at the unexpected event, as I had been taught to believe that a very serious evil was sure to follow the killing of a swallow, no less than this, that the cows would give bloody milk.

In this case the penalty that was to follow, struck me with more dread than the commission of the crime, and I hastened to hide the little harmless swallow, before any one should see it. For several days I watched carefully for the expected event, at every milking of the cows, but at the same time was careful to say nothing of the transaction to any one. Time rolled on, and the milk still retained its purity, which I in some manner attributed to my keeping it secret; however I was careful not to endanger the lives of the swallows any more. These two events left an impression on my mind which has never been entirely erased, and I cannot take the life of any animal, even a kitten or a chicken, without return of some of the feelings of my boyhood, nor stand by and see it done by another person.

But to return to my reading. Amongst the books read, I recollect was Rollin's Ancient History, Robertson's Charles the 5th, Robertson's America, Cook's Voyages, Brydone's Tour, Bruce's Travels, Hudibras, etc. History, Voyages and Travels were my favorites, and of these I never tired, but could leave my play at any time to feast upon the contents of a favorite book.

About this period the war of the French Revolution was in full force, and I read with great gusto the accounts of their various battles as published in the village newspaper, printed at Haverhill once a week. The paper was left at a house nearly a mile from my father's and when the day arrived for delivery no weather, however wet, cold, or stormy could hinder me from going there to get it. I well recollect of traveling through some of the stormiest days, and deepest snows of our turbulent winters, contrary to the advice and against the wishes of my mother, rather than forego the delight of reading the news for a single day.

During the summer months, while resting an hour or two at noon from my labor on the farm, if the weather was pleasant I used to climb into the branches of a favorite elm tree that stood before the door, and seating myself in the forks, with my back resting against a stout limb, read some interesting book till called by my father to resume the work then in hand.

Another source of enjoyment was derived from the oral relations of the day laborers who occasionally worked on the farm; several of whom had been soldiers in the army of the revolution, and the skirmishes and battles in which they had been engaged, were yet fresh in their memories. Many of them were fond of relating their adventures; and no higher treat could be given to my ardent and romantic imagination, than

the rehearsal of the incidents of some battle in which they had taken a part. Amongst these old soldiers whom I remember as affording me the most entertainment, was James Davis, Henry Bodwell, Thomas Pace and Daniel Jennings.

Davis was a poor, hardworking, sober man, and was a favorite laborer with my father, for his honesty, industry and temperate habits. He lived about a half a mile from our house, and two of his children, Dudley and Miriam, who were twins, used to go to the same school with me, and were near my own age. Frederic was about two or three years younger. I recollect the family lived in a small house near their grandfather's, who had a daughter that was an idiot, then thirty or more years old. Her odd motions and fantastic actions used to afford a good deal of amusement to us boys, while the old man, her father, whom Dudley and Miriam called "gramp," being a short way of saying grandfather, used to scold us very heartily for our levity. At those periods when I drove the cows to the far pasture, I passed by the house twice a day, and we had many opportunities for amusement.

Henry Bodwell was a distant relative of my mother, and although not more than thirty-five years of age in 1793, when I was ten years old, yet he had served as a soldier in the Continental Army during the whole war. At the time of his entering the service, I have heard my parents say that he was considered not only one of

the handsomest, but also one of the most promising young men in the town, to make a useful and valuable member of society. But the dissolute habits of the army and vicious practice of the young men, his associates, totally ruined him; so that he returned to his parents a drunken, idle, worthless fellow, with habits of vice so confirmed that he was never after of any use to his family or to society. He married an illegitimate daughter of the wife of Thomas Pace, of whom she became the mother some years before her marriage. From this man I used to hear many interesting stories of the war, but always so blended with oaths and profanity that I did not enjoy them with half the satisfaction I felt at the rehearsals of honest James Davis.

Thomas Pace was an Englishman by birth, and had served for many years as a sailor and marine, in the British navy, during the periods of their wars with the French, previous to the American revolution. A short time before its commencement, or about the year 1770, he deserted from one of their 74 gun ships while lying in the harbor of Boston. He pushed out into the country and kept concealed until after the sailing of the ship.

When the war broke out, to show that he was sincerely attached to the Americans, he joined the army as a volunteer and was in the battle of Bunker Hill. Many times have I heard him relate all the particulars of that eventful day, so far as he was concerned.

How many times he fired his musket before the "red coats" stormed the redout in which he was stationed, and how, when they had taken possession, and were bayoneting all the Americans they could reach, he forced his way out from amongst them, and when only a few yards distant he turned round and discharged his piece into the thickest of the British, accompanied with a short farewell speech of "Take that damn ye," after which he run down the hill at full speed and across the neck of land, amidst the round and grape shot fired at the retreating Americans from the shipping that enfiladed this narrow pass.

However he crossed it unharmed, while many others were either killed or wounded within a few feet of him. Like all British sailors he was fond of grog; and when animated with a dram, or stout drink of cider, he used to sing for me some of his favorite sea songs of which he had a great store; or relate some battle adventure in which he had been engaged at sea, during the 15 or 20 years of service he had seen in the navy, into which he had been impressed when quite a young man.

He was a short, thick set fellow, with rough, coarse features, but of a lively, cheerful disposition. At that time he must have been over sixty years of age, as his hair was quite gray. He was very fond of children and many a time when not more than 3 or 4 years old have I sat on his knee before the fire, while he sang to me some of his favorite songs. After I became older,

many a dram of New England rum, and mug of cider have I given him in return for his songs and stories. He used to work a great deal for my father and when not at labor was often at our house, his home being only a quarter of a mile distant.

For a sailor and a man used to rough companions a large portion of his life, he used very little profane language; his most common phrases were "faich my little fellow," or "little short aise" when in good humor. His worst fault was a disposition to be rather quarrelsome when full of grog, and ready for a round at fisty-cuffs with any one whom he thought had insulted him. He was quite an adept at boxing, which he had learned at sea, and used to take great pains to instruct me in the art, but I had so little relish for feats of this kind, that I profited but poorly from his lessons. He died, I think, at nearly or quite 80 years old.

His wife, some years younger than himself, used to assist my mother in much of the heavy work; such as cleaning house, and the labor that falls to females after killing the hogs, etc. She used to wear a man's woollen hat on her head, and when a little fatigued would sit down by the kitchen fire and solace herself with the pipe, to which she was inveterately attached; on such occasions I used to stand by her when quite small, and watch the smoke as it curled slowly upward in gentle puffs from her mouth, enveloping the old black hat and filling the kitchen with its fumes. It was the more interesting to me as none of our family were smokers,

and although no smoker myself, yet from these early impressions, I have ever retained a relish for the smell of tobacco smoke, and especially if exhaled from a pipe.

Mr. Jennings did not work much at our house, but was often there, as he there found what all the old soldiers loved, a plenty of rum. He was at the battle of Bunker Hill, and while stooping down to take a watch from the pocket of a man who was mortally wounded and wished to send it to his family, by his friend Jennings, a musket ball struck him on the top of the left shoulder near the neck, and passing downward through the lungs and back of the stomach, came out near the opposite hip.

I distinctly remember looking at the two deep scars with dread and astonishment. It was early in the fight, and he was taken off the ground to the heights in the rear, before the retreat of the Americans. He recovered in a few months from this deep and desperate wound, deemed at the time entirely hopeless, as it were, by a miracle, and yet experiencing this striking and plain interposition of God in his behalf, he lived for many years only to blaspheme His Holy Name, for he was a most profane swearer, and very intemperate in his habits.

Joseph Morse was another of the laboring men who occasionally worked for my father. He was a thin, spare man of medium height, between 50 and 60 years of age, had lost all his upper front teeth but one,

which projected forward so much as to rest on the under lip and be always in sight even when the mouth was closed. He usually wore a checked woolen shirt, without any neck cloth; a coat with long skirts, buck-skin breeches, with stockings and shoes. The middle finger of his right hand was contracted and stiff, from some wound of the tendon.

His home was about a mile west of our house across the Spicket, where he owned a small farm of very poor land. In his manners, he was mild and forbearing; of peaceable habits, and had never been in the army. At driving an ox team he was considered by my father as superior to any other man; and would entice that patient animal to draw loads, with his encouraging voice and the aid of a small stick, not more than a foot or two long, with which he seldom touched them, that other men with a long goad and lash and all their bawling could hardly induce them to move.

But that for which he was most remarkable, was his constant, yet perfectly controlable love of New England rum, as he never became intoxicated. For several years this man was a regular visitant, every morning, to my father's counter, for a gill of rum, which he invariably drank from the cup, without sugar or water. In the summer months, he brought a small lump of green tansy leaves, pressed up into a ball under the crooked finger, which he ate in small parcels, as he sipped the rum. When it was finished he returned

directly home, unless he was to work at our house, and drank no more that day. These visits were made before he took his breakfast, and on his route, which lay partly through the fields, he had to cross the Spicket on a pole or small log. And although each gill cost him but three coppers, yet at the end of the year it amounted to nearly a months work, and was uniformly paid in labor. As he grew older the habit, I think increased upon him and he died of consumption about the year 1800.

Another man who excited a good deal of curiosity amongst the boys was Thomas Barker. He was a very stout muscular man of rough manners and uncultivated mind. At the period of my first recollections of him, he must have been nearly forty years old. He lived about two miles from my father's in a dilapidated, shackly house, near the borders of a hemlock and white birch swamp. A part of his occupation was making birch brooms; but being of a lazy, indolent habit, they were generally split so coarsely that few chose to buy them.

For several years he was affected with hypochondria, or partial mania; while under this disease he imagined that his under jaw had dropped off, and many times have I seen him before a looking glass, examining his face for several minutes, with both the hand and the eye, before he could be satisfied that it was really in its place. At such times he let his beard grow for

several weeks without shaving. He used to work for my father, but never more than a day or two at a time, and then only when he had become nearly starved at home.

His favorite dish was baked beans and pork; on this he would feed until he had swallowed a quantity that you would think sufficient for three or four men. He commenced eating by leaning forward over his plate, and continued at it till he was forced by fullness to set bolt upright; as he always wore a stout leather apron, the strings of this had to be unloosed before he had finished the meal.

He had quite a taste for music and played on the violin or fiddle as we then called it, with considerable skill. I well remember his huge, burly person posted up in the corner of the room, and playing with all his might, while he kept time with his bare foot, the leg of which was covered with a ragged stocking till it met the leather breeches above. He had some taste for poetry, one of his impromptus ran thus and was made on the deceased father of a Mr. Davis, whose son had offended him:

“Old father Davis died of late
Up he went to Heaven’s gate
Abraham met him with a club
And knock’d him back to Bellzebub.”

He used to chop wood sometimes for us, but with an axe that did not weigh over two pounds, being too

lazy to lift one of common size. My father persuaded him one day to sell it to him for my use, being then not more than 8 or 9 years old. With this axe I learned to chop wood, and when ten years old chopped a large portion of all the wood we burned in our winter fires.

For several years, when quite a small boy, I used to assist my mother in the spring, in whitening cloth; for in those days nearly all the sheeting, shirting and summer dresses were made in the family, of linen or tow and linen, cotton being but little if any used in domestic fabrics. The scene of this operation was on the grassy banks of Bloody brook, a small pellucid stream which run through the low grounds about a third of a mile east of our house. The pieces of linen, five or six in number, had to be carried out by hand every morning in a basket, and returned every night, that they might be immersed in a weak lye of wood ashes.

At this laborious portion of the work, one of my older sisters used to assist me. I carried my dinner in a little basket, and spent the day in sprinkling the linen with water dipped up from the brook, in a watering pot as often as it became dry. The time passed away very pleasantly, either in reading some book, building ovens of flat stones and mud in which to cook the small fish that I sometimes caught with a pin hook, in the deep holes of the brook. At other times I amused myself in tracing the course of the stream for half a

mile or more, to near its head, where it arose from some springs; and listening to the murmuring of the water as it poured over the various obstructions to its course, from rocks, or the roots of some large tree which grew on its brink, into the deep pools below.

There were several of these expansions, for which I had names, and were favorite spots for bathing, or for angling for the small pickerel that delighted to pass their summers in these cool retreats. As I had been reading Smellie's Natural Philosophy, I examined with a curious eye the beetles and insects which abound near water courses; and especially that singular little worm (*Tubicola nivalis*) which having no defence of its own against the depredations of its enemies, forms itself a coat of mail from bits of gravel and decayed fragments of wood, agglutinated together by a secretion from its skin, in such nice proportions as to be of the same specific gravity with the water in which it lives, thus enabling it to move with ease from place to place in a domicile of its own fabrication.

I have not language to express the delight afforded to me from the sight of rich colors, especially those of a small butterfly, commonly seen on the blossoms of the thistle. I never tired of looking at them. Even the shining backs of the small water tortoise (*Emys punctata*), with its bright yellow spots, as it emerged from the brook and lay basking in the sun, has afforded me many moments of pleasure.

I was however often interrupted in my lonely contemplations of nature by the visits of some of the neighboring boys. Amongst the most favorite ones, was Daniel Russ, an orphan boy who lived with an uncle, about as far east of Bloody brook, as I lived west. He was near my age, of a pleasant, agreeable countenance, active frame of body, and with a temper of mind neither selfish or quarrelsome.

A part of our amusement consisted in sailing small ships which we had built and rigged ourself, and as our minds were full of the sea fights of the French and English, we one election day, in presence of a number of our companions, exhibited a mimic battle with our two ships. They were armed with leaden guns of our own casting, and loaded with powder and a ball of buck shot. I recollect, at the second or third broad side my ship set the sails of his in a blaze, and the victory was declared in my favor.

We used to have many pleasant jaunts together, in hunting for the eggs of blackbirds, amongst the tussocks of tall grass that abounded in the wet meadows along the margin of Bloody brook. These birds, with the wood-pecker, were considered as enemies to the farmer, and their eggs given up as legitimate plunder to the boys; while those of the robin, catbird, pewee, wren, etc., were considered as harmless, and the taking of their eggs quite criminal. None except a naturalist, or a painter can imagine the delight I enjoyed

in contemplating the curiously ornamented shell of the egg of the black-bird, especially of that species known as the crow-black-bird. No painting or engraving at a more mature age has ever afforded me half the pleasure. The bob-o-lincoln, perched on the top of some bush or low tree, we viewed as the sentinel of the black-bird tribe, and by his noisy chatterings, gave notice to the other birds of the approach of an enemy.

These eggs were laid carefully by, to be broken at the celebration of the annual festival, called "Election day" when the governor-elect was sworn into office. and took place on the last Thursday in May, at which time, or previous, the corn-planting was finished, although at this period and for many years past, it is not completed till the forepart or middle of June, owing to a more tardy approach of summer.

The mode of enacting this sport was to place one or more eggs on the ground, when a boy who was blindfolded, marched up with a long switch in his hand, four or five paces, and struck at the egg by guess. Some boys who calculated distance nicely, would break an egg at every stroke, while others would as certainly miss them. When all were broken we ended the day with some athletic sport of running, wrestling, or ball.

Even in the cheerless days of a New England winter, I found many things to delight me in the simple operations of nature. While sliding on the early formed ice in the pools and low grounds that had been over-

flowed from the autumnal rains, and had begun to dry away, leaving all kinds of curious forms on the under side of the thin ice by the ingress of the air, I have many times dropped the sport and viewed these fantastic figures, imitating animals, birds, trees, and almost every thing the imagination can conceive, with intense delight.

The wreaths of snow drifts, imitating a great variety of carved work, the interslice of which, when the sun shone, reflected the purest sky blue, often excited my admiration, while the delicate and variously formed crystals of the hoarfrost, never failed to call forth my wonder. While picking the loose stones from the cultivated ground, an operation I had to perform every spring, until the skin was worn from my fingers, and piling them up in conical heaps, I used often to stop, and gaze upon the hurry and confusion of the ants, who had chosen the shelter of a stone beneath which to construct their galleries and covered ways, and to rear their offspring. The distress and trouble of the poor ants, at this calamity of my creating, often excited my compassion, and the stone was again carefully replaced.

The rock formation of my native place was granitic and primitive, abounding in various colored micas; shorl, hornblend, etc. Our fences were constructed of these rocks, generally boulders, which lay thickly scattered over the surface, partially imbedded in the earth. The large ones were raised with iron bars and levers, the

operation was called "digging rocks," which when loosed from the earth were hauled on drags, with oxen to the place where the wall was to be erected. My father had more or less of this kind of fence built every year on his farm.

Often when quite a small boy have I amused myself by looking at these curious crystals, which abounded in some of the rocks, and wondered what they could be. At that time mineralogy was unknown as a science in America, but since my acquaintance with minerals has been more enlarged, I have often thought that many of those which I then so much admired might have been valuable specimens for a cabinet. At this early period was the seed sown in my youthful mind, which has since produced that love of natural science which has followed me all my days, and been a never failing source of enjoyment amidst the perplexities of life.

After I was ten years old, during the spring and summer months my time was devoted to the labors of the farm. There being no other boy in the family all the "chores" (a yankee phrase) and light work devolved on me. In the winter I had the cattle, horses, and sheep to feed and water; and stables to clean; wood to chop at the door for two fires, and sometimes to cut and haul from the woods, besides going to school.

When the spring opened the manure was to be hauled and spread on the corn ground, of which we usually occupied four acres, half an acre of potatoes, and about half that quantity of flax. Rye we raised generally only every other year. I assisted in the plowing, planting and hoeing the corn, which was regularly gone over three times, denominated weeding, moulding and hilling, after which it was not again disturbed till the period of cutting the stalks, or topping the corn. This took place as soon as the kernel was out of the milk, or too hard for roasting ears.

Daniel Russ and myself used to exchange work at this business, helping each other day about. Some time in October the corn was ripe enough to be gathered. Many of the farmers pulled off the ears and left the stalk standing in the field for the cattle to eat; but my father usually cut his up near the ground with a bush scythe, thus saving the whole, to feed to the cattle in the winter, as more economical.

While husking out the corn, he selected the best ears and especially those with two on a stalk, for seed, and carefully braided them into bunches by two or three husks left on each ear for that purpose, and hung them up in the garret till planting time again returned. Other fine ripe ears were braided up in the same way and hung up in the kitchen fire place to dry, for the purpose of grinding into a coarse meal called "samp" or hominy.

This we took the earliest opportunity of sending to the mill; and when the hulls were separated by washing, boiled into one of the most savory foods ever provided for man. The children generally ate it with milk, but my father always had his served up with butter, and more especially the morning after it had been boiled and set away to cool. I recollect he had a two quart pewter basin in which only it was allowed to be warmed on the coals and served up hot in the same dish for breakfast. The rich relish of this food is still fresh in my memory. So much for the blessed days of republican simplicity and unsophisticated manners.

It was at this season also that we had the additional rich treat of baked pumpkins. The variety then cultivated was hard shelled, and when ripe, of the color of gold. Nothing could look more rich and beautiful than a corn field, where the ground all over, every few feet, was covered with a crop of ripe pumpkins. At my father's they were generally baked in the evening, the preparation for which culinary operation was a scene of busy tumult amongst us children.

The oven was heated very hot with the best of dry pine wood, the splitting of which fell to my duty; while the fire was crackling and flaming from the mouth of the oven, we were all busy in cleaning and preparing the pumpkins, which was done by cutting with a hatchet or axe, a slice about two inches thick across

the stem end, the seeds and inside were then carefully scraped out with a spoon, and the slice which had been cut, fitted on for a cover. The oven being now well heated was made ready for baking and the pumpkins, placed carefully in it, side by side, by the aid of a broad, long handled wooden shovel, called a "bread peeling" until it would hold no more. The oven lid was then fitted in, and every crack around it closed tightly with the wet membranous pulp from the inside of the pumpkins, to prevent the escape of any heat. Here they remained all night, the next morning we youngsters were up betimes to watch the opening of the oven and ascertain the success of the baking.

If well baked the meat was very sweet and rich tasted, a part of them were eaten with milk, often poured directly into the hard shell which served for a bowl. This was truly a primitive mode and pleased my childish fancy very much. Another portion was devoted to the construction of pumpkin pies, which with cream, ginger and molasses, make one of the richest treats within the circle of rustic cooking. The shells when cleaned of their contents, being of a hard and durable quality were applied to various uses; such as holding a part of our small store of hickory nuts, or seed beans and peas.

In those days our food was very simple. The bread was made principally of rye and corn meal, separated from the bran by sifting through a coarse

hair sieve, and called "rye and indian." The finest or nicer bread was made from rye meal alone, sifted through a fine hair sieve, though some of the mills had bolts and made rye flour. When grown on sandy land some of the rye afforded a flour nearly as white as wheat, and a bread that is much sweeter. From this rye flour the doughnuts, pancakes and much of the sweet cakes used in the family, was made.

It also afforded the pastry for pies. Our puddings were made of indian meal both baked and boiled. In the summer it was common to boil them in a bag, with the meat, potatoes, etc., and serve up with molasses, or cream. In the winter for supper we often had what was called a "Johnny cake," it was made of indian meal, sweetened with molasses, and baked on a board before the fire. Hasty pudding was also another rich and savory food afforded by the indian corn. How much the Americans are indebted to the aborigines, and especially the poor, for this invaluable grain; and yet seldom do they think of the poor Indians from whom they received it.

When milk was scarce, during the winter, the supper of the children was made on molasses and bread, or cider and water sweetened, with bread crumbled into it. Meat we seldom ate more than once a day, at our dinner; excepting we had laborers to feed, when the cold pork, beef and potatoes were set on the table at supper, and after I was old enough to assist in the

labor of the farm, nothing could relish better than this kind of food; especially when stimulated by the example of two or three hungry men and the exercise of a hard days work.

Cider was a common drink with the dinner, and we all drank it from the same vessel, which was usually a mug of brown earthenware, though we sometimes used one of white queensware. Glass tumblers, or "bickers" as they were called, were not in general use, except for drinking spirit and water. The toddy, flip, etc., was drank from mugs, while punch was invariably sipped from a large bowl. So common was the practice of a number of persons drinking from the same vessel that no one was offended, while in these days it would be thought very impolite to offer the tumbler to any one from which you had been drinking yourself.

Tea and coffee were in use for breakfast and supper, but not so generally as they now are; chocolate was as much or more used than coffee, and a cheap article formed from the husks, or shells of the cocoa, was in considerable request by poor families, as a drink.

Our forefathers, the Puritans, being as simple in their manners and habits, as a people well could be and having suffered greatly from the persecutions of the Episcopalians in the mother country, still retained their dislike, not only to the ceremonies and forms of that church, but also to their feast days and festivals.

Easter, Christmas, etc., were banished from their observances, and in their place was instituted, the Autumnal Thanksgiving and a vernal fast day. The former was the only day in the year which might properly be called a holiday, and being thus the only one was celebrated by all classes the more generally and heartily.

For some weeks previous it was looked forward to by the young people and children with great interest, not only for the good cheer which was certain to attend, but also to the dances, parties, and sleigh rides which were sure to follow. For a week before, the good housewives were occupied in busy preparation. Molasses, rum, sugar, raisins and spices were bought in such quantities as their means could afford, and every one purchased seven or fourteen pounds of fine wheat flour, to be worked up in the nicer pastry of mince or chicken pies.

The reason for their purchasing by sevens, I suppose must have been that amount made even change, probably fifty cents, or a dollar for fourteen pounds; flour at that period selling for twelve or fourteen dollars per barrel and sometimes more, or it might have been from its being a fraction of a quarter of a hundred, gross weight. At other periods very little flour was used in the country towns, except as bought from the bakers in the form of biscuit, or ginger bread.

All the good things of the season were devoted to the Thanksgiving feast; turkeys, geese, plum-puddings, chicken-pies, mince pies, pumpkin, custard, rice and apple pies, all had their appropriate place on the board. The huge brick ovens were kept in steady occupation for nearly a week, and the poorest in the land fared sumptuously on that day, if he starved the rest of the year.

In addition to the rich food there was no lack of good drink. Flip and hot toddy were handed freely around by the head of the family, as soon as they returned from hearing the sermon, at which all were expected to attend; of this provincial beverage we were allowed to partake freely, and their spirits and hearts warmed before they sat down to the good cheer which was spread out on the table before them.

The young men and maidens spent the evening in dancing, preparations for which had been made some days before and the fiddler engaged to enliven their motions with the music of his viol. The younger boys and girls assembled at some neighbors house and spent the evening in playing at "pawns", "blind man buff," etc., or in dancing reels and jiggs to the music of their own voices, while the heads of the family either stayed at home or assembled in little groups and regaled themselves with a mug of hot flip and in talking over the affairs of the new republic or in rehearsing the incidents of the late war in which nearly every man had been more or less personally engaged.

The day after Thanksgiving it was common to have shooting matches, generally got up by the keeper of some grog-shop or petty retailer, for the double purpose of selling his liquor and to make a few shillings from the poor marksmen. Eighteen or twenty rods was the usual distance at which the turkey or goose was placed, and whoever wounded the bird so as to draw blood, claimed it as his own. So uncertain was the shot of the smooth barreled guns then in use that three or four times the worth of the turkey was spent before a chance ball would touch it. One western rifleman would kill more game at one of these matches than ten of the smooth barreled marksmen. Saturday night put a stop to the festivities, and the boys and the girls resumed their seats in the winter schools, and the men returned to their accustomed avocations.

No public occasion called the people together again until the "March meeting" which was a town meeting when the inhabitants elected their township and state officers, such as selectmen, representatives to the general court, governor, etc. It was a day when all the male population assembled who were entitled to a vote, and many of the young men and older boys as lookers-on and to see the fun.

It was held in the country towns, in the meeting house, which served for an assembly room on all public occasions. At these meetings it was customary

for several to attend with cakes, beer, cider and stronger liquors, as the meeting lasted all day. In the afternoon it was the practice amongst the young men to form a ring for wrestling, at which sport the people of the region were greatly celebrated and prided themselves on having a champion who could throw or overcome any one from the adjoining towns.

So great was their ambition that I recollect when I was a boy about the year 1798, there was a contest of this kind between the towns of Andover and Methuen. Andover contained more than double the population and of territory, yet it so happened that Methuen furnished the most athletic and vigorous men. The contest took place within the bounds of Andover near the bank of the Merrimac, which divides the two towns.

Six champions were selected on each side. The first trial was a drawn battle, but in the second, which took place in a week after, the victory was decided for Methuen. I was present at one, if not both the trials and was acquainted with all the Methuen men. Their names were Phillip Morrill, Stephen Barker, John Swan, Johnathan Davis, Kadwalader Malloon and David Boynton. Morrill stood at the head of the list and was a man of herculean strength, combined with great activity. The victory was chiefly owing to him.

Stephen Barker was a man of ordinary size and strength but of wonderful skill and agility in the art of wrestling at "arms end" as this mode was called. John or "Dunk Swan" as he was generally named, it being common for nearly one to have a nickname in addition to the proper one, and by which they were more generally known, was a giant in size and strength, but clumsy in his movement. Johnathan Davis was also of powerful frame and strength. Kad. Malloon was small but active as a cat and as hard to be put on his back. David Boynton, I do not so well recollect, but he was a powerful man.

Of the Andover champions I remember the name of only one, Stephen Holt. He was their principal reliance and was celebrated for a peculiar mode of wrestling, called the "trip and twitch" by which the best of wrestlers were placed on the ground, with their heels higher than their heads, with the quickness of thought. He was pitted against the gigantic Morrill, who with one of his inside locks brought him to the ground after a long and hard contested struggle. The others were overcome by Morrill and his brother wrestlers, so as to leave the odds considerably in favor of Methuen.

Sports of this kind are much more common amongst a rude and warlike people, than amongst a civilized and refined one. The Americans having but recently emerged from a bloody contest with Great Britain, in

which all their physical as well as mental powers were put in requisition, still retained a high relish for all kinds of athletic sports, such as wrestling, running, leaping and dancing, and had no very serious objections to a round at fisty-cuff when highly provoked.

As my father kept a tavern and a small store of groceries and dry goods within a few rods of the meeting house, scenes of confusion and riot were not uncommon after these gatherings when the lovers of strong drink had become irritable and excited from the fumes of their deep potations. The favorite amusements of the boys, were all of the most athletic kind, such as wrestling, running and leaping.

By the time I was ten or twelve years old I had become quite an adept at all these arts, (and there were very few boys of my age whom I could not overcome in wrestling, out-leap, or out run at our different games), I could leap a line or fence with ease on which I could place my chin.

The most fatigueing portion of my labor on the farm took place in July and August, in haymaking. The winters in the northern parts of Massachusetts are so long that a vast deal of time is expended in collecting food for the cattle, sheep and horses, there being not less than six or seven months in every year in which they require their support from the barn or stable; the earth being covered with snow, or the grass all killed by frost. So that nearly one-half of the whole expense

and labor in carrying on a farm is devoted to the support of the domestic animals during the winter months.

My father's main mowing lands lay nearly half a mile from the house along the margin of Bloody brook; the grass was chiefly such as grew in low, wet grounds called meadow or swamp grass in contra-distinction to that which grew on the uplands, was denominated "English grass" composed of herds-grass and clover and so called from its superior excellence or from the fact of the seed having been brought from England. The meadow grass was given to the horned cattle while the English grass was reserved for the horses and sheep, little or no grain being given to animals except oats, and then only when engaged in work.

Between the barn and this meadow there was a long, steep hill up which all the hay was to be hauled, and many a strife and scuffle we used to have with old "Bright and Golden" the names of the oxen, in urging them up this ascent, especially when a little overloaded, as was sometimes the case when the distant thunder threatened us with a shower of rain. A part of the meadow was wet and boggy so as to shake when we passed over it, and into the soft peaty mass below, a pole could be pushed twelve or fifteen feet, so that no team could visit this portion to haul off the hay, but it was carried by hand on poles to firmer ground.

The site of the whole meadow was doubtless at some remote period occupied by a pond of water, and had been gradually filled up by the growth of plants and the wash from the neighboring highlands. Near the center of it was about two acres of upland which had once been an island, and now afforded rich English hay. When it was first cleared up, my father planted it with indian corn, the crop yielded fifty bushels to the acre which was considered very wonderful, as our other corn land when well manured produced only twenty or twenty-five bushels.

As I was too small to use the scythe, my labor consisted in spreading out the grass from the swath, raking, loading and stowing away the hay in the barn; at this work I used to get very weary and was heartily glad when the last load was housed. After the hay-making was finished, I was put to mowing bushes in the pasture grounds. These consisted of low scrub-oaks, huckleberry, sweet fern and hazel-bushes and needed to be mowed every two or three years as the granitic soil was much more productive of bushes than of grass.

Then followed the pulling the flax, and after the seed was beaten out, spreading it to rot on the grass land. Digging potatoes came next, and was a variety of work which pleased me, as the hidden treasures of the bursting hills were brought to light at every stroke of the hoe, and seemed like a fresh discovery. Besides I

was very fond of the new potatoes roasted in the ashes and took care to have some for my supper.

During the autumn I had to make one or two trips to the town of Haverhill, with the team, loaded with indian corn, flax-seed, rags, etc., articles which had been received in exchange for merchandise at our little store and were again bartered for groceries with the traders of this village. It lies on the bank of the Merrimac near the head of tide water. Small schooners of twenty or thirty tons, navigate it from Newberry-port, up a distance of 12 or 15 miles. Ship building was carried on then to a considerable extent, and the vessels taken down by aid of the tides to the ocean.

The distance from our house was eight miles, and was traveled out and back again the same day. Being detained there several hours in delivering and receiving the load, my journey home, was the greater portion of it, done after dark. While there I used to visit the book store and spend all my spare cash in the purchase of books.

I recollect the first visit I made there was when I was about ten years old, and not knowing the best road for a carriage, I took one in leaving the town that was only used by people on horse back, or on foot, being too steep for teams. It lay directly on the bank of the river about half a mile from the town, and near the top seemed to hang almost over the water. It rose

at an angle of near forty degrees, and at the top was more than one hundred feet above the river.

Having a stout yoke of oxen I drove cheerily along and made out with frequent halts, although loaded with near a ton weight, to reach within a rod or two of the top. Here they became discouraged and making a slight turn, backed the cart from the narrow pathway to the brink of the precipitous descent to the river; by taxing all my skill in ox-craft, I succeeded in stopping them at this critical point, until a stout able bodied man who lived at the bottom of the hill and had been watching my progress, knowing the difficulty of the way came running to my relief. With his aid and exertion we succeeded in reaching the top of the hill, and he made known to me my mistake in the road, the other lying a half mile to the east of this and easy of ascent.

In my future journeys I was careful to avoid "Frinksborough Hill", the name of a little collection of poor hovels that lay at its foot. The neat, handsome white houses and door yards of Haverhill struck my childish imagination as grand and wonderful when contrasted with the plain dwellings of the country, while the large stores and warehouses filled with merchandise appeared to me to contain the wealth of a world. Our ideas of grandeur and riches are formed by comparison, an individual in those days who was worth eight or ten thousand dollars was called very rich, and

rated higher in the scale of wealth than one now with ten times that sum.

When I was about six or eight years old, one of my pleasantest amusements was drawn from my own imagination, aided by an optical illusion from the mingling of light and darkness. It was practiced while lying in bed in the morning at early dawn, or between break of day and sunrise; as the first rays of light began to dispell the darkness, I used to fancy long trains of tiny human figures, some in chariots, others on horse back and on foot, decked in the richest colors, marching slowly along the walls near the top of the room and descending by the opposite corner, keeping up a succession of fresh figures until the increasing light banished them from my view, sometimes brilliant chains of colors, like wheels in constant rotation were mingled in the train.

I could call them up or banish them at pleasure by putting my head beneath or with drawing it from under the bed clothes. It was a source of great delight to my fanciful imagination. Since the years of manhood I have been unable to recall this rich treat of fancy by any effort of the will, but once when laboring under an attack of fever, each paroxysm was attended with a similar illusion, representing rich chains of brilliant circles of light around the ceiling of the room and vanishing as the fever abated.

These beautiful visions of childhood were extremely vivid and distinct and no real exhibition or painting on

canvas of the same objects could be seen more plainly than they were by the eye of my imagination. Some similar operation is probably going on in the mind of the poet or the painter, while tracing the persons and incidents of an imaginary scene.

Some of the pleasantest recollections of my boyhood are associated with visits I made in company with my mother to my grandfather and uncle Alpheus Bodwell. The first one I made on the old red mare, riding behind my mother. There were two roads which led there, one over a long elevated ridge of high ground called "Tower-hill", the other more to the south along the flat lands that bordered the Spicket and the Merrimac rivers.

The distance by either was about two and a half miles. This I thought was a very long journey and quit a feat to accomplish. When I grew larger and a few years older I used to travel it on foot, sometimes alone and sometimes in company with one of my older sisters. My grandfather's farm lay on the banks of the Merrimac and my uncle lived on the same tract with only the road between their houses. My grandfather's was an old fashioned frame house two stories high, with two rooms on the floor, one of which served for kitchen and eating room for the family, while the other was reserved for company or extra occasions. In this was one of those antiquated clocks, with a tall, black gaunt case. On the dial of the clock was painted the face of a man, with large staring eyes which rolled

to the right and left with each swing of the pendulum, with great regularity. It was to me a source of wonder, as I thought it must have life as well as motion.

My grandmother was a large fleshy woman in the decline of life, but used to pat my head and treat me with great kindness. As my growth was rather slow and did not keep pace with my years, she used to complain loudly to my parents of their over working me, telling them they would "Certainly kill Samy" as she used to call me, with hard labor.

My grandfather was a tall slender man of a spare frame, tough and hardy, industrious and frugal in his habits; earning his bread by the sweat of his brow. Often when he was plowing along the level intervalles of the river, where the ground was free of stones, my cousins and myself used to ride sitting on the cross bars between the handles of the plow as he traced the long furrows from the upper to the lower end of the field; while he good naturedly waited for us to jump out and get in at the end of each.

I remember one day when he was hoeing corn in a field higher up the river, he was much amused at my getting lost and so bewildered that I did not know him until he spoke to me and called me by name. About 80 rods above the house, on the bank of the Merrimac there had once been an Indian village; and the hearths of their wigwams were still remaining, partly buried in the sand. A strip of several rods long and

three or four wide, where the village stood, was entirely destitute of vegetation and a bed of sand, affording a striking emblem of the utter desolation and ruin that visited the poor Indians, who once cultivated this spot with corn and fished in the waters of the Merrimac.

Every incident relating to Indians made a deep impression on my mind and I had visited the spot several times before with my cousins, Samuel and Moses, in search of arrow heads, broken pipes, earthenware, etc. This time I chanced to go alone and in my intense curiosity, searching carefully in the sand with my head to the ground, I became entirely lost and bewildered and when I passed my grandfather, thought I was a long distance from the house. My entire bewilderment quite amused him, and served to joke me about, for a good while afterwards.

Another attraction belonging to the place, was a numerous colony of bank swallows (*Hirundo viparia*) who had chosen this desolate spot to excavate their summer dwellings, in the abrupt face of the river bank where they could hatch and rear their young in security. The whole upper portion of the bank for several rods in extent was pierced with circular cells extending horizontally into the sandy earth, three or four feet, at the extremity of which was their nest filled with young or with eggs. The continual flight and chattering of the parent birds as they glided rapidly through the air in quest of food for their young, afforded a scene of

deep interest. The whole swallow race was considered as sacred birds and no boy pretended to disturb their nests.

The solitary king-fisher (Alcedo Alcyon) also considered this retired place as well suited to his employment; and from the branch of some decayed tree which projected over the river, watched with his keen eye the scaly tribes as they pursued their avocations in the water below, until the sight of some careless individual came within striking distance of his stand, when with the rapidity of an arrow he would dart upon his prey, and rising to the surface, fly slowly to some quiet spot where he could devour the struggling fish; or if he had a family of young to provide for, take it to their nest, which was also excavated in the sandy bank similar to that of the swallows, only it was of larger diameter for the convenience of admitting the more bulky articles on which they fed. The swallow subsisting only on insects and these were taken while on the wing, and as insects are far more abundant on water courses than in any other situation, the instinct which causes them to choose these localities must be wisely and providentially directed. As the king-fisher was a robber and a tyrant, it was held to be right and proper to plunder his nest whenever we could get at it, but this was a very difficult job, and not often attempted.

Another source of amusement, while on these visits to my grandfather and uncle, was the fishery carried

on at Bodwells Falls, about half a mile below, for salmon, shad and alewives. The season for the annual migration of these fishes was in May and June, and considered the most abundant when the apple trees were in blossom. The appearance of a peculiar kind of winged insect, called by the old people "the shad-fly," was another indication of the presence, or the near approach of the fish.

The fishery was conducted by a company of about eighteen or more individuals who owned the nets, boats, etc., and took their regular turns, or "watches", for dragging the net. These were divided into three periods, each one of twenty-four hours continuance, and were pursued night and day, unless the night was very cloudy and dark. The reason for this was, that the law of the commonwealth forbade their dragging their nets or taking fish, except on three days in the week; viz, Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday. The other days were called "unlawful" and "fish wardens" were appointed in all the towns along the river to watch and see the law was not violated, for which violation, heavy fines were imposed and the forfeiture of their net, if the warden could get possession of it.

This law was founded on wise and merciful principles, as the incessant inroads on the fish in their annual ascent of the rivers to deposit their eggs, for a long period of time had nearly destroyed them, or diverted them to other streams. In the early settlement of the

country the fish were in such abundance as to afford a large amount of food to the inhabitants and many towns derived quite a considerable revenue in farming out the rights to take fish to individuals.

"Bodwells falls" are made by a descent of six or eight feet, in the rocky bed of the river, in the distance of a few rods; down which the water rushed with great noise and tumult. Near the foot of the rapid, on the Methuen side, the fishermen had thrown up a wing dam of loose rock, when the water was low, nearly one third across the river; this checked the current and formed an eddy of comparatively still water. In this eddy the fish were wont to congregate before they attempted to ascend the rapid waters of the falls.

A large wherry boat, about 15 feet long and four feet wide, with a quarter deck in the stern was used from which to cast the net. It was provided with two stout men for rowers and one man to cast the net as they rowed out from the eddy into the tumultuous waters at the foot of the falls, and taking a hurried sweep down stream landed fifteen or twenty rods below. Strong ropes were attached to each end of the net, the upper one being held by three men on the shore opposite the point of departure, who as the current carried the net down stream, slowly followed dragging the net to land.

As soon as the boat landed, the men attached to it seized the lower rope and commenced hauling in on

the net, thus gradually approaching each other, leaving a broad curve, called the bag of the net, in which were enclosed the captive fishes. Now commenced a scene of lively interest; some wading in the water on the outside of the net, others pulling continuously at the "lead line", careful to keep it close to the bottom of the river, to prevent the escape of the fish beneath, while those in the water watched narrowly that the large salmon did not break the net or leap over the "cork line", as they sometimes did.

When they were fairly to land, there was a great flouncing and struggling amongst the fish to regain their native element, but the fishermen seizing them with their hands, threw them in heaps into a kind of pen or enclosure made of planks, to prevent their getting again into the water. We boys used to think it a great privilege to be allowed to go out in the boat. It was a scene of wild uproar, as the little vessel breasted the foaming surges and was urged by the rowers into the descending sheet of water as it tumbled over the wing dam, so as sometimes to partly fill the boat and completely drench the adventurous boy who was seated in the bow, with the falling spray.

The shouts of the fishermen, as they urged forward the boat, mingled with the roar of the fall, formed an exhilarating and romantic scene. When the men had pursued their avocation so long as to become fatigued and hungry, they retired to a rude hut they had built on the edge of the bank. It was constructed of slabs

of pine logs, so as to form a roof, while the main part of the domicile was excavated in the sandy earth, somewhat resembling a cellar, with a roof over it, and one side built up with planks.

A rude chimney of slabs served to carry off the smoke and afford a hearth for the fire at which they cooked their fish. Each man brought a piece of salt pork and some bread; a large frying pan served all the purposes of cooking, table and dishes. In this they fried their fish, taken fresh from the water, mingled with the fat of the pork. When it was cooked they all sat down on the ground, or on a low bench and helped themselves with their large pocket or jack knives directly from the pan, washing down the savory food with huge drafts of cider, from a capacious keg.

The shad was usually taken for cooking on these occasions and is one of the finest and most delicious meated fishes that the ocean affords. Salmon was too valuable to be eaten by the fishermen and was usually sold to persons who took them to some of the large towns, as Boston or Salem. The alewives were disposed of to the people living fifteen or twenty miles back in the country, especially to the inhabitants of Windham and London-derry, in New Hampshire, who were Scotch and Irish. They were salted and then smoked, similar to the herring of Europe.

When it was my uncle's watch at the fishery, I used sometimes to eat with them, and thought the food tasted

much better than it did at home. When the tour of any watch expired the money arising from the sales was equally divided, and what fish yet remained separated into as many parcels as there were owners, when a man turned his back to the heaps and another pointing with a stick said, "Who shall have this?" He then named the one to whom it should fall, and so on till all were divided.

Over and above the sales each man generally salted up a barrel of shad for his own family, with as many alewives as they pleased. The latter used to sell from fifty to seventy-five cents a hundred and the shad at a dollar a score; salmon about a shilling a pound. My uncle used to take a great many of these fish, in what were then called "fly-nets". The net was hung loosely in the river at some headland, or outlet from an eddy, and the salmon in endeavoring to pass through the net was taken by the gills. He visited the nets morning and evening, and sometimes took out two or three fine fish.

He was also greatly skilled in baiting the wild pidgeon and taking them in nets, occasionally enclosing fifteen or twenty dozen at a single spring of the net. He often made use of one of his captive pidgeons as a decoy, fastening him by a string round his leg to one of the small dead trees set up by the stand. As a flock passed over he would rise and try to join them; but the string called him fluttering back again, which

the others seeing, would often alight beside him, and getting a taste of the rye spread on the pidgeon bed, were in a day or two caught themselves.

My aunt Hannah Bodwell, was one of the most cheerful, pleasant women I ever knew, and always made my visits very delightful, with her lively conversation and good cheer. Poor woman, she was very unfortunate in the fate of her children. Moses, who was about four years younger than myself, died miserably when ten years of age from the effects of the bite of a mad or rabid dog. He was bitten on the face and in three weeks after was attacked with hydrophobia. He died in about a week.

Two other sons, Samuel and Alpheus, were lost at sea, or died of sickness when eighteen or twenty years old. She has herself been dead about ten years, or in 1830, previous to which however, she was subject to short fits of partial insanity. My uncle, kind man, was still living in 1840, at the old mansion, with his daughter Hannah, who was married and kept his house. One son, Mason Bodwell, also lived with them.

When I was a boy, the martial spirit of the people, kindled by the events of the revolutionary war, was still kept up, and militia trainings were held three or four times every year. They were divided into company, battalion and regimental musters; the last of which took place in the autumn. It was a very animating scene, and called forth as spectators a large

proportion of all not engaged in the ranks. Tents and booths were erected in which were sold refreshments of all kinds, with an abundance of strong drink, so that many who came here with clear heads and a steady gait, went reeling home, with their minds greatly confused.

It is doubtful whether any of these militia trainings were of any essential benefit to the country, while it is certain they were the means of engendering loose morals and intemperate habits, amongst the people. I recollect of attending one very grand muster in the year 1796, at Concord, about 20 miles from my father's. The journey was made on horseback, myself riding on a little pony, belonging to my uncle, Doctor John Bodwell, and my father on the old red mare, we went no further than Dracutt the first day, distant about 8 miles, and passed the night with a cousin of my father's, Brigadier General William Hildreth.

His wife was also a cousin of my mother, being Persis Bodwell, the children of whom, he had four, were therefore called cousins; two sons and two daughters; William and Frederic; Susan and Harriet. They were very sprightly, partaking largely of their father's temperament, who was one of the most active and cheerful men in all that region. He had served through the revolutionary war as an ensign and lieutenant and was now the commander of one of the brigades to assemble on the morrow.

His appearance on horseback with his tall, portly frame and showy uniform was very noble and imposing; few men excelling him in personal appearance. He was for many years high sheriff of Middlesex county. We crossed the Merrimac at "Pawtucket falls," on the new bridge which had been recently built under the direction of a Mr. Blodget, and was the first bridge ever built across that stream.

The town of Lowell, with 20,000 inhabitants now stands on the southern shore; the whole site of the present city was then a barren waste of sand and rocks, with not more than one house in sight. We reached my uncle Jonathan Hildreth's house that night, and was introduced to several cousins, some older, some younger than myself, whom I never had seen before. Benjamin Warren was about my age, and we soon become quite familiar companions.

My aunt was a most excellent woman, of pious habits, and well fitted to instruct and bring up her children in the way they should go, for their best good in this world and that to come. My uncle was immersed deeply in business of merchandise and farming, and had but little time to devote to the children. He was a wealthy man for that day. The next morning we were aroused by the sound of the morning gun of a company of artillery, from Groton, which had encamped near the house.

It was the first gun larger than a musket that I had ever heard and sounded very grand, alarming me not a little. We were soon up and dressed and witnessed the ceremony of the men drawing their rations for breakfast from the quartermaster; each one had a tin cup full of chocolate or coffee and a small loaf of bakers bread. They had their baggage wagon and camp equipage, the same as in regular service. The morning was cloudy and threatened a rainy day, and by the time the troops were assembled in a large field near the center of the town, the rain began to pour down in torrents, being I think, near the equinox in September.

There was quite a little army of soldiers, amounting to eight regiments of infantry, one of cavalry and one of artillery. Nearly every man was clad in a neat uniform. At this period of our history there was quite a warlike spirit in the land, being the old leaven of the Revolution, put in a ferment by our altercation with the French republic. These, with the spectators, must have numbered not less than 8 or 10 thousand men and women and children. The whole militia of the county of Middlesex were on the ground. It was quite a grand spectacle and had it been a sunshiny day, would have also been a very joyous one.

The muster of 1796 was such a complete failure that in 1797, the officers decided on trying it again. I was present at this military display also. The weather was more favorable than in the past year, but it was such an expense of time and money to the



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militia, that any further musters of this magnitude were given up.

While on this visit it was concluded by the parents of my cousin Warren, that he should join me in going to school at Phillips Academy, a celebrated Seminary in the town of Andover. Accordingly, at the spring term of 1798, we commenced our academical career. I was now in my fifteenth year, but rather small for one of my age. The academy was six miles from our house; but such was the elevation of the ground that it was in plain view from my father's door.

It was arranged that we should leave home every Monday morning, spend the week in Andover and return to our house every Saturday afternoon. This saved quite an expense in our board, as our washing and mending could be done at home. We took an early breakfast on Monday and walked over the six miles by nine o'clock, the hour the school opened, and on Saturdays were back by the middle of the afternoon. This summer I boarded with old Mr. Thomas Manning. He lived about half a mile south of the Academy on the road to Wilmington.

His family consisted of his wife and one son, also named Thomas, about 20 years of age. They were very simple, kind hearted people; and the old lady treated me with the tenderness of a mother. There were four other boys boarding with them, making six in all. These were John White from Concord,

Thomas and Isaac Hurd, brothers from Charleston, Mass., and Jacob Meek, from Marblehead. The first three were two or three years younger than myself.

Jacob Meek was a stout, robust boy, about my age, rough and rude in his manners, like the rocks and people amongst which he was bred. The other boys were mild, agreeable companions, and good scholars, while Jacob was always in some quarrel or adventure and mastered his lessons badly. He attended but that one season and then went to sea. The boys called him, for his rudeness, the marble-headed monster. Mark Newman, Esq., was the Preceptor, and Jonathan French, son of the Rev. Mr. French, of south parish, the tutor or usher.

Mr. Newman was in stature a small man, but possessed great dignity of manner, and was respected and loved by his pupils. He invariably read a portion of scripture before morning prayer, and was the best and most impressive reader that I have ever heard in the course of my life. The school contained about sixty scholars, chiefly boys from 10 to 18 years old, although there were some of 20 or 25 years. It generally furnished 8 or 10 students annually for the freshman class of Cambridge University, who were noted for the good scholarship and care with which they were prepared for entering the college.

Amongst the five scholars, was Samuel Farrar, S. Kirkland and Paul Poor, the latter was a native of

Danvers, Mass., and was amongst the first set of missionaries sent out to Ceylon, by the board of missions. There was a nephew of General Washington, who was a fine scholar, Henry Lightfoot Lee, I recollect he boarded with Lieut. Gov. Phillips, whose house stood near the common. There were two fine boys from the Island of New Providence, Edward and Conrad Coakly, who boarded with Mr. Newman. They both, I think graduated at Cambridge.

Our principal amusements were plays at ball, and every Saturday there was a military training of the boys, who had neat wooden guns, and made quite a respectable appearance under the Command of some of the young men. Cockades came into fashion this year and those who called themselves Federalists, wore one made of black ribbon folded into the form of a rose and fastened on to the side of the hat. Any one without this mark of party, was called a Republican. The academy was altogether under the patronage of this party and a large portion of the students belonged to this class.

Partly on this account a new academy was built in the north parish of Andover the following year, under the direction of the leading republicans, and called the Franklin Academy. Dr. Thomas Kittredge was one of the principal men in its support and erection. In the course of this summer I commenced the study of Latin; committed the grammar and had just made pre-

paration for translating Cordcrias, when in the month of September my cousin Warren and myself were both attacked with fever.

It was brought on by fording the Spicket, where it was very deep, in our return home on Saturday, instead of going round by the road over the bridge. It was a little nigher, but we paid dearly for our experiment. My cousin came near losing his life, but finally recovered. My fever was of a milder type, but continued about 30 days; I recollect that during the first week or two, the Latin grammar was continually running in my head and I was busily occupied declining nouns or congugating verbs through all their modes and tenses.

They were then committed so perfectly that I did not forget them for many years after. On his recovery, cousin Warren returned to his home and did not come back again, but was fitted for college at an academy in Bilerica. He graduated in due time at Cambridge, studied medicine and settled in Malborough, Mass. The following winter I attended the public school in Methuen, improving my hand in writing and in studying the higher rules of arithmetic. The next spring returned to Phillips Academy, and continued the study of Latin, English grammer, etc.

This year I boarded with Captain Towne, who lived a few rods east of the common. His wife was a very pious woman and when her husband was absent, as he frequently was, being a deputy sheriff and house

carpenter, she used to call on the boys to ask a blessing at the table. The older ones used to take it by rotation and we got along very well with the duty. During the summer Samuel Knapp joined the school, he afterwards became quite celebrated as an orator, in public lectures and as a writer.

He boarded at the same house with me and was one of the most awkward, uncouth boys I have ever seen. He however possessed a fine memory and was soon distinguished for his scholarship. His brother was a tutor in Cambridge, and paid for his education. His parents were quite poor. This summer I became acquainted with George Osgood, a son of Dr. Joseph Osgood of the north parish of Andover, and Joseph Kittredge, a son of Dr. Thomas Kittredge, who were both at this school. They were for many years after my dearest and most intimate friends.

During this summer and the past one I learned to swim in the waters of the Shasherac creek. We were allowed to bathe once a week, the larger boys and young men taking charge of the smaller ones and showing them how to move their legs and arms in the water and to dive. Our holiday, which happened the last of May, called the "Election day," we spent in part at a negro womans house, called Flora, who provided nice cakes for the boys and very sweet bottled ale. There was a small, but beautiful pond near her house, on which we rowed and amused ourselves in a little boat she kept for that purpose.

Once a month Parson, or Doctor French, used to deliver a lecture to the boys in the academy, on morality and the keeping the decalogue. He was quite a venerable figure, between sixty and seventy years old, short and very corpulent, wearing a long white wig, with the side locks curled and resting on his shoulders. His cocked hat, great wig, and solemn gait, as he approached the desk, greatly excited the admiration of the boys. Much attention was paid to the morals and religious instructions of the pupils.

Every Monday morning the smaller ones repeated a hymn which had been given out the Saturday previous and committed to memory on the Sabbath, while the older ones and young men were examined in and recited a portion of Mason on "Self knowledge." The trustees and founders of the school were a pious people; and it held a high place in the opinion of the religious community. The winter of the year 1799 was passed at home and I was put under the care of our minister, the Rev. Mr. Pearley, who instructed me in Latin, while my leisure hours were spent in reading history and geography.

Mr. Pearley was a sound, very plain preacher, but spent the larger portion of his time in some mechanical occupation instead of in his study. His principal employment was in making wooden shovels and ox yokes, at which he was uncommonly skillful. During the summer months he cultivated a small farm which was

owned by the parish and called the "Parsonage." He kept it in fine order and was a pattern for neatness and thrift to the farmers of the parish. Nevertheless they soon began to complain and said they hired him to preach, not to work.

He however did not change his ways and in a few years he was dismissed and a more studious man settled in his place. He however taught me very faithfully, and my progress was considerable during the winter. In the spring of the year 1800 my father put me to school at the Franklin academy in north parish of Andover. The distance from our house was a mile or two less and still came home on Saturday. The Merri-mac was crossed at "Marstons ferry" instead of the bridge at Bodwells falls. I boarded in the family of Mrs. Hannah Osgood, her husband Peter Osgood, was yet living, but had become so very intemperate as to be incapable of attending to any business.

He had once been a leading man in public affairs, had a large store of goods and a comfortable dwelling house and farm. But the love of strong drink had entirely ruined him, his eyes were red and inflamed, his body trembling and emaciated, he never abused his wife or children, but spent the most of his time in the old store, a long red building near the house, drinking New England rum, and looking over his old account books. He died the following winter.

Mrs. Osgood's family consisted of four children, Samuel, a fine lad about 14 years old; Harriet, a bright girl of 12; Hannah, a very homely, but clever one of 9, and Peter, the picture of Hannah, with large grey eyes, of 6 years. Peter afterwards received a finished education, studied divinity and settled in the ministry over a parish in Massachusetts. Hannah I think remained single with her mother. Harriet married Rev. Mr. Putnam of Danvers, who was settled over a parish in Portsmouth, N. H., she died young of consumption. Samuel graduated at Hanover college, and studied law in New York, where he settled under the patronage of his uncle Samuel Osgood, who was mayor of the city and a very celebrated and useful man in public affairs. Samuel married a daughter of his uncle and settled there, but died while yet a young man, it was said a victim of strong drink.

It seems as if the sins of the father are sometimes visited on or in the children. Mrs. Osgood was a woman of fine intellect and uncommon capacity for business, she was very agreeable in her manners and exercised a happy control over the minds and actions of her boarders, especially the young females, of which class she had quite a large number for many years. We all called her "Aunt Osgood." She had a great regard for me and I loved her nearly as well as I did my own mother.

She had for boarders in the summer of 1800, Eliza Brooks Waldron, from Dover, N. H., Mary Symmes

from Woburn, Mass., these two were very intimate friends, Eliza having a married sister in Woburn, with whom she had lived a good deal; Eliza Lehman and Laura Watson, from Boston, with Samuel Chadwick and Israel Putnam, from Salem. Our boarding house was about three-quarters of a mile from the academy building. A fine row of large button-wood trees in front and road very pleasant all the way.

The Preceptors name was Micajah Stone, a worthy man who afterwards settled in the ministry in south Brookfield Mass., he died in 1852, at that place, acting as pastor over 50 years in the same church. The Preceptress was Miss (name forgotten). They kept under the same roof in two rooms, separated by a hall. In the morning at prayers, we assembled in the female apartments. The chairs for the teachers stood near each other in the desk of the Preceptress. Mr. Stone, when he entered, was in the habit of pulling his chair away from the others before seating himself.

This movement, some of the mischievous girls had noticed, and thought it looked rather prudish. They took a string one morning and tied them together so that when he pulled his chair the others came with it. He gave them a severe reprimand, so that the girls thought best not to repeat the experiment. The female apartment generally contained 40 or 50 students and the boys about the same number. This summer I made considerable progress in Latin and entered upon the study of Virgil and Greek grammar.

Our class consisted, with some others, of George Osgood and Joseph his brother, older than George; Joseph Kittredge and myself. We passed the summer very pleasantly. We boys had our own athletic amusement of running, jumping and wrestling, while many of our evenings were spent in company with the girls at the boarding house in dancing and playing at various games. I also paid considerable attention to drawing and painting in water colors.

Amongst other things I painted several family coats of arms. Every name of any note in old England having some device of heraldry attached to it which could be found in the herald office in Boston. These devices were often painted on the panel of their coaches, but generally drawn on paper, put into a handsome frame and hung up in their parlors as ornaments. The coat of arms of the Hildreths was three roses and a dove under a chevron, a very pacific emblem, or probably my ancestor was a quiet man and a cultivator of a garden, or a grower of nice fowls.

The session of the summer of 1800 was closed with a grand exhibition of speaking, single orations and farcical dialogues by the boys and young men; the girls took no part in these. The building occupied for these feats was the Congregational meeting house, of which the venerable Mr. Symmes was pastor. He was still more venerable in his personal appearance than Mr. French and must have been at least 70 years of age.

These displays of wit and oratory went off with great eclat and were much admired by the honest country people, who always attended in throngs. At some of these I acted quite a conspicuous part and thought my name would certainly be immortalized as a famous speaker.

In the autumn of this year my father exchanged his nice little farm in Methuen for a house and some town lots in Haverhill and moved the family there in November. That winter, being in my eighteenth year, I engaged to teach a school for 3 months in New Salem, one of the border towns of New Hampshire, distant 5 miles from Haverhill. It was in the midst of a raw country people, very ignorant but honest and simple hearted.

I boarded with a family named Petty. The house was small, only two rooms on a floor, the old man, his wife and son occupied one of these and a married son and wife the other. I slept in the loft under the roof, where there was no windows, open and cold. The single son, a lad of 10, slept with me. I recollect we were scant of bed clothes and in cold nights he used to get an old pillow of his mothers and lay on top of the clothes over him, to keep himself comfortable; being very healthy and vigorous myself I did not suffer from the cold.

The old woman, amongst her other domestic fowls, kept a pair of guinea hens. One very cold night they

froze to death on the roost, being the branch of an apple tree, and dropped down into the snow. The old lady, thinking them too valuable to be lost, had them served up for dinner. They were a little the blackest and toughest morsel I ever tasted of the feathered race.

My school consisted of about 40 scholars of all sizes, ages and sexes. There was one young woman who was blind, she used to bring her knitting work and set and listen to the reading classes, and when they all stood up to spell, she used to join them, and from her knowledge of the alphabet and sound of the words, could spell very well. There were several young men older than myself, we however got along very quietly and without any difficulty. My patrons were much pleased with the master and the master satisfied with them.

My wages amounted to \$48.00, which my father applied towards my expense at the academy in the past year. So I was well satisfied if I could aid him in paying for my education. In the summer of 1801, I again returned to the Franklin Academy. I boarded at Mrs. Osgood's. This year we had a new set of boarders. There was Abigail Cleves, the daughter of old Captain Cleves, with whom my father sailed in the privateering business. She was a fine open hearted, good girl and afterwards married a Mr. Putnam of Danvers. Betsy Upton, of Danvers, an agreeable pleasant girl a year or two older than myself,

with whom I afterwards carried on a friendly intercourse by letters for several years, till she married. Miss Mary Narnum, of Andover, aged about 24 years. We used to call her aunt Mary, with which she was well pleased; she was uncommonly corpulent, weighing nearly or quite 180 pounds, though rather low of stature. She was an excellent girl, always cheerful and pleasant and as fond of a frolic as the most active of us. Serena Johnson was another of the students, but she boarded at her father's house, about half a mile southeast of Aunt Osgood's, on the road to Salem. She was a fine scholar and one of our most lively and active girls. She afterwards married Dr. Ebenezer Dole, and settled at Gloucester. I saw her in 1839, in Boston; she was then a widow, but still full of life and animation.

In 1803 Sally Leland and Mary Storer, from Saco, in Maine, with Miranda Southgate, a cousin, and niece of Rufus King, attended the academy.

I now passed the whole of my time in Andover, not going home as heretofore on Saturday. This gave us many leisure hours, which were spent most delightfully, in walking parties or excursions with the girls to "Wier's hill", "Long pond", etc., noted places in the vicinity, gathering wild flowers, grapes, etc., or in fishing and sailing on the pond. Sometimes we danced by moonlight, under the trees on "Wier's hill", sang

or romped, just as pleased our fancy, or some leading spirit of the party should propose.

We were all of one mind and one heart, enjoying life with a zest that few ever feel in these days. Even to this period of my life I occasionally have visions of those Elysian hours in my sleep, and see the same bright faces, that then smiled upon me in all the freshness of youth and beauty; with the same lovely views and scenery. This sweet vision leaves a calm and melancholy impression on my mind for several days thereafter.

Before retiring for the night we oftentimes assembled in Aunt Osgood's pantry and regaled ourselves with the good cheer always found there. Generally the girls chose some of the cold meats, with a slice of bread and butter; while myself and the other boys ate a little bread and milk or a piece of apple pie, as better suited to our appetites. We then retired quietly to our beds about 10 o'clock. Samuel Osgood, with whom I slept and roomed, was full of little amusing feats to alarm the girls.

The house was a large building, with an extension garret over the sleeping chamber of the females. One of his feats was to roll a six pound cannon ball, over this floor early in the morning, to rouse the girls from their slumbers; the noise of the ball resembled distant thunder and there was but little sleeping done after it

had traversed the whole length of the attic two or three times. His mother often chided him for his roguery but she was about as fond of mischief as any of the younger ones, and was rather pleased to have the girls roused early to their studies and to breakfast.

Several of my classmates entered college in this or the following year. Amongst them was G. Washington Frye, Joseph Adam, I. O. Osgood, etc. As for myself, after consulting my father it was concluded that my knowledge of Latin and Greek was sufficient to enable me to study medicine profitably. I was now 18 years old and a college course of 4 years would bring me to 22; add to this 3 years for study of a profession I should be 25 when ready to begin the work for myself. These 4 years then seemed a great while to look ahead, longer than 10 years seem now.

Besides, my father's pecuniary affairs were such that he thought he could not afford the expense without great inconvenience. Nevertheless had I been very anxious for a college course myself, I have no doubt the means could have been found. I have sometimes regretted that I did not complete my education, and then perhaps I have been full as useful in the world as it is; my deficiencies requiring the greater exertion of my own power to put me on a par with those who have been more fully educated.

The session closed with the usual public exhibition of speaking, orations and dialogues and the whole was

closed with a grand ball, as we thought. I had learned to dance in the winter of 1799, in Methuen, under the tuition of a Mr. Nuzzey, and thought myself equal to almost any one in the exercise of the heels. I was passionately fond of the amusement and indulged myself at every fitting opportunity. Where not carried to excess, it is doubtless a very healthy exercise, adding strength to the body and grace to the movements of the limbs.

The young people of that day were greatly more healthy than they are now. No curved spines or dyspeptics, and few consumptives. I have no doubt that their exemption from these modern pests of our young females, was owing to their more athletic amusements and exercises in the open air. Their cheeks were ruddy, their limbs strong and active and their capability for bearing fatigue 50 per cent greater than the females of 1840. It was the same with the young men, all their amusements were of the athletic kind.

But every generation has its fashions, as well as its phases of disease. At our regular balls we had very fine music. There lived in one of the adjoining towns, a family of negroes, by the name of Lien; there were 3 brothers who played in company, for a distance of country, thirty or forty miles in extent and made quite a lucrative business of their calling; charging from 15 to 20 dollars a night. Their names were Tadoe, Eric and Peter. Tadoe, the eldest, was a very corpulent

man of about 30 years and played on the bassoon, elevated on a high seat; with his distended cheeks and rotund body he looked like a Carthaginian Bacchus playing on an ancient pipe. Eric, the second son, was a stout athletic man and played the clarinet with great power and effect. Peter, the third son, was a small, slender fellow and played on the violin with taste and skill. All combined, they animated our youthful hearts with such life and spirit as made even the heaviest feet light.

The expense of these balls to each young man was from two to three dollars apiece, but as we had but two or three of them in a year they were not very burdensome considering we always had a supper and wine in abundance. At our private neighborly dances in an evening we had an old black fellow named Daniel, who answered very well for us to dance after, and lived near us. At these balls there were always more or less company from the neighboring towns, especially Salem and Newburg. They were managed with great decorum and order, and broke up at two or three o'clock in the morning. The next day we suffered a little from fatigue, but made all right again with one night of sound sleep.

The winter of 1801-2, I spent in Andover and was employed in teaching a district school, near the academy and boarded still at Mrs. Osgood's. I received sixteen dollars a month for four months and had my expenses paid. That year, or in the spring of 1802,

I began the study of medicine under the care of my father. During the year I read a work on anatomy by Kiel. It was an old dry treatise, but gave me a correct view of the human frame. After that Cheselden, which was a little better.

In 1804 a work just published by C. Bell, gave me new views of the subject and from the frequent exhibition of comparative anatomy and physiology, made it as interesting as a novel. During 1802, I read the whole of Boerhave's great work, with Van Swieten's Commentaries, making in all about 24 volumes. These works were then classed with the most approved writers, but are now never seen except in the libraries of some very ancient physician.

Darwin and Braun about this period burst forth as new stars in the constellation of medicine, followed by Callen, with his spasmodic action on the extreme vessel, instead of the tensor and viridity of Boerhave, and the latter sunk into total neglect; so that his theory and practice which once filled the medical world is now only known to the curious researchers of legendary lore. Doubtless many improvements have been made in the healing art during the last 50 years, but no practitioner, has ever been more successful in curing diseases than Sydenham.

His theory and practice were founded on observation made by experiment on the sick, and those experiments based on his remarks made on the symptoms of

the disease. His practice now, after all the theories and vagaries of modern teachers in medicine, I fully believe would cure a greater number of sick than that of any in vogue at the present time.

During this year I paid considerable attention to drawing, chiefly with india ink, in lines similar to engraving. In this way was copied several of the plates from Cheselden's Anatomy, of particular portions of the human frame and viscera, impressing them more deeply in my memory; a number of these I have yet. I also copied for my mother a set of six plates of the "Prodigal son," which she kept during her life time hung up in neat frames in the sitting room.

I had always quite a taste for romances and novels and read a number of these. They filled my mind with imaginary conditions and prospects of my future life, and many an hour was spent in picturing out to myself some romantic adventure in which I passed through many scenes and finally settled down in life with a rich fortune, in company with the chosen one of my heart, who was an actual acquaintance in real life.

I formed this summer intimacies with many youths of my own age, male and female. Amongst them was Charles Harrod, of Haverhill, a pleasant cheerful youth. We used to swim together in the Merrimac, which ran at the foot of my father's garden. Joseph, his brother, was a few years older. They have lived

for many years in New Orleans, and Charles was cashier of one of the banks there for a long time.

Captain Moses Merrill, an old revolutionary officer, lived about half a mile north of us; he had two fine daughters who I often visited in company with my sister Mary, who was next to me in age. My two older sisters, Susan and Abigail were both married. Mary and Hannah Woodbury, the daughters of a widow lady, who kept an apothecary shop, used to visit with us. Harriet Atwood, so celebrated afterwards as a missionary in India, was an acquaintance, but a little younger than us.

In Bradford, opposite and in sight of our house, I had many young friends. Eliphalet Kimball was a modest, worthy young man, with two interesting sisters. Betsy Allen, the daughter of the pastor of that parish, was a very lively, sensible girl, an only child and much indulged and beloved of her father, who was a homely, but kind good man. She married Rev. M. Merrill of Middlebury, Vt. and has been dead about 12 years.

Rebecca Frask was also another beautiful, interesting girl who I esteemed very highly, and the more so as I was the means of rescuing her from the wiles of a debauchee by my timely advice and giving her notice of his true character. For this friendly service she ever after felt very grateful and ranked me amongst her best friends. She married Judge Minot, soon after

and made a most lovely and exemplary wife and mother. She died about 10 years since, leaving two or three children.

Elizabeth Hosteline, afterwards Mrs. Judson, was a very interesting girl and became a remarkable woman by her trials as missionary in India. Perhaps no American female ever endured more hardship or displayed a more Christian and heroic desposition than this woman during her captivity amongst the Burmese. About this period there was a female academy erected at Bradford and became quite famous for the number of missionary young women educated there.

The first of May 1803, my father placed me under the care of Doctor Thomas Kittredge of Andover, to finish my medical studies. I boarded for a while in the family of a Mr. Osgood who lived about a quarter of a mile north of the Doctor's, on the road to Haverhill. I recollect that the apple trees were in full bloom on the 4th of the month and there fell a snow of 3 or 4 inches deep while they were in this state. It was the more remarkable, as I learnt some years after when living in Ohio, that the same storm extended into that state and at Marietta on the morning of the 3rd of May a hard frost destroyed all the fruit; apples being then as large as musket balls. It extended from Ohio across Pennsylvania and New York.

Dr. Kittredge was a very popular physician and much celebrated as a surgeon. Traveling over a wide

range of country in performing operations. He had also many patients under his care boarding in the vicinity with the farmers. He was also famous for curing insanity and had numerous patients of this class boarding at certain houses, whose owners were well fitted for managing people with this disease. The Doctor was now about 55 or 60 years old, but smart and active.

In person he was above the common size, tall and portly with an intelligent and commanding countenance, face rather long, than round, wore his hair powdered and tied up with a black ribbon, silk stockings and small clothes, with silver buckles on his shoes. He was a perfect model in dress and manners of a New England gentleman of that day. His wife was a very tall, plain woman and so extremely deaf that it was with great difficulty she could be made to hear at all, and conversed with her daughters more by signs and the motion of the lips than with the voice. She was an excellent and kind woman.

The Doctor's family consisted at that time of four daughters and one son, with a married son who lived in Gloucester. Susan, the oldest, was about 30 years old and had passed into the list of what we then called old maids, she was an excellent girl and remained single. Martha was about 26, but more fair and sprightly, she married Lemuel LeBaron. In a year or two after, Catharine, a lively brunette of 16 years,

and Maria, a very fair beautiful girl of 12 years. Catharine married a lawyer named Cummings of Salem, Mass., died young and Maria was married to the same man, who has been dead I think some time, leaving her a widow.

Joseph was about my age and was preparing to enter college, which he did that autumn and graduated at Hanover. He studied medicine and supplied his fathers place after his decease, and possessed the old homestead, he died in 1848 leaving a number of children. John, the oldest son, was one of the handsomest men I ever saw, before I commenced study he had finished his education and was settled in Gloucester, Mass., as a physician. In 1803 he had an attack of homoptysis and was thought to be in a consumption. He however recovered and attributed his cure to the use of cucumbers, on which vegetable he wholly subsisted for several months, he felt a special desire for them and from their cooling, mucilaginous qualities, the febrile action was subdued and he restored to health.

At the time I commenced my pupilage, there were five other young men under the care of the Doctor, Viz.—Lemuel LeBaron from Rochester, Mass., William McFerson from New Boston, N. H., Brown from Rye, N. H., Gideon Barstow, Rochester, Mass., and William Gordon from Newburyport, Mass. The two first had nearly completed their studies and went into practice the next year; LeBaron at Roxbury, Mass.

and McFerson at a place called Boothsboy, near Cape Ann. He afterwards received the appointment of secretary to the collector of the port of Gloucester and removed to that place. LeBaron was subject to fits of mental derangement and lived and died a kind of misanthrope; he was a fellow of brilliant talents and would have made a celebrated man but for this calamity.

Barstow settled in Salem and married a Miss Forrester with a large fortune; he was once in congress and became deeply engaged in commerce. Gordon settled in Hingham, Mass., and was celebrated in obstetrics. In 1839 he removed to Boston, where one of his sons was already settled in the practice of medicine. Brown returned to Rye, and practiced in company with his father. Peter G. Robbins of Plymouth Mass., came to study with Dr. Kittredge in 1804, and boarded with me at Chandlers; we soon became intimate friends and he continued to be correspondent to the day of his death in 1852. He married a Miss Dause in 1807 and settled in Lynn, after that he lived in Roxbury, Mass.

My time was fully occupied in reading the medical and surgical books of that period and seeing the cases that daily presented themselves in the Doctor's office; generally chronic complaints and surgical operations. I had also to write out many of the prescriptions and directions for the patients. Persons came from a great

distance to consult him and get the benefit of his long experience. We had also to prepare all the pills, tinctures and ointments for the shop, which was no small labor.

I generally read about ten hours every day. The last year of the pupilage we were allowed to ride with the Doctor in his practice, our journeys extending into all the neighboring towns, especially in surgical operations. We also had some cases that were not very bad, under our own care and management. The winter of 1803-4 was passed in teaching a school in Bradford, at which I was occupied six months. There were no less than 120 names on my list of scholars, of which from 60 to 80 attended daily.

It was a severe task, nevertheless I went through with it entirely to the satisfaction of my employers, and my school was noted for its quiet and good order and for the improvement of the scholars. I also kept up with my classmates in the study of medicine, reading six hours every day. To do this I had to rise at four o'clock and read by candle light, besides what I could do in the evening. This severe application reduced my flesh and strength very much and I became quite nervous before the school closed, with twitching in the muscles of my limbs and a lack of sleep at night for which I had to take opium and asafoetida.

During that fall the school began in October. I had one of the Doctor's patients under my care who

had been caught in the machinery of a mill and had all the flesh torn loose from his knee to the ankle. I had the credit of curing him entirely and very soundly. The winter was passed pleasantly in my school and in visiting parties in Bradford, whose young folks were very sociable. In the spring I returned to my studies in Andover, passed the larger portion of the summer in seeing the practice and visiting the patients of my preceptor.

In the autumn of the year 1804 I attended a course of lectures at Cambridge College in company with George Osgood, Gideon Barstow and William Gordon. We boarded at a private house about a mile from the college, kept by two maiden sisters and an old bachelor brother named Frost. He carried milk to market in Boston; and I recollect that nearly or quite all the meat at our table was the hearts of beeves, which he bought at a cheap rate from the butchers.

The courses of lecture was then short, lasting only about eight weeks. We however had a very pleasant time visiting Boston nearly every day or two, and several times attended the theatre, which was then at its greatest celebrity and in high credit with the public. It was the only time in my life when I have visited these places. *Romeo and Juliet*, was one of the tragedies and took deep hold of my sensibilities. "*Speed the plough*" and "*Raising the wind*" were among the comedies and much delighted my fancy.

In February following, with Barstow and Gordon, I was examined by the censors of the Massachusetts Medical Society and received a Diploma to practice Physic and Surgery. The following winter was spent in Dr. Kittridge's family, I having previously boarded with a Mr. Chandler and a Mr. Johnson near the Doctor's. The following spring I was to leave dear Andover where I had spent so many years of pleasure and happiness, and to cast my lot amongst strangers I knew not where.

It was a most distressing thought, for I supposed I could be happy nowhere else and that my days of comfort on earth were ended. We used often to say to each other that in a certain number of years we would all again assemble at dear Andover and relate our various fortunes; but that day never came. I had many and dear friends both of male and female associates. In the last year Daniel Berry had become a student, he was a lively, cheerful fellow, and married Susan Narnum of Andover. They settled in Tennessee and for many years taught a female boarding school, and became both respectable and wealthy.

Ebenezer Dale was another choice spirit and great favorite, and for many years a correspondent after I came to Ohio. He married Serena Johnson and settled in Gloucester, as a physician; where he was greatly esteemed; he died early of consumption. Samuel Frye was another of nature's noblemen, in mind and

person. He followed me out to Ohio, after reading law, in 1807, spent a few months with me in Belpre, and then went down to Port Gibson, on the Mississippi. He soon acquired a fine practice and would have made, had he lived, one of the most prominent men in that territory.

But he fell in a duel, which he expoused for a friend to whom he was a second. The man to whom he carried the challenge, said he would not fight the principal, as he was a scoundrel, but he would fight the second, Mr. Frye. He like a foolish man, expoused a quarrel in which he had no interest and fell at the first fire. He was engaged to be married to my sister Mary, and was much esteemed by our family. Two of my sisters were now married. Susan, the oldest, married John Nesmith of Londonderry, N. H. in 1796, and Abigail married Enoch Bradley of Haverhill, West Parish; both these men were farmers in easy circumstances and became the parents of numerous families of children.

In the spring of the year 1805, being then in my twenty-second year, I commenced looking out for a suitable place to begin the practice of medicine. This was no easy task as the profession was even at that day fully supplied with adepts in the healing art. I first examined the prospect in Danvers, taking a letter of introduction to the Rev. W. Wardsworth, then quite advanced in life. He thought the opening in Danvers

not very desirable and advised, as I was a young man, to seek my fortune in some of the new states in the west, saying that as the country grew, I should grow with it.

I next visited Dedham, and had a letter to old Dr. Ames, of that town, who was far advanced in life and by his infirmities quite unfitted for the active duties of a physician; he was not at home, but the old lady, his wife, read the letter and put her veto upon any attempt of mine to settle there, saying it was like taking the bread out of other people's mouths. My next visit was to Chelmsford, where I had several school acquaintances. I took a letter to Dr. Spalding, a young man of considerable talent, who had been in Edinburgh and was rising in the estimation of the public.

He was about removing to Amherst, N. H., a more populous town, so that his place in Chelmsford would be vacant. His only objection to me was that I was not a federalist, and he could not recommend me on that account to his patients. At that time the site where Lowell now stands was a barren sand field, with here and there a pile of rocks. The canal was just finished, but not a single mill or factory was at that time built. After calling on one or two of my old Andover associates, I returned to my father's in Haverhill. Finally it was concluded I had better try my fortune in Hampstead, N. H., a country town six miles north of Haverhill.

It was some time in the month of May, I think, that I left my father's house and entered the wide world on my own account. Hampstead was a small country town with a population of about six hundred. There was already one physician, Dr. Knight, who had lived there several years and did a considerable part of the business; but the larger portion was done by physicians from the adjoining towns, as Dr. Knight was not a man of much talent. Dr. Morse of Londonderry, came into all the west part of the town; and Dr. Cogswell of Atkinson, came into the south part, so with all these competitors it left but a small portion of the practice for me. However I soon obtained a share of the business and did enough the first year to pay my board.

It was a very healthy location, and I could not expect to do a great deal. The minister, Mr. Kelly, and the deacon, Mr. Little, were my employers and I should probably in the end have secured the whole Parish, had I been contented and waited patiently for the fruits of my labors. But business came in slowly and I often got discouraged, wishing I had learnt the trade of a joiner or cabinet maker instead of that of a physician, thinking my occupation the poorest of all.

I boarded in a very pleasant, kind hearted family. It was composed of John True, Esq., aged about fifty, an old bachelor. He kept a store of dry goods and had a small farm; two maiden sisters, Mary about 35

years and Hannah, about 54, with their mother, the widow of the former pastor of the parish, aged about 75. The old lady was very pious and spent a great part of her time in reading the folio volumes in her departed husband's library, especially the work of good Mr. Flavel, who was her main favorite.

At night she slept but little and having a bed room on the lower floor, always got out of bed two or three times in the night and visited the rooms where there had been any fire to see if all was safe. She said she did not want to sleep more than three or four hours. It used to amuse me to see her wash in the morning; after wetting her hands she would dip her forefinger in the water and barely wet her eyes, never applying any to her face.

She was very conscientious and was much grieved when her son Henry, who was there on a visit, and myself played a game of checkers, or drafts, in the evenings. Henry however thought very differently of the matter, although a settled preacher in Maine, and we continued to play on occasionally. I believe she was glad when his visit was ended, that he might be no longer exposed to this sin.

John was a social, kind hearted man, free from all bigotry and ready to enjoy the innocent comforts of life. I was much struck, and pleased with a motto on the tombstone of old parson True. It was this "He made Revelation his guide, and Reason it's companion."

It seemed to be so appropriate for a minister of the gospel. John True had a brother living in Marietta, Ohio, who was a physician from whom he occasionally received letters. He spoke very favorably of the country and of Marietta as a growing town and a good location for the practice of medicine. He finally invited me to come out there and he would assist me in getting into business.

Every since I was a boy, and my father became a share holder in the Ohio Company, I had felt a desire to see that rich land so much extolled by travellers and geographers. I had now been in Hampstead a year and three months, my business had increased, but it came in too slowly for my ardent imagination; and the people I thought, were too prone to send out of town for aid when they could have full as good at their own doors. It is not to me, now, surprising that they did so. The people were of steady habits and had for many years been acquainted with their old doctors, while I was but young and inexperienced.

In September, or rather August, I had fully made up my mind to leave the land of my father's and seek a new home in the western wilderness. I set about collecting my dues, and was able to gather up \$120.00, as the fruit of my fifteen months labor. This sum I had after paying my board bill, but I still owed the \$70.00 to Rebecca Smith, so that I was worth only \$50.00 after paying off my debt to her. In addition to this I had a horse, and as many clothes as I could

pack into my portmanteau and carry on my journey. Miss Smith agreed to wait on me, with the same security, and my father being accountable for the annual interest money, amounting to \$4.20. I left in the hand of Esq. True, forty or fifty dollars in accounts for him to collect, but little, if any of it was ever realized. My parents were willing I should try my fortune in Ohio, and my mother bid me adieu, with much cheerfulness, being a woman of great fortitude, and I parted from her with her smiles and her blessing. A rude kind of journal was kept of my progress, from which I shall transcribe some of the daily incidents.

Journal

On the Way to Ohio

Tuesday, Sept. 9, 1806.—Left Haverhill at 9 A. M., reached Jaquith's tavern in Wilmington at 12 M. and arrived at Boston that evening—put up at Palmer's. Here I was joined by Joe Isaac Hovey, an old classmate at Andover, who was journeying westward as far as Connecticut.

10th.—Before starting, bought a brace of pocket pistols for \$9.50, thinking I might need them on the road. Reached Weston at noon and took dinner at Greene's. Nothing worthy of note occurred, excepting that in Ludburg, Mr. Hovey enquired of an old lady we met the name of the river we were about to cross. "La, sir," said she, "why it is the river." On further inquiry found it was Concord river. Just at sun set we reached Munroe's tavern in Marlborough, where we passed the night, 28 miles from Boston.

11th.—At 7 A. M. mounted our horses and rode to Shrewsbury, 10 miles, and breakfasted at Buell's. Roads fine and nice, orchards by the wayside. Reached Worcester at 12, took a view of the town.

The court house is an elegant brick building situated on an eminence, commanding an extensive view of the adjacent country. It is a very pleasant village, 45 miles west of Boston. Went into the book store of Isaiah Thomas and bought two plays to amuse myself on a rainy day—"Raising the Wind" and "The Delinquent;" cost 43 cents. Took horse at 1 o'clock, arrived in Leicester at half past two. The road leads over a succession of hills; six miles from W. It has a handsome meeting house adorned with a clock and bell, a very large academy building, neatly finished. It stands on a hill. Left L. at 4 o'clock, passed through Spencer to Brookfield, 11 miles, at 7 o'clock. Put up at Avery's tavern.

12th.—Started at 7 A. M., arrived at Western at half past nine, breakfasted at Blair's. The country pleasant, many handsome seats, the weather dull and rainy. Stopped at Wilbraham, 11 miles. Raining hard. At 4 o'clock left for Springfield in the rain, got as wet "as drowned rats," arrived at half past six and passed the night.

13th.—In the morning a violent thunder storm. After the shower went to look at the U. S. arsenal and armory. There are seventy men employed in making muskets, working on different portions, some on the locks, stocks, etc. There are now about 50,000 finished, strong and handsome pieces. At 10 o'clock proceeded on our way, crossing the Connecticut river on a bridge into West Springfield,

passed through Suffield, 10 miles, and at 3 o'clock P. M. stopped in Windsor; reached Hartford at 6 P. M. and put up at Norton's tavern. This town is pleasantly situated on Connecticut river, has a handsome convention house and other public buildings. The streets are wide and cross at right angles.

Sunday, 14th Sept.—Started at 7 o'clock and reached Farmington at 9, took breakfast at Wardsworths, visited the graveyard and saw many handsome tombs of white marble with a great variety of epitaphs. Left Farmington just as the meeting commenced, the church being in sight of the tavern. We took this opportunity to avoid being stopped by the tythingman for traveling on the Sabbath, the people of this part of the state being very strict in that respect, suffering no unnecessary traveling on that day (a good and commendable custom.) Here I parted with my friend Hovey, after bidding each other a sincere and deep felt farewell. In the afternoon overtook on honest old plowjoger, on his sorrel mare, going he said to Litchfield to visit a grandchild lying at the point of death. Stopped at 2 o'clock at Harwington and rested during the remainder of the day. While here saw a funeral procession, the burying ground being near the house. Some of the company were in wagons, and some followed in the good old custom of two, man and wife, on one horse. The man it seems had died very suddenly. The graveyard was a rude country ground, the tombstones of

dark slate, with many quaint and curious epitaphs, which interested me in reading.

Monday, 15th.—Started in the morning, passing through the center of the village of Litchfield. Road very hilly. Went on four miles beyond and stopped at a house kept by a Mr. Brown, making twelve miles before breakfast. Mrs. Brown has something of the tartar in her temperament, given to the “silent fretful,” poor fare and no coffee. After eating stepped into a store close by and saw a man I little expected to meet, David Hamphill, who had absconded from Haverhill the year before on account of debts. He was a rail cutter by trade. David at first, when accosted, pretended not to know me, but finally agreed that it was himself. As I was not going to return to Haverhill he felt more easy and thought himself still safe. Proceeded on my journey solitary and alone and crossed the line into the State of New York before sun down. Stopped at a house kept by a widow Reasoner, but I found her one of the most unreasonable women I ever saw. In paying the bill in the morning she found fault with my money of the U. S. Bank, and nothing but silver or “York” would do for her. We parted in very ill humor, I hoping to meet with no more widow innkeepers and she with customers whose money better suited her.

16th.—Started at 7 o'clock, proceeding over a very rough, rocky and mountainous road to Deans-

town, twelve miles. Stopped at a decent house and in a pleasant country. Rode eight miles further to Robinson's inn, ten miles from the North river at Fishkill. Weather very warm, almost suffocating. At my lodging place last night heard for the first time the notes of the "Kata-did." Music seemed very strange and monotonous. In after life I became more familiar with this lively, industrious insect and learned better to appreciate its solitary music. At 2 o'clock passed through the town of Fishkill. It is but a small village and has two meeting houses in the gothic style. The road from here to the ferry is very pleasant. On the left is a range of mountains clothed with forests to their top; between them and the road are handsomely cultivated fields of corn and meadows; on the right the country is nicely cultivated. At 5 o'clock reached the ferry and passed this noble river in a sail boat. At this point the stream is one and a half mile wide. Seated at the door of the inn in Newburgh I have a most romantic view before me. Hudson roles its majestic waters in silent grandeur while pleasure boats stretch their white sails to the gentle breeze. On the right the ridges of "the highlands" rise into lofty peaks, between which the river winds its way; on the left are warehouses, vessels and wharves. The town is but a small village but appears to do considerable business.

Wednesday, 17th.—Started at 7 A. M. and attempted to get to Bethlehem, Pa., by the old road

but lost my way and was obliged to ride back to Windsor and take the turnpike. Persons traveling to Ohio ought to cross at the lower ferry, land at New Windsor and take the turnpike. Arrived at a place called "Blooming Grove" at 10 o'clock, took breakfast and rode on. The day was exceedingly hot; the sun scalds like the mouth of a furnace. At this moment my shirt, waist coat, pantaloons and back of my woolen coat are wet with sweat. My horse, poor creature, is also dripping wet. Stopped in the village of Warwick at 4 P. M. The next stage being eleven miles and I too much wearied to go any further, put up at the house of an old Irishman who was very kind to me and frank in his communications. Learning from me that I was a physician on my way to Ohio, he was very desirous to have me stop and settle in his little village, promising me all the aid in his power to get into business. He had at the time a son, very sick in the house, in the last stages of the dropsy. He was about my age and had been living in the city of New York, where he had contracted disease that had brought him near to death's door. The old man showed me the medicine he was taking and said the doctors called it the "Tincture of the foxes glove." I shall never forget his name of the remedy. The old man slept in his bar room and kept at the head of his bed a stout oak cudgel and a drawn sword hanging on a nail where he could reach it with-

out rising. These he said were for defense against robbers.

Thursday, 18th—After a tolerable night's rest, started in the morning at half past six o'clock. It was extremely foggy, wetting my clothes equal to a light rain. Rode till eight o'clock. Stopped in Vernon and took breakfast. Rode through Hamburg to Hardiston, eleven miles, by 12 o'clock. The weather not so hot as yesterday but quite uncomfortably warm. At two mounted my nag and arrived in Sussex a little after four. It is the county town of the same name. Has a court house built of stone, as are also many of the dwelling houses. A meeting house and about a dozen private dwellings compose the town. The taverns in New Jersey thus far generally very poor. Their signs are hung between two poles, while in New York there is a little pole stuck out from the end of the house with the sign dangling to it. Started again at five and reached a place called "Log Tail" at 7 P. M., making forty miles for my day's ride. Landlord named Stimson.

Friday, 19th—In the morning, after having a shoe replaced on my horse, by a very bungling blacksmith, proceeded on to Hope. I there took a wrong road and went four miles out of the way and so was obliged to put about again. Stopped, however, a little past nine at a place called Oxford, eleven miles from where I spent the night. Breakfasted on a por-

tion of an ox's neck, fried by an honest, talkative old woman. Rode eight miles and stopped at 12 M. for two hours, then rode on to the town of Easton by five o'clock P. M. Here is a handsome bridge across the Delaware river, but at present the stream is passed by flatboats at the ferry. Took supper in Easton and after eating rode six miles further and put up for the night at the house of an honest Dutchman. The people here are nearly all Germans and speak that language universally amongst themselves. Thirty-nine miles today.

Saturday, 20th.—In the morning mounted my horse at 6 o'clock and rode to Bethlehem. It is a handsome town, buildings mostly of stone. There is a new church in the place built of stone and stuccoed, the handsomest I have ever seen. Is inhabited by Moravians. Has a celebrated school for young females. Here I was shaved by the barber and was deceived by an old fellow who keeps the bridge across the river Lehigh. He for the sake of the toll directed me to Allentown by a road which nobody travels, and is not only three miles further, but the worst I ever saw. It is a poor specimen of Moravian honesty. Reached Allentown about 11 A. M. Tried to find a boarding house for a few days, on account of my horse, whose back is very sore under the pad which sustains my great coat, but could find no one to do it for less than twenty-five cents a meal, which is the regular tavern price, so I kept on my way

and reached Koontstown at 5 P. M. Put up at the house of a German. He said the inhabitants of that town were all Germans excepting one Englishman, and that he was born in Ireland.

Sunday, 21.—Started in the morning and rode eleven miles before breakfast, having in the first place slipped my coat on before the saddle to ease my poor beast's chafed back, which has grown very sore. Passed through Reading at 12 o'clock, fording the Schuylkill. There is a bridge commenced with stone arches but is not yet completed. Stopped about one o'clock eight miles from where I took breakfast. The weather is very warm, and this day, the Sabbath in New England, though it seems like some other here. In the afternoon went on to Wormelsdorf, passed the night at the house of an honest German. He was the first man I found willing to board me a few days, but his family was so situated that he could not do it.

Monday, 22.—In the morning rode a mile and finding a smith's shop had the shoe reset which had given him trouble since I came into Pennsylvania. It evidently gave some relief to his traveling. Rode ten miles and took breakfast, when soon after it began to rain and continued till 12 o'clock. Stopped at half past one. Thirteen miles from breakfast. Found an old Scotchman drunk and left him lying on his back in the shed. Saw four Connecticut tin peddlers with their wagons, who had been fined \$3.00 each for

traveling on the Sabbath. This is the first time I ever saw a Connecticut peddler outwitted. After riding fifteen miles through the mud and some rain, reached Harrisburgh at seven o'clock, making about forty miles for my day's ride.

Tuesday, 23.—Put up at a tavern opposite the ferry, sign of the Bell. Here all things were comfortable but the bed; that was not only very poor but stocked with bugs. They made such a disturbance that Morpheus hardly looked on me. In the morning crossed the Susquehanna river, fording it at the ferry. The bottom is rocky, and water shallow. The river is here one mile wide. Among the adventures of yesterday the most curious to me was a young woman riding on the bare back of a horse, a leg of a side. She dashed off at full gallop through the mud as independent as a boy. I am told it is not uncommon for females to ride in this manner on the Susquehanna. Rode ten miles and took breakfast. Passed through the town of Carlisle. It is quite a handsome place, with a market house, and is the seat of the old U. S. barracks, for soldiers and prisoners, in the war of Independence. Took by advice a wrong road and went through the woods from left to right and right to left about ten miles, at least three out of the way. Arrived in Shippensburgh at eight o'clock. Forty-one miles ride this day. Saw a man enquiring for one who had left his wife and child and took his wife's sister in their place. A very sad affair surely, the

woman being nearly fifty years old. Spent the night at a good tavern in the center of the town and parted with the remainder of my Connecticut money which had been rather troublesome to pass for the few last days.

Wednesday, 24.—In the morning rode to Strawsburgh, ten miles, to breakfast. At ten o'clock began to ascend the North mountains. Found it very steep and difficult to cross, the road being poor and full of loose stones. Passed several families of men, women and children from Vermont. The day being cloudy, when I reached the top it rained considerably; while at the foot it rained none. On the top of the larger mountain I met the pursuers of the runaway, noticed yesterday. They had been unsuccessful in the chase and had given up the pursuit as hopeless. Rode to the foot of "Sideling Hill," thirty-five miles, through the most dreary country I ever saw. Stopped by seven o'clock at the house of an old widower. He being from home, I had the company of his handsome and accomplished daughters, which was very pleasant, as they were the first I had seen, since leaving Massachusetts, who had any of the lady about them.

Thursday, 25.—In the morning mounted my beast and commenced the ascent of the "Sideling Mountains," and accomplished the task by ten o'clock. Took breakfast in a place called Providence at the sign of the Green Tree. Rode ten miles further to

the sign of the Harp. Left this and rode eleven miles in the rain. Stopped before night at the forks of the "Grade road," and to conclude the adventures of the day the landlady brought me a hot gin sling in a cup and saucer, which I think a good invention. This place is four miles from Bedford. Passed the night in the dirtiest house I ever saw; the beds most wretched and sheets very black.

Friday, 26.---In the morning proceeded on my journey, glad to leave the filthy place, although it rained very steadily. Rode over the "dry ridge" seventeen miles to a very comfortable house to breakfast. Passed through Somersett at five o'clock. Went on five miles further to the "Red House," making a ride of forty miles over the mountain range. Passed the Allegheny at two o'clock. The road all this day being most wretched. Found at the "Red House" very comfortable quarters.

Saturday, 27.---Started at half past six. Crossed the Laurel mountains, twelve miles. Morning some rain and the road very muddy. Passed through Mount Pleasant to within eight miles of Bird's Ferry, making thirty miles for the day's ride. During the day overtook an elderly gentleman whose home was in Kentucky, nearly opposite the mouth of the Big Miami river. He was on his return from a visit to Maryland, his native place. His name was Nathaniel Smith, a major, and had seen much hard fighting in the war of the revolution, belonging to the "Maryland

ine." He was one of the most cheerful, amusing companions I ever met with, and setting aside his profanity, a very desirable comrade on the road. He was the more acceptable as I had been the last two weeks on the way entirely alone.

Sunday, 28.---In the morning, before Aurora streaked the east with red, started with my new companion and arrived in Williamsport, after fording the Yohiogany and Monongahela at 11 A. M. After breakfast, or rather dinner, my companion found on enquiry that an old Maryland friend named Nels Coombs, lived within a short distance of this place. Smith concluded to make him a visit and pass the Sabbath at his house, insisting that I should go with him and share his old friend's hospitality. Accordingly we set forth, and after passing through several bye paths and cross roads, the country being too thinly settled, we found the place. Mr. Coomb gave his old friend a hearty welcome, extending the same kindness to me on his account. With this cheerful old fellow we remained until Tuesday morning the 30th September, feasting on the homely but substantial viands of a backwoods farm house. Sunday night was spent in great glee by these two old cronies over a bottle of old Monongahela whiskey. It was perfectly astonishing to me to see what a quantity they could drink without being intoxicated. Every fifteen or twenty minutes each of them took a drink of half a gill or more mixed with a little water but no sugar, filling up the intervals

with tales of their former days adventures. This was kept up till ten or eleven o'clock, when they retired to bed apparently as sober as when they sat down to the bottle. I had for my bedfellow an old Irishman, who was the schoolmaster for this neighborhood. He was a bachelor and followed teaching for a living. I afterward found that this class of men had for many years been the schoolmasters on the waters of the Monongahela. During the evening he took his glass with the others without any apparent effect on his brain. I drank once or twice but dared not take more lest I should be drunken. The first whiskey I ever tasted was from Major Smith's flask the day before. I had with me a large phial of "Tincture of bark," which I procured in Carlisle, to guard against ague. This I took a little of every morning with water. My friend Smith liked it very well for a morning dram mingled with his whiskey and used to persuade me to take some with him. Mr. Coombs has a fine farm, well stocked with cattle and horses, and the nicest orchards of apples and peaches that I have ever seen. Much of the fruit was then in perfection, though rather late for peaches.

Tuesday, Sept. 30.---We left the domicile of the friend of Major Smith early this morning after many hearty adieus and good wishes and rode to Washington, eighteen miles, to breakfast. This was my birthday, being twenty-three years old. During the day my companion entertained me with many of his youth-

ful adventures in the army and incidents which befell him in the early settlement of Kentucky, where it seems he was an adventurer soon after the close of the war. He was in the battle of Camden, N. C., where Gen. Gates was defeated by Cornwallis. In the early part of the action the fight was in favor of the Americans, and the regiment of Marylanders to which Smith belonged drove all before them with the bayonet. At day light the field where they fought was strewn with red coats, the uniform of the British. The Major, with an oath, said it was the prettiest sight he ever saw, being a sincere hater of the English. The fortunes of the day soon changed and the Marylanders were driven with great loss from the field. It was an exciting theme for the old soldier. He said he was the father of seven sons, and if we ever fell into a war again with England, every one of them should turn out or he would disown them. In the war of 1813 they did turn out, a part of them, as volunteers, and two or three lost their lives at the battle of the river Raisin, as I was informed by one acquainted with Smith, soon after. He was very urgent for me to go home with him to settle in Kentucky, promising all the aid in his power to get me into business as a physician in his county. Just at evening we reached a little straggling village called "Hard-scrabble," from the up and down difficulties of the hills which surrounded it. Here we passed the night, and we had for supper nice venison steaks and hot short



DR. S. P. HILDRETH
IN HIS YOUNGER DAYS

biscuit. It was the first venison I ever tasted, and I thought the best supper I ever made.

Wednesday, Oct. 1, 1806.—We left the town of Hardscrabble, and thought it was rightly named, early in the morning. This place afterward became the Gretna Green of Pennsylvania. Lovers who could not, by reason of some impediment, get married in their own state, traveled to this spot, where many marriages were perpetrated, but whether by a blacksmith, I do not know. Traveled eleven miles and took breakfast, reaching Wheeling at 12 o'clock. Here I first saw the beautiful Ohio as we ascended the top of Wheeling hill, where we had a fine view of its charming waters and the Island. It seemed smaller than I expected, but it arose in part from the division of the stream by Lane's island. At Wheeling we took dinner, and prepared to bid each other adieu, as our roads now parted, the Major following that through Zanesville, and State of Ohio, while I pursued the route on the banks of the river to Marietta. Here mine ancient friend was put into a strange quandary from the loss of a \$20 bill, all the money he had to finish the journey. He searched all his pockets, swore a little, but could not light upon the missing bill. Finally as a last resort he emptied his saddle bags, pulling out his clothes and two pairs of plated bits and double reined bridles, a present to his wife from some relative in Maryland. At length in a piece of brown paper, safely ensconced in one corner

of the bags, he found the truant bill, greatly to his relief, as well as myself; for I thought if he should not find it he might suspect me of plundering it. We bid each other a sincere and hearty farewell and I never saw him again. After parting with the Major I proceeded in quite a melancholy mood on my journey down the Ohio and reached Grave Creek that evening, twelve miles. My horse's back has become very sore and much swollen, but I hope in a day or two more to reach the end of my journey. Stayed that night at the house or cabin of one Rollins. Here I slept on the floor on account of bed bugs, and paid the highest bill I have done for many days, with poor fare.

Thursday, 2.—In the morning found my horse's back more swollen and tender than before, so turning him loose before me walked sixteen miles before breakfast to Fish Creek. At my breakfast place I was so fortunate as to meet a man from New Jersey moving west. He had put his family wagon into a Kentucky boat and was driving his horses by land to Marietta. He being a kind hearted man, allowed me to ride one of his horses and drive my own with his before us. We crossed the Ohio river forty miles below Wheeling, just before sunset, and rode through the woods ten miles in the dark. We came at last, much to our joy, to a small log cabin in a new clearing, where they kept travelers, but not a tavern. Slept again on the floor. The place was owned by a very large athlet-

ic man of middle age named Scott. He had but one leg, having the other amputated above the knee by Dr. Forysth, of Wheeling, a short time before. The Doctor had no regular amputating instruments so he used a hunters knife for cutting the muscles and a joiners tenant saw for the bone; the arteries were taken up with an awl and tied; the main artery was compressed by a narrow saddle girth and pad, twisted with a stick. The wound healed nicely and did as well as if performed by London instruments.

Oct. 3, Friday.—In the morning rode fifteen miles before breakfast. Made our meal on fried hogs head, and tea without sugar, while at supper the night before we had tea without cream; the fare of the backs-woodsmen being such as they can most conveniently get hold of. Mounted our horses and rode sixteen miles to Newport, and put up at the house of John Green. The road all the way is in the woods. No bridges cross the creeks and only here and there a clearing, with a log cabin and a small patch of corn. At Newport the clearings are larger and some of them have small meadows of English grass. Mr. Green gave us a nice supper of milk, bread and butter and cheese, and I slept in a good bed.

Saturday, Oct. 4.—Rose early, but did not start till nine o'clock, after breakfast, having a journey of only sixteen miles before me, to Marietta. The country most of the way is a wilderness, there being but few clearings between Newport and the mouth of

Little Muskingum. Crossed this stream in a flatboat. A nice bridge of one arch has been thrown over the stream, but is not yet finished. Passed Duck Creek also on a new bridge, both built this year at the expense of the township, which shows no lack of public spirit in the citizens of Marietta. Below Little Muskingum the clearings are thicker and the land mostly occupied by settlers. Reached Marietta at 3 P. M. and stopped and got dinner at a large new brick tavern house, at the upper end of town, kept by an old Englishman named John Brough. He had for his sign the British lion painted on a board over the portico of his front door. That evening moved my lodgings to a tavern kept by Levi Munsell, near the river, in the center of the town. Called on Dr. True, for whom I had letters. He was not at home, but returned in the evening and called on me.

Sunday, Oct. 5.—Went to meeting with Dr. True. Service held in the academy building. Preacher, Mr. Robbins, a Massachusetts man from old Plymouth, and brother to my friend and fellow student, Dr. Peter G. Robbins. He had been settled here but a few months and preached a part of the time at Belpre, having both churches under his care.

Tuesday, Oct. 8—Having met with Capt. P. Howe, of Belpre, at Dr. True's, he invited me to ride with him to that settlement and see how I liked it, as they were destitute of a doctor, their old one, Dr. Jewett, having moved to Athens. I found it a very

fine settlement, much more highly cultivated than any place I had yet seen west of the mountains—good frame dwelling houses, nice orchards of apple and peach trees, and the inhabitants well bred and intelligent, being made up chiefly of old revolutionary officers who had come out here to settle at an early day. Nearly every man here bore the title of captain, major or colonel. Passed the night with Capt. Howe and the next day returned to Marietta, not fully determined yet whether to stay there or go to Belpre. There was a fair opening in Marietta, no physicians but Dr. True and Dr. Hart, both in the wane of life. Dr. True wished me to remain here and offered me all the aid in his power to assist in getting me into business. The town then contained about 600 inhabitants. Ship building was carried on quite largely for so small a place, there being no less than six vessels on the stocks—ships, brigs, gunboats, etc.—two of which were on Fort Harmar side of Muskingum. The country about Marietta was much of it yet in a wilderness state. There were not more than four or five clearings between Marietta and Belpre and no bridges across the creeks. They were passed by fording, and when there was much of a rise in the Ohio they had to be “headed,” or followed up into the hills before they could be crossed. It was the same in traveling up the Muskingum, and the first time I had a call up that river to visit a patient I was lost in the woods and recovered the right track with considerable diffi-

culty; it was, however, just at dark and I was misled by a road made for hauling timber. It was at a house on the upper end of Capt. Devol's farm, and the first time I saw his floating grist mill. The wheels and stones made a great clattering in the calm, still evening, while the pine torch lights in the head of the boat looked quite romantic gleaming on the quiet waters of the Muskingum. I got back again that night without much trouble. After my return from Belpre I boarded with Moses McFarland, who was a Haverhill man, and acquainted with my father. His wife was an Andover woman named Bradley and her sisters well known to me. She had a small family, two fine children; Marie, about six years old and Elisa, two years old. She was the most beautiful child I ever saw and soon became much attached to her. His brother James, older than Moses, occupied a part of the same house as a nail factory, making cut nails by a hand machine. His son James, then about fourteen years old, was occupied at this business. He was a great reader and all his spare time was passed with his books. He afterwards became wealthy and one of the first men in Charleston, Kanawha county, W. Va.

Dr. True introduced me to all the principle inhabitants, and it soon became known that a new doctor had come to Marietta. My journey out had cost me about \$40 and I had \$70 on hand to begin the world with, and a good substantial northern horse worth

about \$40.00. I still owed Rebecca Smith \$70.00, so that I was worth nothing but my horse and a scanty supply of clothing when I commenced business in Ohio. I bought a small stock of medicine of Majr. Joseph Lincoln out of part of the money and kept the balance to pay my board till I could earn a living by the practice of the healing art. I soon had a considerable share of business, in the country as well as in the town. Toward the last of October I had a call to visit a patient thirty miles from Marietta in Virginia, on the road to Clarksburg. The man had been long ill with the dropsy, and had started to come to Marietta for aid, but failed on the road. It was just at night when myself and guide crossed the Ohio river and the journey was made by star light. There were but one or two settlers on the whole route. We reached the house where the poor man lay about midnight. He was in articulo mortis and died in about an hour. I laid down a short time, but there was so much talking and noise in the cabin that I could not sleep and concluded to rise and commence my journey back again in the night. I started all alone. The first portion of the road was on a ridge called "dry ridge," sixteen miles in length, without a settlement or inhabitant. It was a clear, frosty night. The wolves made a terrible howling along the sides of the road, causing my horse to prick up his ears and hasten his pace along the solitary path, but they did not molest me. At early dawn I reached a cabin at

the foot of the ridge, where I procured some food for myself and horse. It was on the place afterward owned by Mr. Schultz, on the waters of Bull Creek. From this spot the path branched off to the right and came out on the Ohio at the mouth of Cow Creek, on the farm afterwards occupied by Alex Henderson. On the opposite side of the Ohio river I had two patients I wished to visit and hired a black man to set me over in a large canoe, when I had to walk a mile or more to my patients. I returned the same way and reached Marietta in the afternoon. I went to bed greatly fatigued, having been without sleep for two nights, the former one being passed at a ball in the house of John Brough, where I had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Blennerhassett and her husband. He did not dance, but she was quite the most attractive figure and active dancer on the floor. I had just fallen into a sound sleep when I was aroused about 10 o'clock to visit a man at the "Stockade," Simeon Goodwin, who was ill with the cholic. He was afterwards my patient for several years. After relieving him I was allowed to rest the remainder of the night in peace.

Having received several invitations to settle in Bel-pre, where there was no doctor, early in December, the 6th, I concluded to move my goods and chattels to that place, having previously engaged boarding at the widow Rhoda Cook's, a New England lady with a small family, who had recently moved to Ohio. My

business through the winter was not much, but in the following spring and summer an epidemic fever prevailed and I had as much practice as I could possibly attend to. Over a hundred cases of fever fell under my care, of which I lost only two or three by death, being very remarkable for its success; while in Marietta, where the same fever prevailed, there were fifty or sixty deaths. I wrote a history of this epidemic, which was published in the XI volume of the Medical Repository in New York. My charges for this year amounted to over fourteen hundred dollars, and chiefly in debts that could be collected, as the larger part of my patients were in substantial farmers' families.

In the month of August, 1807, I was married (August 19, 1807,) to Miss Rhoda Cook, the second daughter of my hostess.

Samuel Fry, an old friend, joined me in Belpre in June, and remained till October, when he went by water to Nashville and afterwards to Gibsonport on the Mississippi. He was a lawyer, and a very able and excellent man, but lost his life in a duel in 1809, I think. He was affianced to my sister Mary, who, poor girl, was greatly grieved at his loss, as were all his friends, and more especially to be cut off in so sudden and miserable a manner.

In November I was attacked with an inflammation of the joint of my right hip, causing severe pain, especially at night, and filling up of the socket so as to push outward the head of the thigh bone forcing

the trochauter more than an inch from its natural posture. Having purchased six volumes of the *Medica Repository* at a sale of Blennerhassett's library in July, 1807, I there found a similar case cured by a large issue over the joint. As it was difficult to keep the dressings on an issue I inserted a large seton, but as my business required daily exercise on horseback it was soon torn out. To relieve myself in the painful attitude of riding I rested one hand on the neck of my horse, just forward of the saddle, and so constant was this that in a few weeks the hair was all worn off as large as my hand. I finally put on vegetable caustic the size of half a dollar, cut out a deep cavity to keep it discharging by a wax tent, coated with cautharides. I also applied blisters above and below the spine, keeping them running freely. At night took a large pill of opium to procure sleep, and had to increase the quantity gradually to 8 or 10 grains. This course followed regularly for four months averted the disease and prevented suppuration, but it was about eight months before I could walk uprightly or without a cane. It has once or twice partially returned since, but was soon checked by a blister.

Since my marriage we had lived with my wife's mother, but during the winter began to make arrangements for housekeeping in some town where practice would be less laborious than in the country. We talked some of moving to Cincinnati, then not much larger than Marietta, but mother Cook was opposed

to it, and we finally concluded to settle in Marietta. In March we moved up by water, carrying our household goods in a keel boat, it being very difficult to get along with a wagon, the roads and bridges were so poor and bad. We hired a house belonging to Thos. G. Prentiss, a young merchant from New Hampshire. It stands near the new Congregational church and was built and owned by Col. Ebenezer Sproat, the first Sheriff of Washington county and one of the first settlers of Marietta in 1788. It was a comfortable house, and we paid a rental of \$70 a year. To assist in paying this we took Mr. P. to board with us at \$2 a week, which made it easier than to pay the money. In May, 1808, our first child was born, which we named Mary Ann, after two of my sisters, Mary and Nancy. I had now become a father and felt that new responsibilities had fallen upon me. It also strengthened the bond of union between me and my wife, making it still more tender and enduring.

Two physicians had moved into Marietta since I left in December 1806, viz.: Dr. I. B. Regnier and Dr. Thos. Jett. The former I became first acquainted with in the fall of 1806. He then lived on Duck Creek, ten miles from Marietta, on a farm. He was about thirty-five years of age. His dress was a short cotton jeans coat, striped cotton pantaloons, a white fur hat much the worse for wear, and short boots that came up over the pantaloons. He was of a very pleasant countenance, affable and polite in his address and

treated me with much courtesy. I did not see him again until I saw him in Marietta in the spring of 1808. He was not regularly educated as a physician but well instructed in mechanics and was intended for an architect or designer of buildings. He had attended a course of lectures on medicine in Paris and emigrated to America in 1790 with the French colony who had purchased lands of the Scioto Company in France, and finally settled at Gallipolis. He stayed with them one season and worked at clearing lands. Being dissatisfied with his situation, he went back to New York and received employment as a land agent to one of the large land companies in that city and was located at Unadilla in the interior of the state; and here there was no physician, and his slight knowledge of medicine was called into use by the necessities of the settlers, from wounds, fevers, etc. At this place he married, and procuring some French books on medicine, soon improved himself so as to treat diseases very successfully. His fine intellect naturally led him to see at once into their nature. In 1802 or 3 he moved into Ohio and settled on a new farm ten miles from Marietta. Here the wants of the people soon called him out into the practice of physics. His great success and his bland, affable manners gained for him an excellent practice. He was very poor at the time and not able to purchase a horse. The first year his practice among the hills and settlements of Duck Creek was done on foot, walking six or eight

miles with ease and rapidity. The next year he bought a horse, and being rather a sickly one, his rides were extended to Marietta and to Waterford, a distance of ten to twenty miles. A brother from Paris joined him in 1807 and persuaded him to enter into partnership with him in merchandise and to move to Marietta. He did so, and when I came up in March found him selling goods and practicing medicine. He received me with great cordiality and was ever after one of my warmest and best friends, recommending me on all occasions and introducing me to many more patients than I should otherwise have had. Soon after I arrived we attended together a very desperate case of fever of forty days' continuance, in John Miller, an industrious laboring man much esteemed by the people. We treated the disease successfully, taking him from the hands of one Dr. Herron, who had managed the case very badly, and gained great applause for our skill.

Dr. Jett, the other physician, was an ignorant itinerant from Virginia, who had lived at Newport or Parkersburg during the sickly season of 1807, but was often called to Marietta during that year on account of some success he had in fevers at Warren; and from his bold purgative practice in calomel and jallup, followed by tonics and stimulants, had gained considerable credit, the disease being quite fatal in Marietta under the treatment of Drs. True, Hart and Herron. This induced him to move to Marietta in

competition with the skilled practice of Dr. Regnier. His celebrity soon failed him and he never after rose to any eminence.

The year 1808 was a healthy period and my business only amounted to about \$400. In 1809 it increased to \$500 and in 1810 to \$900. In 1810 Dr. Evans, an English doctor, came to Marietta and opened an apothecary shop. He was quite an accomplished surgeon and persuaded Dr. Regnier to enter into partnership with him in the practice of physics. He was not an honorable man, but took every advantage to act the quack, saying his object was to make money, and that he could get more thus than by an honorable cause. After about two or three years Dr. Regnier became disgusted with the man and they dissolved, soon after which he, Evans, moved to Zanesville and finally to the City of New York, where he lived for many years, practicing as a charlatan in venereal diseases.

In the spring of the year 1809 I purchased a small two story brick and a one story frame house of Mr. Timothy Gates. It was near the court house and in a central part of the town. It cost \$600, which with a little aid from my father of \$50, I was able to pay in a year or more from my earnings in Belpre. It was unfinished, and by the time it was completed cost about \$1,000. I assisted at leisure hours to do considerable of the work myself, such as nailing on the lathes for plastering, mixing up the mortar, etc. I was

much rejoiced to have a home of my own, and my wife was equally well pleased.

This year, in April, some of my republican friends nominated and elected me township clerk. It was not a lucrative office but was worth from twenty to twenty-five dollars a year and aided me considerably. I retained it till the year 1815, when I was absent on a visit to my parents in Massachusetts, and someone else got the office. Marietta then embraced a large territory, including what is now Warren, Union, Fearing, Lawrence and a large part of Newport.

John Sharp, Esq., who lived on Little Muskingum six miles from Marietta, was a leading man in the republican party and was a staunch friend and so remained till his death in 1823. He was a senator and representative after 1812 and a Judge of the Court of Common Pleas at the time of his death. I had a large practice in his neighborhood and was his family physician for ten or fifteen years. My rides extended on all sides to the distance of twenty and twenty-five or more miles, there being but few physicians in the country, none nearer than Waterford and Belpre, west; north, for thirty or forty miles, and up the Ohio as far, and in Virginia no nearer than Parkersburg. For many years the roads were very wretched, few or no bridges across the creeks, and where there was a canoe the horse had to swim over and be towed by the side of the boat.

In the autumn of 1810 my friends placed me on the ticket as representative of Washington and Athens to the State Legislature. These two counties were entitled to one senator and two representatives in the lower house. Mr. R. Putnam and myself were chosen, and Doctor Jewett was the senator from Athens.

We, that is, Mr. Putnam and myself, boarded together with Mr. Brooks. R. J. Meigs was then Governor of the state and boarded at the same place. Mrs. Brooks was an elegant and accomplished lady, the daughter of Moses Dillon, Esq., who had the credit of building and putting in operation the first furnace for smelting iron in the State of Ohio. Brooks himself was a drunken, idle man, had once been a respectable merchant in Baltimore, but failed in business. We passed a very pleasant winter and I formed many valuable acquaintances in various parts of the state. I was the youngest member in the House, being only twenty-seven years old. During the winter I drafted and procured the passage of an act regulating the practice of medicine in Ohio. The State was divided into six districts, embracing the same territory as the Non-resident Collector's district, being a convenient mode of dividing the State. Three censors or examiners of applicants for the practice were appointed in each district who met with the Society twice a year. It continued in force some years, was modified and altered and was finally repealed

about the year 1820. It was of great service to the medical profession, making them acquainted with each other, and their modes of practice. Desscitations on diseases were read at each meeting. For this district the meetings were held at Athens and were generally well attended. The session of our assemblies in those days were short compared with modern ones, lasting only about 8 weeks. I was at home, I find by old day book, on the 2nd day of February 1811.

In April, of this year, my wife became the mother of a son, whom we named Charles Cook, after my only brother Charles, and her maiden name. The season was spent in the practice of medicine; to which I added the inoculation kine pock to considerable profit. I was the first to introduce it into this part of Ohio, and in December, of 1809, inoculated about 150 children in Waterford. I was invited to come up by Judge Devoll, Mr. Dana and some of the first men of the town, more especially on account of the small pox, which had been introduced by Dr. Pardey, and a pest house opened by him, much against the will of many of the inhabitants. They had suffered much from this disease in the early settlement of Waterford, and had a great dread of it.

Judge Devoll went with me to a large number of families, and introduced me very cordially, he also treated me with great kindness and hospitality at his home. In a few days a stop was put to the further

progress of the small pox. Had it not been for the timely introduction of this blessed remedy, a large portion of the inhabitants would have been obliged to inoculate with the small pox, in their own defence, or to prevent taking it in the natural way. The friends of the small pox inoculation, pretended to say that the kine pox was worthless and no protection. Two of my patients went into the pest house, stayed all night amongst the sick, and escaped without any symptom of contagion; this fact soon spread amongst the people and established the credit of the kine pox, beyond all dispute. From this source, I received nearly enough to build me a new stable, 24 by 18 feet, the lumber being paid for by orders on my employers, to be paid in produce.

In 1811, I was again chosen to be a representative. This year my colleague was Col. Jehiel Gregory, of Athens; the senator was William Woodbridge, then a young lawyer of Marietta. This winter we boarded at Capt. Burnhams, one of the early settlers of Marietta, who kept a tavern on Point Harmar, when I came to that place. In December I had a return of the disease of the hip joint, but checked it by timely blistering. The winter was passed very pleasantly; amongst the members were Mr. Creighton and Henry Brush, of Ross county, distinguished lawyer, John Pollock, an eccentric man, often speaker of the house, I. P. R. Bureas, of Gallia county, G. W. Campbell, of Adams, Thomas Morris, Peter Hitchcock, a young lawyer

from Geauga, for many years one of the supreme Judges of Ohio, Major Todd, from Trumbull, was another active member of the senate, he was soon after appointed one of the supreme Judges of Ohio, and served as such for a number of years. Col. George Jackson was a member of the house and a warm friend of mine; Peter Bell and Col. Jones of Hamilton county, were also members. Doctor Edwards of Dayton, Mr. Sterrell of Ross county; I believe there was more men of talent and respectability in this assembly than there has ever been since.

During the session there was an impeachment of one of the supreme Judges, named Thompson. The trial was held in the senate chamber, and the house attended as spectators, as no business of legislating could be done while it lasted. Mr. Baldwin, a celebrated lawyer of Pittsburgh, and Lewis Cass, Esquire, acted as counselors; Mr. Cass was then in the prime of life and had not yet began the political career, since prosecuted so successfully. The Judge was finally acquitted.

During this session there arose a misunderstanding between the collectors of non resident taxes and the legislature, as to their compensation; the collectors claiming their percentage on the whole amount of their duplicates, while the legislature said they were entitled to it only on the sum collected. It so happened that the defalcations were large and it made a difference of nearly 100 per cent in the amount. The collectors,

however held on to the whole, and were all dismissed from office, this left a number of vacancies, and my friends offered to elect me to that of the third District, where I resided. I was accordingly chosen at the end of the session, and the salary fixed by law, so that there should be no more misunderstanding as to the compensation. The third District was set at the sum of \$250 a year, while before under Mr. Skinner, it used to be considerably more, and the last year, or 1811, amounted to \$600.

It was during the winter that the whole western valley was shaken to its center by earthquakes. In December and January, shocks were frequent, some were slight, but others were so strong as to shake the bricks from the tops of many chimneys and to crack the walls of poorly built brick houses. It was so in Marietta, where the shocks were rather stronger than in Zanesville. The most severe generally took place in the night. I recollect there was one hard one in the day time, while the legislature were setting, the house shook so strongly that every member left his seat and rushed out into the open air. They lasted but a few seconds; in the night these shocks sometimes gave rise to quite ludicrous occurrences.

At that time large numbers of friendly Indians of the Shawanese and Delaware tribes had come into the interior of Ohio, for their winter hunt; partly to get rid of the importunities of the other tribes, friendly to the English, urging them to join them in the war on

the eve of breaking out between the U. S. and Great Britain. A band of 40 or 50 were near Marietta, and came in to town often with meat and skins for sale, in exchange for meal, salt, powder, etc. A neighbor of mine, Joab Jones, was awakened one night with a terrible rattling of his doors and windows, and at once conceived it must be the Indians trying to break into his house. He instantly sprang from bed, seized his axes and placed himself by the door, ready to cut down the first Indian who entered. The occasional slight jars of the door, kept him at his post till he was nearly frozen, as in his haste he had not put on his clothes. He finally retired to bed and was not aware of the cause of his alarm, until all his neighbors the next morning complained of the same disturbance. He then concluded it must be an earthquake.

The fall preceding, a huge comet had visited our region, and went far to strengthen the theory of Noah Webster, that comets and earthquakes often accompany each other. The next season, war broke out, and confirmed the belief of many visionary people, that comets are certainly the precursors of war. My political course terminated with this session, and I returned to my domestic concerns and private life, fully satisfied with my trial to become a noted public character. I never had any talent for oratory, and without this accomplishment no man can become celebrated in a public body. The embargo which had preceded the declaration of war, had put a stop to commerce,

and thus clogged and embarrassed all our agricultural interests. We had no manufacturers to use up our surplus produce; when our foreign market was destroyed, business of all kinds was at a stand.

The citizens of Marietta, since the year 1800, had been deeply engaged in ship building. Several large rope walks had risen up with this branch, and the cultivation of hemp had greatly added to the wealth and comfort of our farmers. Various other branches connected with ship building had sprung up and the whole country was benefited by the operation. The embargo and the war which followed put a stop to all these occupations and the country became deeply embarrassed. Town property, as well as farms, sunk in value; a stop was put to improvements in building and Marietta, the oldest town in the state, retrograded as fast as it had ever advanced.

During the last legislature, my friend Gregory had me appointed to the office of Trustee of the Ohio University at Athens. This post I held till the year 1819, when I resigned it as being too troublesome, if faithfully performed; and this I endeavored to do by attending, twice a year, the meetings of the Board at the proper period. I forgot to mention that during the winters of the years 1808 and 1809, several of the young men of Marietta formed a chemical society. David Wallace, who kept an apothecary, was our principal lecturer, or operator, although we all did more or less of it. We had a very convenient appara-

tus, and exhibited nearly all the experiments shown in our colleges, especially with the gases. A regular journal was kept in which the secretary entered every evenings lecture, with the theory of the facts exhibited. We had an engraved seal and issued diplomas of membership to all the fellows of the society.

Dr. Regnier, old Dr. Hart, Dr. Wallace, a young man named Davidson, (since, Col. Davidson of Newark,) who was spending the winter here, Robert Harrison, an ingenious goldsmith, who engraved our seal, Dr. Jonas Moore and myself, with a number of others whose names I have forgotten, were members of the society. It was continued for two winters, two evenings in a week. It was a very useful school and gave all the members a tolerable knowledge of the subject.

My employment as a collector interfered but little with my professional business; the money was all paid in the office by agents and the sheriff of the county, who then acted as resident collector where he lived, It was done mostly in December and I was absent at the seat of government about ten days, to settle up the duplicate tax list and to pay over the money. So that the sum received as salary was so much clear gain added to my other revenue. This amount I continued to lay up yearly, investing it in bank stock, or in lands. In the latter I dealt considerably, but not always to profit.

I held the office till the year 1819, when the whole system of collection was changed and the office of non-

resident collector abolished. The profit of the office was about \$2000. In 1810, through the agency of my friends, John Sharp and Cornelius Hangland, then two of the "Trustees for managing lands granted for religious purposes in Washington county," I was appointed their clerk, and have continued to hold the office ever since, a period of 33 years. It was not worth much, but has averaged about \$30 a year.

In November, 1812, my wife became the mother of another son, which we named George Osgood, after an old friend of mine, Dr. Osgood of Danvers, Mass.

Dr. Regnier and myself still continued to monopolize a large share of the practice of medicine. Dr. Evans had moved to Zanesville, and Dr. True was becoming rather infirm. I had many influential friends, besides the connections and relations of my wife, who all patronized me, especially Judge Fearing, Col. Barber, and Capt. Jonathan Devoll, in whose families I always found a welcome, and all the employment they could give. Gov. Meigs was also a generous and very useful friend, assisting me at all times with his advice, and sometimes with his purse, when it was needed. He was now Postmaster General and away from Marietta a part of the year, although during the first years of the war he was Governor of Ohio, and commander in chief of the militia. His service in calling out volunteers and exposing himself to many hardships on the frontiers was the cause of his being

appointed to the responsible part of head of that department, by the Senate and President, Mr. Madison.

In 1810, I bought of Stephen Shepherd four city lots for \$80, or \$20 apiece; on a part of these I put out an orchard in 1811, of about 30 apple trees, the balance was laid down in meadow. The trees were bought of Judge Fearing, who kept a small nursery and was a man of great taste and judgment in gardening and cultivation of all kinds. The trees grew finely and have furnished nearly all our winter apples for twenty-five years. In 1811 and 12, I bought eight more city lots of Edwin Putnam, lying near my first purchase; for these I paid \$220, viz; four pasture lots at \$25 each, and four mowing lots at \$30 each. The latter were fine lands, being formerly the site of a pond and swamp, the bottom of which was covered with rich black mould. For many years the crop averaged a ton of hay to each lot, or three tons to an acre. I thus had a plenty of hay for my horse and cows in winter, and pasturage in summer. I began to pay considerable attention to gardening, although my ground was small, being only half a city lot on which stood my house and barn.

I also kept honey bees, and for many years took not less than a hundred pounds of honey annually. They were arranged in colonies, or separate divisions, in the structure of the hives so that I could take the

honey without destroying the bees. Peter Taylor, an old Englishman, for several years gardner to Blennerhassett, used to assist me about the garden, and instructed me much as to the habits of bees.

In the winter of 1813 we had the first great flood in the Ohio river, the water rising 3 or 4 feet higher than any other, since the bottoms were settled. It covered nearly all the bottom ground in Marietta, except a little strip from the old court house, over to the new congregational church. My cellar was filled, and the fire on my kitchen hearth extinguished. It did much damage to fences and drowned a great many cattle and sheep, as the weather was cold and much ice formed over the still water on the bottoms. On Point Harmar several families left their houses and camped out on the side of the hill back of the town.

In February 1815, just at the close of the war, I left my little family, on a visit to my father and mother in Haverhill, Mass. It was a miserable season to journey over the mountains on horse back. It was chosen as one when I could best leave my professional business, and also on account of the company of Dr. William Ferson, an old Andover friend, who had come out west during the war, to find a home. He had been for several years engaged as secretary in the collectors department of customs in Gloucester, Mass., but the war had closed that business and threw him out of a living, as it did many others in our seaport

towns. He had chosen Columbus for a residence, and was returning to bring out his family in the spring. He did so, but after a year residence, he was invited back to his old post, and returned to Gloucester.

I suffered many hardships in my journey over the mountains, "by flood and by cold" endangering my life in fording creeks, especially Wheeling creek, between Grave creek and Washington, Pa. I did not find my company at Washington, as I expected, he being thrown off from his route by ice floating in the Ohio, forcing him to cross higher up than Wheeling. We passed through Philadelphia, where we spent two or three days, finding several friends there from Marietta, who were purchasing merchandise for their stores. The news of peace was proclaimed while I was on the road to Wheeling, and there was great rejoicing in all our cities. At Philadelphia I attended some book auctions and purchased quite a number of books, amongst them a large family bible, which we retain to this day; these were packed and sent out with the goods of Col. Barber and Mr. Skinner, to my wife. From Philadelphia we passed up the Delaware, crossing New Jersey and over the Hudson at Newburgh, as on my journey out; from thence through Litchfield and Springfield to Wooster. At Springfield my friend Ferson left me to journey to New Boston in N. H., on account of a man who had come on with him from Ohio and was partially insane, returning to his friends. From

Worcester I passed through Concord and struck the Merrimac river at the bridge over Bodwell's falls. Visited my grandmother and uncle Alpheus Bodwell, took dinner and started for Haverhill, eight miles in a snow storm. I reached my father's house just at dusk, went in and asked if I could stay all night with them; not one of the family recognized me, not thinking of my being nearer to them than Marietta, as I had not written to notify them of my visit. My father said there was a tavern not far off and that they did not entertain travelers now as he used to do when he lived in Methuen. I replied, that it was so stormy I disliked going out again and thought they had better keep me. He then asked where I was from; I said from Ohio, "Oh, I have a son there, living in Marietta." I replied, "I know him well" and began to smile at the curious blind play going on; this smile recalled some slight recognition of who it might be, and mother said it must be cousin Warren Hildreth, whom I resembled and who they thought was thus amusing himself at their expense. At length my father said it must be their son "Sam" but mother thought I looked too old and dark complexioned for him; the snow had tanned my face very much and made me several shades darker than usual. At length to settle all doubts my mother said if it was really "Sam" I must have a large scar on the top of my head on which there was no hair. I submitted my head to her inspection and she soon found the mark of recognition indelibly stamped and

as fresh as when I left home nine years before. At the sight of this, all doubts vanished and I was heartily welcomed to the bosom of the rejoicing family and gladly allowed to pass the night. This scene served for a frequent subject of amusement during my visit at Haverhill.

It was very curious to notice the different powers of recollection possessed by different people; some of my old acquaintances could recognize my features at first view, while others did not know me at all and could not recall my look till after two or three interviews. My old friend Robbins recollected me the most readily of any one. I was sitting by his fireside in Lynn, he being out when I came to his house; he had only a side view of my face as he entered the room, but he at once exclaimed, "Why Hildreth is that you." I spent about four weeks in visiting my parents and other relation in Massachusetts. My sister Mary was married to Mr. Francis Eaton, a lawyer, and lived near my parents, she was just confined of her first child. My sister Nancy was married to J. Newcomb, a goldsmith, and lived in Boston. I spent with her about a week, she was a very pious, excellent woman and from her I received my first religious impressions.

While in Haverhill I purchased of my father the balance of his Ohio lands, amounting to about 1500 acres, at seventy-five cents per acre, having a credit of four years to pay for it. I had before bought one of his 100 acre lots, at \$3 per acre and the other one he

had given to me, the payment for this was now closed; and my note to Miss R. Smith had been paid off in the year 1812, out of the first of my collectors salary. Near the close of my visit at home my brother Charles, then in his seventeenth year, concluded to come out to Ohio with me, stay till he was twenty-one years old and study medicine with me. He was a cheerful, sprightly lad of good habits and interesting manners and appearance. It was a great sacrifice on the part of my parents, as he was the only son who was left to them and had become greatly endeared to them. My mother, however, gave him up with her usual resignation, thinking it would be the best for him.

We left Haverhill early in April, passed through Boston and spent a day or two with my sister, from there we went to Fair Haven and the Long-plain to visit my wife's relations and to see Capt. John Bennett and wife who had returned back from Ohio to that place during the war. We had a pleasant visit and they received us very kindly; but I had become impatient to see my wife and children and was actually "homesick." We left Fair Haven about the eighth of April. Passing through Fall River and Providence, on to Hartford, Connecticut. From there our route to Ohio was the same as that I traveled in 1806. Near the foot of the mountain my horse failed, probably from sickness and had to exchange horses twice on the road, each time at a loss of fifteen or twenty dollars. When we reached Brownsville, we learned

that there had been a great flood in the Ohio river early in April and that it would be difficult traveling down its banks, we therefore turned off to the left going through Morgantown and Clarksburg, making the distance 50 or 60 miles further and more hilly roads. We reached Marietta the seventh day of May, I think, and found the family all well and greatly rejoiced to see me and my brother.

About the year 1817, I commenced collecting materials connected with the early history and the climate of Ohio, which were published in the Journal of Science from time to time. In 1824, began a regular meteorological journal which has been kept up to this day. Connected with it was kept a history of the diseases of each year and their treatment. In 1827 I described and gave figures of a number of fresh water shells. In 1832 published a history of the salt manufacture in the valley of the Ohio. In 1835 published a description, topographical and geological, of the coal region and iron ore, of the valley of the Ohio. "The Diary of a Naturalist," was published in 1836, and before either of these, an article called "Ten days in Ohio", being a topographical and geological description of the country passed over in a journey from Marietta, by Zanesville to Circleville and Chillicothe; while the "Diary of a Naturalist" was written on a journey from Marietta to Beaver, Pa., thence to Trumbull county, Ohio, by Cuyahoga Falls, down the canal and Muskingum river to Marietta.

In 1822 and 23, the country along the Ohio was visited by an epidemic fever, very fatal and destructive. Marietta suffered greatly, losing as many as 250 persons in the two years. A full account of it was written by me and published in the American Journal of Medicine, in 1824 at Philadelphia. In the first year I attended more than 600 patients and lost but about 30 of the number. I was employed from sixteen to eighteen hours every day for four months. Charges that year \$5000. The next year \$3500.

My father made me a visit in May 1823; in August he was attacked with the epidemic fever and died at Belpre, age 73. My mother died the year before at Haverhill. My brother Charles had commenced business in Methuen, Mass., and was with my mother when she died. She was an excellent woman and much lamented by the poor of her neighborhood, to whom she was very charitable and kind. My father always treated me with great affection and did all he could to promote my welfare. In the year 1825 I removed his remains from Belpre and placed them in the burying ground at Marietta.

My brother Charles married and settled finally, in Boston. He greatly resembled his mother in person and more especially in his charity to the poor, for whom he had an especial regard; his name will be long remembered by them in Boston. In 1824, I commenced building a new dwelling house. It was

of brick and three stories. I was led to this from the need of more room for my enlarged family, now amounting to five children, and from the numerous debts due to me from mechanics. It was completed in the year 1825. My two older sons, Charles 13 and George 11 years, being much advanced in their studies, were sent to college in Athens, where they entered in 1826, and passed through with credit to themselves as good scholars and of the best moral habits. They both read medicine as a profession and received as good an education as the country afforded in lectures at Cincinnati and Lexington.

From the year 1828 to 1838, I paid a good deal of attention in time and money to the collection of a cabinet of natural history. For this purpose I made exchanges with eastern naturalists, giving western fossils, shells, insects, ores, etc., for minerals and sea shells. In 1833, I collected from our rivers about 5000 shells, put them up in neat boxes of two or three hundred specimen labeled and classed. Some of these I sold at \$20 a box, others were exchanged or given to colleges and natural history societies. The money received was paid out for books on natural history, and for suits of medals in sulphur and plaster. I became a member of a number of learned societies and passed all my leisure time in the study and writing on natural history. In 1837, the state of Ohio undertook a geological survey of its territory and I was employed in the work. The reports on this subject

were published; but when the survey was about half completed the state abandoned it, being so deeply involved in debt by the canals, etc., that they thought they could not afford the money. Previous to this however, I had resigned my appointment, as interfering too much with my practice of physic, and without this aid I could not support my family.

During this period I had also greatly enlarged the number of flowering shrubs, plants, bulbs, etc., in my garden, partly by exchanges of Ohio indigenous plants with eastern gardeners and partly by purchase; so that my collection was superior to any one in this part of Ohio.

My family was enlarged to six children; Samuel Prescott, born in 1819, Rhoda Maria in 1822 and Harriet Eliza in 1826.

Journal

of a Visit to Boston, etc.

1839

In the spring of the year 1839, Mrs Hildreth and myself concluded to make a journey east of the mountains and visit our relations. She had not been there since her moving to Ohio in 1804; and I had not been there since 1815, a period of twenty-four years. The following journal of our daily progress and observations on the places we visited was kept by me and is as follows.

May 6.—Left Marietta at 1 P. M. in a private carriage hired for the purpose of taking us to Zanesville. Mrs. the wife of W. R. Putnam Jr., a very pleasant and agreeable woman rode with us, being also on the journey to visit her friends in Connecticut. Reached Hills tavern at 7 o'clock, distant 23 miles without accident, roads fine and weather pleasant.

May 7.—Continued our journey over a very picturesque country, being the ridge road between the east and west branches of Meigs creek, in Morgan county. Country generally cultivated, when only a few years since it was covered with a dense forest, and I have rode along here a number of times when

it was 12 miles or more without a clearing or a cabin. On some of the elevated ridges between the heads of Salt Creek and Meigs Creek, we had extensive views of the adjacent regions, embracing a horizon of 20 or 25 miles. We found a great scarcity of water on the ridges, which has been felt since the drouth of last summer and autumn; nearly all the wells are dry, when in common years they are partly filled with water. It was with difficulty enough was procured for our horses. The families are supplied from small springs at the base of the ridges, some distance from the road side. It was most severe from Olive-Green Creek to Salt Creek, in Muskingum county. The *Cornus-florida* has been in bloom since the last of April and is now fading. The crabapple blossom is now in perfection and gave out its delightful perfume by the road side. Reached Zanesville at 6 P. M., all well, and put up at the house of my son, Dr. C. C. Hildreth.

May 8.—Visited some of my old friends in Zanesville and looked at the fossils in the cabinet of the Atheneum. Mr. J. W. Foster has a fine private collection, made in this state. Zanesville now contains about 7000 inhabitants and is increasing rapidly. When I first knew it, there were not more than as many hundred.

May 9.—Took passage in the steam boat Muskingum, for Dresden at 8 A. M., (fare \$10.50.) Quite a number of passengers, amongst others, were Mr. L.

Whipple and wife, on their way to New England; David Putnam and daughter Elizabeth, on their way to New York. Views on the river confined but rather picturesque. Passed two Salt works, one only in operation. The first lock in the Muskingum slack water is 10 miles above Zanesville, takes 15 minutes to pass through it. Reached Dresden, consisting only of a few more houses and a tavern, at evening, took supper, and at 7 P. M. shipped on board the canal packet, Antelope, Capt. Hecock. The passage money is five cents per mile, with board included. The boat was much crowded with passengers. \$7.50 to Cleveland.

May 10.—Early this morning, we passed the site of the massacre of the Moravian Indians at Gnadenhatten by the white savages from Wheeling, under Col. Williamson, in March 1782. The country along the borders of the canal is very picturesque and fertile. Weather fine. We passed in the night the towns of Roscoe and Coshocton, at the forks of Muskingum. In the middle of the day passed by the town of Loar, inhabited by a colony of "united bretheren" from Germany; every thing around them wears an air of neatness. Recently they have built a large and beautiful flouring mill, standing on each side of the canal so that boats pass directly under it and deliver wheat or take in flour from the mill. The hills about Loar contain rich deposits of iron ore, large heaps of which are seen on the sides of the canal for several

miles. It is principally sold to the furnaces at and near to Akron, 50 miles northerly, at \$2.25 per ton, on the bank of the canal. Three miles above Loar, on the west bank of the Tuscarawas, is the site of old Fort Laurens. The ditch and parapet wall of earth are still distinctly seen, the latter four or five feet high. It embraced about half an acre of ground, on an elevated plain, perhaps 30 or 40 feet above the bottom land of the river. At the time of its erection the plain was destitute of trees of any size, and is now clothed with a growth of small scrubby oaks. About 350 yards from the fort the ground rises into moderate hills clothed with timber. Soon after the fort was built and manned by the troops under Gen. McIntosh, it was invested by the Indians and their supplies of provision cut off. During the course of the siege, an Indian took post in the top of a tall oak tree, which stood on a low hill about 350 yards from the fort, which gave him an elevation of about 100 feet above the fort. From this height he could view the interior of the garrison and daily annoyed them with his long shot, wounding several of the men. The distance was so great and the elevation so much above the garrison that it was thought to be useless to return his fire. At length one of the soldiers from near Wheeling, who had a rifle that carried an extra large ball, loaded his gun with as big a charge as he thought it would bear without bursting, and elevating the piece so as to aim a little above him, fired and luckily shot him through the

breast. He instantly lost his hold in the tree and fell dead to the ground. The tree is still standing from which he was shot and was pointed out to me by a gentlemen from Bolivar, a little above the fort and the spot where he was buried is marked out by a stone set at the head of the grave. After his fall no Indian ventured to take possession of his airy post. Plains similar to the one on which the fort stood are common in this part of the state, on the borders of the Tuscarawas and other large creeks, and are probably the effect of currents of water in a remote period. The soil of these plains is sandy, easily cultivated and produces good crops of wheat.

May 11.—At 10 oclock, A. M. passed through the village of Akron. It is situated on the summit as it is called, or on the tableland between the waters running into Lake Erie, on the north and into the Ohio, south. There are 20 locks at this place, as you descend to the lake. The Cuyahoga River passes near and in the distance of four miles is said to have a fall of 200 feet, cutting itself a deep channel in the conglomerate and other rocks, which underlie the coal measures. The Cuyahoga is here about 20 yards in width, and in its way to the lake runs a very tortuous course. At one spot a bend in the river of two miles in circuit approaches within the distance of six rods. A man has taken advantage of the turn and cut a channel across the isthmus, affording a fall of a number of feet, for a mill, now in operation. The deposits of

coal, which are abundant along the whole course of the Muskingum to the head waters of the Tuscarawas, cease near the falls of Cuyahoga, and rocks below the coal measure come to the surface from thence to the lake. As soon as one had crossed the summit and began the descent towards Cleveland, a very perceptible change is seen in the state of vegetation. The oak is barely beginning to put out leaves and the apple trees are yet in blossom, while a few miles south, the leaves are full and the blow of the apple fallen. The valley of the Cuyahoga is not over a half a mile wide, but affords fine rich alluvions for cultivation. It was in the bottoms of this stream that the Moravian Indians in the year 1785, under the care of the devoted missionaries, Hackewelder and Licsberger, on their return from the vicinity of Detroit, began a settlement a few miles from the mouth. They planted a crop of corn, but were forced to abandon it by the pagan portion of the tribe of Delewares, under the direction of their war chief Capt. Pipes, and to settle at a point several miles up the lake, above the mouth of the river. During their passage by water they stopped at the mouth of Cuyahoga and spent a short time in fishing. The fish were in great abundance and of the finest quality, being called by the Indians muskalunge, which name is still retained by the whites. At the mouth of this stream, where it joins Lake Erie, which then had floated but few vessels larger than the canoe of the Indians, are now seen steamboats of the larger

class and numerous schooners for the navigation of the lake. On the elevated plain below the outlet stands the town of Cleveland, with its eight or ten thousand inhabitants and buildings equal in splendor to those of any other city of its size in America. An immense amount of commercial business is transacted at its wharves, which swarm with all the life and bustle of an active seaport. Here terminates the Ohio canal, with all the numerous boats which float upon its narrow waters. In the short space of 55 years the gloom and silence of the wilderness has given place to civilization, with the arts of agriculture and commerce which follow in its train. Not less than 50 steamboats now navigate the lake and the business of the country is only in its infancy. To a person unacquainted with the grandeur of the sea, the first view of the lake has a sublime and imposing appearance. The wind blew strongly from the northeast and heavy surf was breaking on the shore with all the tumult of an ocean. The white foam of the curling water, glancing on the sunbeams, were seen as far as the eye could reach. At the "break-water" in the mouth of the harbor, which is formed by two parallel walls, carried 40 or 50 rods into the lake, the surf is often thrown 30 or 40 feet high. A large steamboat came into the harbor while we were admiring the scene, riding with great majesty on the surging waves. They all carry a foremast, with a large sail, to be used in case of accidents to the engine. In gales of wind they are useful in

steadying the boat; they are strongly built and stand the surf and storms of the lake as well as a ship. The waters of the lake are subject to sudden storms, and the calm and placid surface of the morning, is often fretted into angry billows before the middle of the day, and although so far inland, its navigation is considered to be far more difficult and dangerous than that of the Atlantic ocean. It has but few good harbors and that at the mouth of the Cuyahoga is thought to be one of its best. They are all liable to be blocked up by the shifting sands after a hard gale. This defect is partly remedied by running out long piers into the lake. The commerce is rapidly increasing and now employs about 300 schooners, with a few ships and brigs, in addition to the steamboats, which are generally stout built vessels, varying in size from two hundred to seven or eight hundred tons.

May 12.—This being the Sabbath we rested from our labors and attended worship in Mr. Aiken's church. He is an able preacher. The house is large, built of limestone and beautifully finished. The music was fine, a splendid organ and charming females voices to accompany it.

May 13.—Spent the day in looking at the town and the lake. In the evening were invited to take tea with Mr. Pease and wife. He is the son-in-law of my friend, Dr. Kirtland, who at present is staying at his house. The Doctor is actively engaged in collect-

ing, drawing and describing the fish of Lake Erie and of the state. They differ very materially from those which inhabit the Ohio river, being many of them not only of different species, but also of genera. The Doctor proposes publishing descriptions of all the fishes in the western waters and more especially those within the state of Ohio, which will make a very valuable addition to our natural history. He has already collected nearly all the birds of Ohio, stuffed and prepared their skins and put in nice glass eyes of his own manufacture.

May 14.—This day attended the medical convention of Ohio, assembled at this place; of which I am at present the President. About 50 physicians were present from different parts of the state, but chiefly from the northern portion. In the afternoon I delivered an address, the subject of which was the diseases of Ohio and the history of medicine in the early settlement of the state. It was published by the convention and is bound up with the transactions of that meeting.

May 15.—In company with Mr. Putnam and daughter, old lady Linsley, Mrs Putnam and my wife, we shipped on board the steamboat Erie, at 9 o'clock A. M. for Buffalo, (passage or fare \$10.00.) She was a fine boat, running 14 miles an hour and passed the Vermillion with ease, although an hour ahead of her. Reached the mouth of Grand river, a little after

12 o'clock, distance 30 miles. We also stopped a few minutes at Ashtabula and Conneaut. Arrived at the harbor of Erie at 7 P. M., the town is at some distance from the harbor, which is made by running out piers of hewed timber, filled with stone, some distance into the lake, two parallel walls of 80 or 100 rods in length. A large island defends the mouth of the harbor from storms, and has been formed within a few years by the force of the wind and the waves cutting a channel across a peninsula or headland that made out into the lake; as soon as the new channel is sufficiently deepened it will afford a passage for steamboats. Schooners now pass through it. We left Erie at 9 P. M. and arrived at Buffalo at five o'clock the next morning. Buffalo is a town of great importance in a commercial point of view, seated at the outlet of the Erie canal and at the foot of navigation on the lake, being a point from which all steamboats take their departure in voyages up the lake. Goods are here shipped and emigrants take passage for the western country. The fort is enlivened with all the bustle of a great commercial city. The town contains many splendid public buildings, especially churches. Amongst these, Baptist church is one of great beauty. The population is now about 20,000. Vegetation is here quite backward compared with that of the mouth of the Muskingum in the Ohio. The apple trees are now in blossom.

May 16.—We left Buffalo at 9 A. M. in the rail road cars for Niagara, reached the falls at 10:30. The country over which we passed is quite level and for the first few miles we had a fine view of the Canada shore, which appears to be well settled, but not so thickly as the U. S. side. As we approached the falls the noise of "many waters" was heard in awful majesty. The view of the cataracts is fully equal to all that has been said of them. That on the Canada side of the river is the largest. Goat Island is a beautiful spot and divides the river into two unequal branches. A bridge has been thrown across the rapids on the New York side, under which the water roars and foams with great fury. The rapids above will furnish an immense amount of water power without much injuring the grandeur of the falls; but I expect the time will come when the plodding Yankee will get possession here and divert the whole of the stream for the purpose of manufactures, and spoil the beauty of these grandest of all grand water falls, as they have diverted and ruined the falls of my own dear little native Spickett, in Methuen. There is yet but a small village at Niagara, owing it is said to the high prices put upon the lots. The lands on which the town is built, and those adjacent, being owned by one family.

May 17.—Took passage in the railroad cars for Lockport, at 6:30 A. M. (fare \$1.75.) The track passed through a level, rich country of land until near its termination. From the great number of stumps of

trees it seems to have been but recently put under cultivation. Fruit trees look well and the apple, pear, peach and plum are all in bloom, apples bear when only four and five years old, and I saw many trees in blossom not more than five or six feet high. Reached Lockport at 8 o'clock, running 24 miles in one hour and thirty minutes. Visited the deep cut, a mile above the town; many Irish men at work blasting the lime rock, for the widening and deepening the canal which here passed through the solid rock. The rock in which those fine crystalized spar is found is a grey crystalline limestone; above and resting on the lime is a dark slaty deposit, containing tricolites and *terrebratula*. Lockport contains many beautiful private dwellings and from the amount of water power will ultimately become a manufacturing town of importance.

May 18.—We left Lockport at 4 P. M. on the canal and reached Rochester at 5 A. M. the 18th. This is the great flour manufacturing town where they make annually 670,000 barrels, and on the Genesee River, near there, as much more. The manufacture of flour is here said to be carried to perfection and the mills and machinery constructed with the greatest nicety. Villages and towns are scattered along the canal every few miles and the face of the country beautifully variegated with hill and dale and neatly cultivated. All these towns have been built since the construction of the canal. Reached Syracuse at 5 A. M. Sunday morning.

May 19.—This being the Sabbath, we rested and attended the Presbyterian church, under the care of Rev. Mr. Adams. He is an able man in point of intellect and a sound preacher. Syracuse is a thriving town with a population of 4000 or 5000 inhabitants; it stands near the Onondaga Lake, a place celebrated from the early settlement of western New York, for its rich salt springs. Several towns have sprung up around the borders of the lake, all engaged in the salt manufacture. The brine is very strong, 40 gallons making 50 pounds of salt. The wells are from 80 to 100 feet deep, bored into the rock. From the abundance of gypsum found around the salt, in the hills and in sinking wells, there is a strong possibility, that the brine is derived from a deposit of fossil or rock salt. A large proportion of the salt is made by solar evaporation of the brine in broad, shallow wooden vats. The quantity made exceeds two millions of bushels annually. The old town of Onondaga stands on a hill two miles southwest of Syracuse and grew up from the salt manufacture. The country around is beautifully diversified with hill and dale, affording many picturesque views. The lake of Onondaga is a fine sheet of water, about two miles wide and six long, the shores are marshy, which much injures its beauty. The Seneca canal, here puts out from the Erie and opens an intercourse with Lake Ontario, for the salt and other merchandise shipped on these waters. Syracuse is destined to become a city of great impor-

tance from its connection with the salines and the rich country around it.

May 20.—Left Syracuse on Monday at 5 A. M., in the canal packet, for Utica. Observed as we passed along, for a few miles east of the town large heaps of plaster or gypsum, lying near the canal for transport to the plaster mills, it is worth here about seventy-five cents per ton, and when ground \$3.00. It is of a dark brown color and chiefly used for agricultural purposes, the main deposit of this mineral is found in the townships of Maulins and De Witte, in Oneida county, embracing a territory of about 10 miles square. It is not a regular, continuous deposit, like limestone, but is found in detached, pyramidal masses in the earth, some of which contain a thousand or more tons; others are small. It seems to have been formed by aggregation, like argillaceous iron ores, by molecular attraction. The masses when found are coated with marl and are seen in any quantity west of Onondaga lake, and this mineral is geologically connected with the salt rock. The country along the borders of the canal from Syracuse to Utica is swampy, especially on the north side. A large portion of it is probably made from the recession of the waters of lake Oneida, and what is now swampy land and covered with a growth of white cedar, ash, elm, etc., was once covered with the water of the lake. The south side is partly bordered with uplands, which are generally



HARRIETT ELIZA HILDRETH

well cultivated, many beautiful villages are scattered along the margin of the canal, all of which appear to be thriving. At Rome, we fall upon the waters of the Mohawk. It is a beautiful stream and associated with many interesting events in the early history of the country. Arrived at Utica at 6 P. M. It is a very active, business like place, containing many beautiful churches and about 12,000 inhabitants. The streets are well paved and the retail stores quite showy. It is seated in the midst of a rich country and was formerly deeply engaged in the Potash trade, the source of much of the wealth in this part of the state.

May 21.—Left Utica at 9 A. M., in the railroad cars for Albany, a part of the way traveled at the rate of 30 miles an hour, or a mile in two minutes, a little like flying. The country over which we passed is in the valley of the Mohawk. The bottoms or flats, are wide in some parts of the valley, in others narrow. The land is not very wide, except in the vicinity of Schenectady, where are located the celebrated "German flats," noted for their fertility. At the "Little Falls," we pass over Greywacke rocks, of a slaty structure, which rock forms the falls or rapids. Fine crystals of quartz are found here, which the boys collect and sell to the passengers in the rail cars, or other travelers. I bought a few, but they were rather small. We passed through Herkimer, Amsterdam and Schenectady, all old dutch towns, settled in early times. Between the latter town and Albany the

country is composed of a sandy soil covered with yellow or pitch pine; in the low wet grounds, white birch. Near Albany the industrious farmers are reclaiming these barren sands by cultivation; especially Judge Buell, whose nursery, garden and farm is seated in this district and which he has made rich and productive by a proper course of cultivation. Albany, the favorite town of the early dutch fur-traders, yet contains some few of the ancient, high peaked roof edifices of the first inhabitants, one of which I entered and examined. The lofty peaked roof, small windows, and yellow bricks said to be brought from Holland, stout, heavy timbers that support the chamber floors, are strikingly characteristic of the style of building in that early day. A horse shoe is still nailed over the door, placed there by the builder or early proprietor, as a charm against the evil devices of spooks or witches who used terribly to harrass the early settlers of New Amsterdam and Albany. In the potency of this charm the early dutch settlers were firm believers. The present owner of this house is a baker; and had occasion to put on a new roof, the old one having become leaky, after the lapse of a hundred years. It was composed of cedar shingles, five feet long and six inches wide. The timbers of the roof are yet sound and may last another century. I also visited the museum, which contains a great number of rare and valuable specimens in natural history and some oil paintings. The state house now building, of white

marble from "Sing-Sing" and the blocks wrought by the convicts in the state prison, will be when finished, a noble structure. It however loses much of its effect from standing too near the street. If placed on the ground occupied by the present capital with spacious grounds round it, the appearance would have been greatly more beautiful. The city contains several splendid churches, especially the Baptist and Catholic. It is a place of great business, being the mart at which the products of the canal and the goods for the western states are shipped.

May 22.—At 7 A. M., took passage on the Hudson River, in steamboat "Troy," for New York. The views along the shores of the river are very beautiful. Variegated with sloping hill sides, fine country seats and charming water scenery. The numerous ships, sloops and steamboats, which navigate this noble river, add greatly to its natural beauty. The passage through the highlands and view of West-Point is very grand. The mountains however do not look so high as I had expected, nor so precipitous and rocky. The passage of Haverstraw and Tappaan Sea, brought to mind some of the happiest imaginings and sketches of Washington Irving, in his legend of Sleepy Hollow and Dolph Heilyer. The scene of Andre's capture and treason of Arnold are places deeply interesting to the mind of every natural American. At the lower outlet of the Tappaan Sea, we passed the house of Washington Irving. It is beautifully situated in view of the river, in

Westchester County, amidst the scenes of the early adventures, which he delighted to picture and embellish with his fruitful imagination. The Pallisades begin just below, on the right bank of the river and have the appearance of basaltic rocks shooting up into columns of 150 feet high, and from their resemblance to immense pallisades of timber, received their present name. The rock is serpentine or sienite, and as it annually separates into blocks by the action of frozen rain and snow in the crevices of the columns, it falls down the slope and rolls nearly to the waters edge. Large quantities of the debris are boated to the city of New York, and used for filling into the wharves and low grounds. We arrived at the S. boat landing about 6 P. M., having run the distance of 160 miles in eleven hours.

May 23.—We put up at the U. S. Hotel, formerly known as "Holts Hotel." It is an immense pile, seven stories high and extending from Fulton to Pearl Street, more than one-hundred feet; the basement is occupied for stores. New York is a great city and does a large commercial business; far more than any other city in America. Broadway and Bond Street abound in splendid buildings. The city banks, for convenience, are chiefly located near each other in Wall Street, which street is proverbial in money transaction. The bank buildings are generally splendid structures made of granite or marble, several new ones are now building. The continual noise and confusion of the streets is very striking and annoying to strangers,

especially to those from the back woods. The streets being paved with round stones, the rattling of the carriage wheels is like the roaring of a cataract, and it requires some exertion and attention to converse on the sidewalks. Experiments are now making in paving with blocks of wood, which will effectually relieve all the noise of the wheels, if carried into execution. The city is four miles long and in a few years will cover the whole of the Island. Brooklyn, on Long Island, lies opposite the old city and is the third town in the state for size. A steam ferryboat crosses the river every five or ten minutes, night and day, for the convenience of travelers, and for the people going to market with provisions. The fish market is a great curiosity and is said to furnish the best of fish and in as great variety as any others in the world.

May 24.—At 7 o'clock this morning took passage in the steamboat "Splendid," for New Haven, Connecticut. The voyage down the narrows and sound is very pleasant, abounding in fine scenery. "Hell-gate and Spiking-devil," have lost nearly all their terrors in these degenerate days, although so much dreaded by the early dutch navigators, in the times of Peter the testy. Steamboats pass them at any and all times of tide, and sloops and schooners when the wind is fair; whereas in the olden time the navigator used to wait for wind and tide both to be favorable, whenever they passed these dreaded whirlpools. We reached New Haven at 3 P. M. The city is noted for its beauty of loca-

tion and classic neatness of its buildings, especially many of its private dwellings. Quite a number of wealthy individuals from the large cities have chosen this place for a home, on account of the facilities for education, and the quiet repose which prevades its broad avenues of noble elms, no town in America being more beautifully provided with shade trees than that of New Haven. The graveyard, or cemetery, is a model of neatness, and death looses half its terrors when we reflect that our bodies are to be laid quietly in such a beautiful spot, until the day of resurrection, when these vile tabernacles of flesh are to be clothed anew, with an immortal and brighter covering. Many nice monuments are seen, built of marble, granite or sandstone, which display much classic beauty and tasteful design. The state house makes a grand appearance, although only of stucco, and the three churches in front, near the center of the spacious public grounds, have a noble and imposing aspect. The college buildings are erected on the back side of the common and extend entirely across it, affording ample quarters for four or five hundred students. My friend Mr. B. Silliman, called on us at our lodgings, and with him we visited the cemetery, and spent the evening at his house, looking at some of his rare books on natural history and curious articles sent to him by his friends. Amongst the latter is a beautiful table, the top of which is made from the roots of an olive tree, which grew on the mount of olives at Jerusalem

and the shaft and feet from the cedar wood of Mt. Lebanon. The venerable Col. Trumbull, uncle to Mrs. Silliman, is now living in Mr. Silliman's family, at the age of 86 years. A number of his paintings decorate their parlor. A family piece was shown us of Mrs. Silliman's oldest daughter, husband and child, painted last year, which is said to be very correct, showing that "his eye is not yet dim, nor his natural force abated." He is a very interesting man and the only officer now living who was attached to Gen. Washington's family, in the early part of the revolution. He is at present engaged in writing a sketch of his life and times, which must be very interesting to us of these modern days. Professor Silliman is one of the most affable and amiable of men, as well as the most learned. He is very happy in his wife and family of lovely children, forming a beautiful model of domestic enjoyment.

May 25.—Mr. Silliman very kindly invited us to spend the time at his house, while we remained in New Haven. His family is now composed of his wife, two daughters and a son, with Col Trumbull, a little community in which is blended love, piety and happiness. The grounds around his house are tastefully arranged and located in a retired part of the city, in the midst of gentlemen seats. His library occupies a distinct building, attached to the house, and is very large, embracing many of the scientific periodicals of Europe as well as America. We spent a part of the

day in examining the Trumbull gallery of paintings, kept in a building erected for their reception and constructed in the most favorable manner for the distribution of light. It is very rich in historical paintings of scenes in the revolutionary war; and that which adds greatly to their value, is the fact that all the principal figures in these pieces are accurate portraits of the men, taken by Col. Trumbull during and soon after the close of the war. For these paintings, which are given to the colleges, he receives \$1000 a year from the trustees, during his remaining life. All the avails of the exhibitions of this gallery go to the support of indigent students in the college, so that the labors of his pencil will continue to bless and to charm mankind for ages after his death. The collection of minerals attached to Yale is very great and very excellent, superior to that of any other in America. It was collected by Col. Gibbs, a number of years since, at an expense of nearly \$20,000. Dr. Hooker, professor of Anatomy, politely showed us the anatomical collection of the medical college; and also the birds, sent from China by Dr. Parker, a missionary. They are exceedingly rare and beautiful.

May 26.—This day being the Sabbath, we attended church at the chapel of the college. About three hundred and fifty students were present. Professor Silliman and family uniformly attend worship here. In the evening, paid my respects to the venerable Noah Webster, by calling with Mr. Silliman at his

house. He is now 84 years old, but active in body and nearly as brilliant in mind as he ever was. I consider this man as first in American literature, and as having done more for the enduring fame of the country in letters, than any other person.

May 27.—We bid adieu to our kind friends this morning and took seats in the stage coach for Hartford. The country over which we passed is beautiful to the eye, but the soil is not rich. The Farmington canal is in sight of the road for a considerable portion of the way and ranges of Traprock mountains are seen a few miles west, to within a short distance of Hartford. The day was fine in the A. M. but showery in the P. M. Arrived at Hartford at four P. M., distance 40 miles.

May 28.—The city of Hartford lies on the west bank of Connecticut River and is a beautiful town of about 12,000 inhabitants. For its size, it is said to contain as much wealth as any other in the union. There are many splendid churches. The statehouse is a fine building and the legislature are now in session; sitting here and at New Haven, alternately. Called on Dr. Comstock, the author of many useful compilations of elementary books for schools. He is a very sprightly, intelligent and agreeable man. Sloops and schooners navigate the river to Hartford and far above. A steamboat also carried passengers and is intended to run this summer to Springfield. At 7 A. M. left Hartford in the coach for Worcester, crossing the river

in a horse power ferry boat. The road passes up the valley of the river sixteen miles, through a highly cultivated and rich region of land, with beautiful villages every few miles. After leaving the valley, the road crosses the east range of Traprock hills. Here we found the apple tree just shedding its blossoms, and the canker worm not seen in the trees as it is in the lower country, especially at New Haven, where this hateful and destructive insect has stripped of their foliage many of the fine elm trees on the commons, and appeared in countless millions along the walks, and even on the Sabbath, entered the chapel and ascended the stairs to the upper story of the house. The district of country passed over today from the river lands till we reached Brimfield, in the state of Massachussetts, is very rocky and miserably poor, with few villages. Stamford is the only one of any size, here there is a fine stream of water, with falls, that are duly occupied with factories of cotton, woolen, etc. Many ponds and small lakes of water are seen as we pass along and add much to the beauty of the region. After entering Massachussetts, the road passed through Brimfield, Brookfield, Spencer and Leicester, all of which are beautiful villages, especially Brookfield and Leicester. The lands are highly cultivated and the aspect of the country fine. I noticed that the lands along the road side were unfenced and the fields not enclosed, this probably arose from the prohibition of the running at large of any cattle or hogs. It looked quite curious,

but must make a great saving of expense in fencing. The rock formation along the road today is greywacke slate, some granite and sienite, with indications of iron ores, especially in Stamford, Connecticut. From the miserable state of the turnpike road and the slow driving of the coaches, we did not reach Worcester till half past nine o'clock. Put up at the Temperance House.

May 29.—Having a letter of introduction from Professor Silliman to Dr. Woodard, the Superintendent of the Hospital for the insane, I visited that institution and was much gratified with the neatness and order which pervaded every part of it. It is conducted on the most approved modern principles and the treatment is very successful. Amongst the inmates, I met with an old acquaintance, Mrs.— once Nancy Kimball of Bradford, Mass. She was dressed very neatly, but rather fancifully; looked in good health. She recognized me at once, calling me by name, although it is more than thirty years since I saw her. She appears sane on all subjects but one, and that is the one of appropriating to her own use, every little article that comes within her reach, or an inveterate habit of stealing. The inmates generally seemed to be very happy and were treated as respectfully as if they were in their right and sound reason. By the aid of Judge Pain and Mr. Jennison, cashier of the Worcester bank, we were admitted to view the interior of the Antiquarian Hall, built by that noble minded man, Isaiah

Thomas, the patron of American printers. It contains a vast collection of books, pictures, prints and some antique furniture, all relating to the first settlement of the country. The grounds around are richly ornamented with evergreen trees and shrubs, as they are also around the hospital. Both of them are noble buildings for the uses to which they are devoted. Worcester is distinguished for its many beautiful private dwellings, especially on the rising ground a little back of the main street, richly embellished with gardens and shrubbery. The prospect from this elevation is one of the finest I have ever seen, embracing a view of the whole city and of the picturesque country for many miles around, in every direction. The adjacent region is finely cultivated and is diversified with hills and vales, with here and there woodlands and small lakes. The town contains 7000 inhabitants and has been the place of residence for many years of some of the first men in the state. We left Worcester for Boston in the railroad cars at four P. M. The track passed through several pretty villages and in Newton, by Kenricks and Winships gardens. It enters the suburbs of Boston, over the marshes on Roxbury neck. We arrived at 7 P. M. I found my brother Charles and his wife in good health. Our journey has been attended with no accident or loss by the way, but the kind hand of our Heavenly Father has guided and directed us in all our journey; for which we would

desire to be grateful and to acknowledge his mercies with all humility and thankfulness.

May 30.—After delivering my letters and writing five others to my sisters, home, etc., called on Dr. Bass at the Atheneum. Had time to look at but few of the many interesting things in that institution. In the P.M. went over to Roxbury to visit Walker's collections of Tulips and Pansies. They are very superb, extending to nearly 300 varieties. Met with Mr. Enoch Bartlett of Roxbury, formerly of Haverhill, who owns a beautiful seat with many rare fruit trees and shrubbery. He took me over his grounds. Roxbury contains a large number of gardens and showy residences, owned many of them by gentlemen from Boston.

May 31.—In the forenoon visited the Massachusetts Hospital, by invitation of Dr. I. C. Warren, and saw Dr. Jarvis remove a large tumor from the inner portion of the thigh of a female patient, weighing more than a pound. Dr. Warren sounded a young man for stone in the bladder, but found it only a indurated thickening. Saw a fracture treated with starched rollers, very neatly applied and quite successfully. In the P. M., after dining in company with Dr. Storer and Dr. Jackson, at my brothers, went over to Winship's garden in Newton. It is a splendid place and gives constant employ to about twenty laborers.

June 1.—I spent the early portion of the morning n visiting the Quincy Market. It is a noble building

constructed of granite, at an expense of several hundred thousand dollars, while Josiah Quincy, the president of Harvard University, was mayor of Boston, several years since. The stalls are kept in the neatest possible condition and are filled with the nicest articles of food, both of fish, flesh and vegetables. In the forenoon examined the collection in the Boston Natural History Society rooms which are very extensive, and very interesting and valuable. It contains many shells, all the fish and reptiles of Massachusetts, with fossils, etc. Dr. Storer, Dr. Binny, with many others, have been active in establishing it. In the afternoon visited the Boston Atheneum, examined some rare books in Natural history, prints, etc., amongst them is a copy of Audubon's great work on American Ornithology, costing about \$800 a set. There are said to be more than 20 copies of this grand work owned in Boston, a larger number than in any other city in America, and goes to show the wealth, literary and scientific taste, of the Bostonians. Dr. Bass, the librarian, treated me with great politeness.

June 2.—Sabbath day, attended church in A. M., at the Park Street Chapel. In the P. M., at the Boyl Stone Chapel, Baptist Society. Mr. Lincoln, preacher; music fine and conducted with great spirit.

June 3.—In the A. M., visited the cemetery at Mt. Auburn. It is a most interesting spot, containing about 70 acres, variegated with hill and dale and neat pools or small ponds of water. It is laid out

into lots with avenues and graveled walks, leading from point to point, and covered with wood of the native growth and many evergreens from other parts of the country. Numerous monuments are already erected by the owners of the lots, and enclosed with neat cast iron railings and planted with flowering shrubs. Some of these monuments are beautiful models of sculpture and due credit to American Artists. Many of the lots are bordered with flowering plants, which are kept very neat and clean from weeds, and by the beauty and sweetness of their flowers, dispel much of the gloom which accompanies the sight of the dwelling place of the dead. Here it is a relief to the mind when it reflects that the body after death, will repose amidst so much that is pleasant and delightful. The view from several of the hill tops is very fine, but will soon be obstructed by the annual growth of the trees, unless the axe and the pruning knife are kept more freely applied. Even now much of the effect and beauty of the foliage is destroyed by the crowded condition of the trees. Every tree should have room to expand and throw out its branches or its symmetry and graceful appearance is ruined. This is especially the case with evergreens; and now many of the cedars and pines are in a sickly state of decay, from suffering too many to grow in a small place. The consequence is that they thin out themselves by natural decay, instead of the axe of the forester. The superintendent, Mr. Russell, appears to be a man of skill and correct

taste in woodcraft and ornamental gardening, and might be safely trusted to manage the pruning and cultivating the trees, shrubs and vines, which decorate this beautiful place. The pools and small lakes of fresh water which dot and embellish the grounds, would be much more ornamental if they were occupied by a variety of aquatic plants, such as *nympha odorata*, *nelumbium rubrum*, etc., which if not found in New England, are natives of the west and would flourish in this climate. The situation of the cemetery is unique and will in a few years be the wonder and admiration of strangers and a proud memorial of the classic taste of the citizens of Boston. My brother Charles is the owner of one of the lots and has here deposited the remains of his only child, his dear little "Willie," when only 3 years old. He has erected a neat and chaste monument to his memory, and will here direct his own body to be placed at his death. Made a call at the room of Professor Harris, librarian of the Cambridge University. He showed us some very antique manuscripts of the Bible, superbly illuminated and beautifully written. Also Denon's great work on Egypt, a single copy of which cost \$1000, and few only were printed by order of the great Napoleon. They have a fine cabinet of shells, amongst which I noticed a suit of our western shells presented by myself to the university in 1835. We visited Hovey's garden in Cambridgeport, he has a fine collection of greenhouse plants and other rare flowers. His name

is becoming quite famous for a very large new variety of strawberry originated by himself.

June 4.—Visited Winship's and Kenrick's gardens at Brighton and Newton, was treated with much politeness by Mr. Winship, but did not find Mr. Kenrick at home; his sister however received us very kindly, and showed us the beauties of his collection. Returned back through the village of Brighton, the great cattle market. Saw Mr. Pomeroy's (now of Pomeroy, Ohio) former dwelling place, where he used to raise fruits and vegetables for Boston market. It abounds with numerous rural seats, cottages and summer residences, highly beautiful and creditable to the taste of the Bostonians.

June 5.—Visited again the Atheneum, examined the books and prints, many of which are rare and valuable. Also viewed the picture gallery owned by the Atheneum, the avails of which go to the support of this establishment. There were also a number exhibited, owned by Mr. Hayward. Some of these paintings are masterpieces of art, especially a fruit piece, by Ancl. The grapes look as if they were translucent, and that the very living fruit was before you.

June 6.—Looked into Warren's and Drake's antiquarian bookstore, for early writers on the western country. Found a copy of Imlays travel's and an old volume of Dr. Pradt's history of Florida; also a copy of Bartram's travels in Florida, a rare work; and copy

of Bernal Dias' history of the conquest of Mexico, also a rare work until it was reprinted in Salem, in 1802. These with a few other travels, I purchased and will add considerably to my collections of old writers. Saw a copy of Dampier's voyages, printed in 1700; which I also purchased afterwards.

June 7.—Took passage in the railroad cars for Salem, and from thence by stage to Portland. We took this route by land, in preference to that by water, on account of sea sickness. At Salem and along the road to Portland found the apple and quince still in blossom. Indian corn was up and ready for the first hoeing. Grass was quite forward in the meadows and pastures. The narrow leaved kalima was also in bloom in the town of Wells; it reminded me of the days of boyhood, as did also the alder and birch along the low ground, which plants are unknown on the Ohio. Our road led us through Newburyport, Portsmouth, Kennebunk and Saco. Reached Portland at 10 P.M. considerably wearied after a ride of 115 miles; the road on the borders of New Hampshire and Maine is rocky and rough, much of the way across swamps and low wet grounds. The cultivation is rather poor, as the soil is so barren they have little to encourage their industry. The native growth of the forest is composed of pine, hemlock, spruce and many silver firs, with occasional patches of beech. A part of the road in Wells, lies in sight of the ocean for a number of miles. The declining sun cast its rays on the white sails of

several vessels in the distance and added much to the beauty of the deep blue of the water. Portland is a place of considerable commerce, is beautifully located on a deep bay, dotted with islands. It has many fine dwelling houses, indeed so many as to be called a city of palaces. It is a splendid town and has a population of about 15,000.

June 8.—Passed the day in looking at the town in company with Capt. Day, my brother-in-law. It is located on a peninsula nearly an island; two or three bridges and ferries connect it with the main, and with Cape Elizabeth. The citizens are building a splendid townhouse for commercial purposes, town business, etc. The material is a beautiful sienitic granite.

June 9.—Attended the Baptist church in A.M., in the afternoon attended at the Unitarian. The latter is an elegantly finished building, with an organ. There are nine or ten churches in the town.

June 10.—We rode round the environs of the city with the Captain and sister Day. There are some fine promenades on the margin of the bay, ornamented with trees. Many beautiful views of the bay and harbor are seen from different points of the uplands. Took tea with Mrs. Hood, a daughter of old deacon Sargent of Methuen, by a second wife. Her husband is a captain of a ship in the West India trades and was not at home. We had a very pleasant visit, talking of old friends and acquaintances.

June 11.—Took a very pleasant ride over to Cape Elizabeth, distant about six miles, with our friends. It is a long point of land projecting into the bay, south of Portland. It affords some good farming lands, the natural growth is chiefly spruce, pine and fir trees. The rocks are granite, trap, talcose, slate, etc., some dark masses of which have led the owners to think there was bituminous or anthracite coal to be found. A search was made by boring to the depth of 150 feet, but no coal was discovered. The position of the rock is nearly vertical and if there was any coal it would be exposed at their out crossing edges, so that any hope of finding it by boring, is vain.

June 12 and 13.—Spent these two days in visiting our relatives and taking tea with some kind neighbors, Mr. J. Dow and Mr. Shaw, who married a daughter of my sister Bradley. Also rode out with Dr. Wood, to visit the landslide, a curious slip on a small river near the bay. Many fossil shells are found here, of a species that are now extinct on this coast. One is *nucula portlandica*; collected several specimens of these shells.

June 14.—We left Portland for Haverhill, by the way of Portsmouth, Exeter and Plaistow. Some of the way is over a beautiful country, finely cultivated. Passed the night in Portsmouth, it is quite a pleasant city and is the main seaport of New Hampshire.

June 15.—Reached Haverhill at 12 noon, passing through the ancient and beautiful village of Exeter.

Here is located one of the oldest and best endowed Academies in New England. Many of our most able men received their primary education at this school. We found our friends, sister Newcomb and family, all well. The town of Haverhill has greatly improved in appearance in the last 24 years; but still miserably deficient in side walks and public embellishments. Railroads are now all the rage in Massachussetts, and one is constructing from this place to Portsmouth, by way of Dover.

June 16.—Attended the Baptist church with Mr. Newcomb's family, and in the P. M. the Unitarian with brother Enoch Bradley and sister Abigail, who lived three miles west and come down to see us. My sister is very fleshy and healthy, has nine children, all grown and some of them married.

June 17.—Wrote to Dr. Putnam, as to the time of our meeting him in New York. Are enjoying the company of sister N. and her children, consisting of two daughters and a son; the two older sons being away from home. Her children are very interesting; but the daughters have very delicate health, inclined to dyspepsia, which is no doubt in great part owing to a lack of outdoor exercise.

June 18.—Looked about the village to see the changes which had taken place since I left it. Called on Mrs. Smith, the daughter of old Captain White, of Methuen, and was once my schoolmate; she was

much rejoiced to see me. In the afternoon, brother Bradley called and took us up to his house in his carriage; found them all well, and the old house looking much as it used to. He had a very fine farm, nicely cultivated, and a mill for grinding grain, the product of the mill he sells in the Haverhill market. His great object all his life has been to make money and grow rich; he has accomplished it by unerring diligence and great frugality.

June 19.—I made a visit to Methuen, the place of my birth, in company with sister Bradley's youngest son, Joseph, while my wife remained at her house. The old house, which is a plain two story building of wood, remains in much the state it was forty years ago. The barn is still standing and reminded me of many of my childish adventures. Examined with much interest the room in which I was born and the one where I slept when a boy, for many years. The scenery around is much changed. Where there was a small woodland, it is now pasturage, and the hill pasture is changed partly to woodland, by the spontaneous growth of pitch pine, which have sprung up like mushrooms in a night. The meeting house, which stood a few rods from our door, has been removed about a mile. And the little red school house where I first learnt to read, under the care of good old Sally Wood, has followed it. Our old house is now occupied by James Frye, a native of Methuen, and his wife is Betsey Hall, also one of my old school

mates and sister to Moses, who was one of my boyish companions. After looking about for an hour or two, visiting the burying grounds, which was close to the meeting house and examining the tombstones covered with names once familiar to my mind, many curious and melancholy musings came over me. Here once my kind mother lived, with all my sisters and playmates of childhood. Where are they now? They are many of them in their graves, and I am rapidly hastening after them. While in the graveyard, met with old John Russ, a former neighbor and an uncle to the boy I most loved when quite in my childhood. He was much pleased to see me and asked many questions as to my welfare. I also met at Mr. Frye's, with David Pace; son of the old sailor who used to sing me so many songs, when I was a boy. David looked old and rather shabby in his appearance, and had difficulty in recognizing my face. From here we rode over to the farm of my uncle Alpheus Bodwell, and the former homestead of my grandfather Bodwell. It lies on the bank of the Merrimac river, half a mile above the bridge. This spot is less changed than any other I have seen. My uncle is 80 years old, but looks healthy and very much as he used to, 40 years ago. Aunt Hannah has been dead for some years, and all my cousins but two. Hannah, the youngest daughter, is married and lives with her father; she gave me for dinner one of those nice shad fish from the river, that I used to catch when

a boy, and cooked in the same way, and one of the rich custard pies that aunt Hannah used to treat me to when I visited her in the days of my youth. She was my favorite aunt and I loved her more than any of the others, from her cheerful, affectionate manners and kind attention to all my little wants. Could I have seen her yet alive, and at the table, my joy would have been complete. My uncle is a stout Universalist and urged me strongly to read one or two of his favorite authors, saying they would soon convert me to his way of belief. My grandmother was a very pious, strict woman in her views and firmly attached to the faith of the old Puritans, and had she been alive, would have been greatly grieved at her sons Universalist notions. I asked him what his mother would say to him, if she was living. "Oh, as to that" he said, "she would have been of the same way of thinking if she had read his books." My uncle was a very pleasant and excellent man, but is sadly led away in his old age. After dinner we visited the falls of the Spicket, passing over a high hill, called "Tower-hill;" from the top of which I had fine view of Andover, the place where I had spent seven of the happiest years of my life. It was along a part of the road that my mother and myself used to travel, on the back of the red mare, in our visits to her old home, at grandfather Bodwell's. At the falls of the Spickett there is now quite a large manufacturing town sprung up within a few years. Formerly there was only two or three

dwelling houses here and two great mills, one on each side of the falls. Here my uncle John Sargent lived, and when a boy I used to carry corn and rye here to be ground, on the back of the old mare. Now there were several large cotton factories here and a village of more than 1500 inhabitants. Visited the spot a little above the falls, where I used to go a fishing with my cousin Frederic, while the grist was grinding at the mill. In the meadows along the banks of the Spickett we used to gather cranberries and drink water from the flower cups of the saresennia, or side saddle plant that grew along the margin. To make the remembrance of the part the more vivid, I again pulled some of the side saddle cups and quenched my thirst from the limpid waters of this beautiful stream. In my return to Mr. Bradley's, passed many of the houses of my old neighbors, now owned by others, and the playmates of my youth dead or scattered abroad. So passes away and continually changes all earthly things. On our way came across several patches of ripe strawberries, by the side of the road.

June 20.—In company with Mr. Bradley and wife, made a visit to Derry in New Hampshire, distant about eight miles, to Mr. John Nesmith, who married my sister, Susan Hildreth. She was the eldest sister and first born child of my mother. She was married in the year 1797, and had eight children, four sons and four daughters. She now has been dead 25 years. The children are all married or scattered abroad, except

Mary the third daughter, who is quite an invalid, being lame in one knee and remains at home with her father and stepmother, who is a very kind woman and much respected by the children. Before marriage she was Lydia Sargent, the daughter of the old Deacon, our neighbor, noticed in the early part of my memoir. Mr. Nesmith is now 72 years old and much debilitated and broken by age, as well as by a shock of the palsy. In my boyhood this was a favorite place for me to visit, often spending a week or more with my sister. At that time old Mr. Nesmith, the father of John, was living. He was one of the most unaffectedly pious men I ever saw, and in his family devotion, morning and evening, exhibited more of the true spirit of prayer, in the tones of his voice and language, than I ever heard on any other person. No one could listen to his affecting appeals without rising from his knees a better man. He was of Scotch descent, and his father was one of the early Scotch adventurers, who settled Londonderry. For many years after their settlement, and when I was a boy, they used to hold annually in October, a fair, after the manner of their country. It continued for three or four days, and at it were exhibited for exchange various kinds of cloth, especially linen, cattle, sheep, horses, etc. The original intention of the fairs was useful, but as stores increased in the country and regular trade was carried on, this mode of exchange and barter gradually fell into disuse, and it was for many years only attended by horse jockeys,

gamblers, show men, etc., and was a scene of dissipation, so that finally it was several years ago entirely abolished. The country is very much improved in appearance within the last 30 years, and the farms better cultivated. The roads are much smoother, but the soil is naturally poorer, being composed of disintegrated granite rock. On our return we passed through the place where I first kept school, in the winter of 1800. We also visited the falls of the Spickett, a favorite spot in my boyhood. My uncle John Sargent owned one of the grist mills and a fulling mill formerly erected here. There is a fall of 30 feet, over solid rocks of mica slate; which when the river is full banks, made a grand and romantic appearance, throwing the water into a sheet of foam and filling the air with the spray like a dense fog. The fall is now shorn of its beauty. Nearly all the water is diverted from its bed to turn the machinery of several cotton factories, that have sprung up at this place; and with a numerous population have supplanted the old grist-mill which for so many years added to the charm of this romantic place. The change is no doubt for the best, in this utilitarian age. The old mills are gone and the exact spot where they stood is difficult to be ascertained, so completely covered is the margin of the falls, with walls and buildings. Two or three of my female cousins yet linger around the place of their birth, but the home of their father is passed into other hands. We took tea with a daughter of my uncle

Dr. John Bodwell, who is married and lives here; her husband, Mr. Waldo being engaged in the factories. We passed in our return, and made a short call at the old house of my father. The little elm trees where I used to sit in the forks of the branches and read some interesting book, during the heat of the day, have grown to be of great size and beauty. We crossed Bloody Brook where I used to bleach linen cloth, and take so much comfort with Daniel Russ, in sailing our mimic ships, with a deep sigh and the fondest regret. We passed down the old road by Mitchell's Falls, on the route I used to travel when driving my ox team on the journeys to Harverhill, for merchandise to sell in our little store at Methuen. Happy, happy days, never again to return; but more or less appreciated and understood by every one who has arrived at the years of manhood. We reached Mr. Bradley's, just at dark much gratified with our days adventures.

June 21.—Returned this morning to Haverhill village. Visited the garden of Mr. Harman; it is very neatly cultivated and contains four large houses for the growing of foreign grapes. They are filled with fine vines loaded with fruit. He also cultivated several varieties of plums.

June 22.—In the afternoon took leave of my sister and family with many kind adieus. She is an excellent woman, very pious; but does not enjoy good health, and is the mother of 6 children; three sons and three

daughters. Her husband is a worthy man and has from his regular business habits laid up a competency for his family. My other sister, Abigail Bradley, is now 59 years old, is of a very industrious turn and quite unobtrusive manners. She is married to a bustling, thrifty, saving man, who thinks that this world and all its beautiful productions was made only to be turned into money, and anything which cannot be converted into dollars and cents is of no account. They have nine children. In our journey of this day to Lowell, we passed through the "West Parish" of Haverhill, into Methuen. Our route lay by the falls of the Spickett, the scene of many of my youthful gambols. This spot is so changed by the interference of men that I could hardly recognize it. The country around is greatly improved in its agricultural aspect. The numerous cotton factories and other improvements in the arts, have created a demand for, and enhanced the price of the product of the soil, greatly benefitting the farmers. From "the falls" we passed through the western part of Methuen, into Dracutt, near the spot where my father first commenced the practice of medicine, and the arduous duties of the head of a family, in the year 1777. Here my two eldest sisters were born. We also passed the hemlock swamp where old Tommy Barker gathered his white birch stock for brooms, and near which he lived. From Dracutt, we crossed over the Merrimac river at the falls of Pawtucket on a bridge into the town of Lowell, now the largest manu-

facturing town in America. It numbers 20,000 inhabitants. We were very cordially received by our friend, Dr. E. Huntington and family. The Dr. is not only highly esteemed as a man and as a physician, but is also mayor of the city.

June 23.—This being the Sabbath, we attended the Episcopal church with the family of Dr. Huntington. The service of the church is always impressive and with the tones of a fine organ made the day a very interesting one. In the evening went out with the Doctor, in his carriage to visit some of his patients, who resided in the suburbs.

June 24.—This day made an excursion in the stage coach to Townsend, distant 24 miles. It was the birth place of my father, where he resided until he was 21 years old, working on the farm of his parents in the summer months and at the trade or art of coopering in the winter. It is a calling in which nearly all the inhabitants of the town are to this day engaged, except when occupied with the work of their farms. In my journey there, passed through the towns of Danstable and Pepperill. In Townsend, a place called "the Harbor," seated on the Squanacook river, was formerly the main spot for business, having a mill, a store and a tavern. It is now a village of 15 or 20 houses. Several such villages are built up in the township. My grandfather's farm was located on "Wallace's Hill" a broad elevated range of country three miles north of "the Harbor," and near the line

of New Hampshire. After ascending the slope of the hill the eye of the traveler is greeted with one of the broadest and grandest views I have seen in any part of my journey. The range of the Monadnie mountains bounds the view to the west, stretching like the walls of a vast amphitheatre from the north to the south, the distance of more than seventy miles. The Wachusett, the Amonoosack, etc., are among the most prominent of the peaks. Between Wallace's hill and this range of mountains, the country looks like a deep valley, dotted with villages and the spires of many country churches, scattered over a space of 15 or 20 miles in width, by 30 or 40 in length. The farm of my grandfather contained about 100 acres, on which he lived, but he owned another tract of about 150 acres, chiefly of woodland in a distant part of the town. The homestead was composed of fine farming land for this part of the country, and contained many fruit trees of his planting. I collected memorials of my attachment and respect for the old place, by breaking small portions from the granite rocks, laid up in the stone wall near the house, and cut a twig from an ancient pear tree near the door. From an aged woman, Mrs. Campbell whom I found at the humble dwelling of my fathers, (It is only a small, low house, of one story high), I learned many interesting facts in the history of the family, she having lived on the adjoining farm all her life time. She says my grandfather was only a moderate sized man, but that my

grandmother was not only tall, but very corpulent, weighing nearly or quite 350 pounds. She had a married sister who was still larger than herself. My grandfather died first, about the year 1795, and my grandmother a year or two later. The farm was for some time owned by my father, who sold it to a Mr. Campbell, the son of the old lady, my informant. Mr. Brooks, another old neighbor, also told me many things as to the marriages of my aunts, nine in number. I left the place with hallowed recollections, and tender impressions of the simple habits and homely manners of my ancestors, in the early days of the country.

June 25.—We passed the day in visiting some of the numerous factories of cotton and woolen, especially blankets and carpeting, which are now made here in great perfection. Thomas and John Nesmith, old acquaintances of my boyhood, were very polite and attentive to us, and we passed the larger part of the day at their house. In the evening, visited the Dioramic exhibition of the battle of Bunkerhill and the burning of Charleston. All the figures of men, animals, etc., have the motions of life. The illusion is very perfect, especially that of the conflagration. A thunderstorm is also exhibited with great effect and accuracy.

June 26.—We bid adieu to our kind friends at Lowell, and took passage at 7 P. M. in the cars for Boston. Arrived there at 10 o'clock, and found my

brother and wife well. Went out and examined the Antiquarian Book Stores, found several rare old books of voyages and travels, which I purchased.

June 27.—My brother took us out to visit the garden and grounds of Mr. Cushing at Watertown. He is a rich china merchant, who has retired from business with a fortune of several millions. Mr. Hagerston, the head gardener, was very kind and polite, showing us the establishment, which under his care is kept in the nicest and most magnificent order of any place we visited. The greenhouse plants are in a healthy state and the conservatory full of vines, with grapes now ripe and weighing 4 pounds to the bunch, chiefly Black Hamburg and Shapelor. The establishment is very nicely fitted up in all its parts and is warmed in winter by hot water circulated in iron pipes. Saw 300 varieties of hardy roses, but the foliage is much injured by the slug worm; and the plum, of which there are many varieties, damaged by the curculio. In the afternoon visited a conservatory, owned by a company of gentlemen in Boston, who are constructing a large public garden at the foot of the common, near the water. The plants are beautifully arranged in an immense dome shaped building, of glass frame, with many birds, confined by wire latic work to small rooms back of the flowers. They build their nests here, breed their young, and appear to be very happy and contented. There were a vast variety of monthly and other roses, with peonies, pansies and many

herbaceous plants in flower. It afforded a fine opportunity for the selection of choice varieties and accordingly I filled my notebook with the names of such plants as appeared to me desirable. The cammellias, of which they had several hundred in pots, were out of bloom. It was an exhibition day, and many flowers were brought in by cultivators not connected with the establishment. There was a great collection of ladies, and many gentlemen, so that we were nearly as much entertained with the view of them in their showy dresses as we were with the flowers. It was on the whole the most interesting place we visited while in Boston or vicinity.

June 28.—I made a trip to Salem on the railroad cars. Visited the great East India Museum, collected by masters of vessels who have doubled either Cape Horn or the Cape of Good Hope. It is shown in a large room and contains many rare articles not seen in any other collection. Had a letter to Cap. Delano, who treated me with great politeness. Saw John Chadwick and some others of my school day associates in Andover. Samuel Chadwick, also an old and especial favorite, was away in South Carolina. Mrs. J. Chadwick has a large collection of marine shells, one of the finest private collections I have seen. Salem is an old commercial place, nearly as old as Boston, and has many rich inhabitants, who are engaged in the East India trade. There are many fine private gardens, where nice fruits are cultivated. Mr. Man-

ning, the great pomologist, lives here. He has done more in collecting and describing new and rare fruits than any other man. The day was very rainy or I should have visited his nurseries and garden. Dr. Gideon Barstow, one of my fellow students in medicine with Dr. Kittredge of Andover, also lives here, but he was from home on a visit to a sick son in Kentucky. Found sister Harriet at Cap. Delano's, who returned with me to Boston.

June 29.—Visited Dr. P. G. Robbins at Roxbury and Dr. Wm. Gordon of Boston, both old friends and companions in my studies at Andover. Dr. Robbins took me in his chaise to Chelsea and to visit the Bunker Hill monument. It is yet unfinished but is a noble trophy to the memory of the bold achievements of our forefathers. From the top we have a splendid view of the harbor and adjacent country, which richly pays for the trouble of the ascent, by a spiral stairway, laid within the walls of the tower. Dr. Robbins is very pleasantly situated in Roxbury, and owns a fine house and garden in the center of Roxbury. He is married to a second wife, who was very rich, worth eighty to one hundred thousand dollars. His two sons by the first wife are both settled in the ministry and one of them is much celebrated as an eloquent and forcible preacher. In my first interview with the Doctor, whom I had not seen for 24 years, I represented myself as a person who wished for his advice in the case of my wife, troubled

with neuralgia. I carried on the joke for several minutes, until he seeing me smile, exclaimed, "What, my old friend Hildreth!" and recognized me at once. He was much amused at the joke and soon introduced me to his wife. A part of the day was passed in attending the exhibition of the Horticultural Society at their room. Saw a great many fine flowers and large strawberries, learned the names of the best varieties and noted many fine flowers for my collection. Mr. Enoch Bartlett, a member of the Society, selected from their extra numbers, a set of the society's publications and presented them to me, as I was in fact entitled to them from my being an honorary member for some years.

I also visited with my brother, the Boston gas works, where the gas is prepared for lighting the streets. Mr. Towne is the superintendent of the works and politely showed me the process of making it. The material is bituminous coal and rosin. The instrument for measuring the quantity made is quite curious. Mr. Towne has the finest collection of Cape of Good Hope plants in the country—*Ericas* and *Fuschias*. *Erica* is considered to be a very troublesome plant to cultivate, but he grows them in great perfection without any difficulty. The art consists in potting the plants in a soil composed of leaf mould and fine sand in rather small pots; next, in never allowing the outside of the pots to become dried in the sun, for if they do so, the tender delicate roots of the plant, which lie all along the sides of the pot, perish.

They must be kept moist, either by setting the pot in the earth or placing it in larger pots surrounded with soil. They require a moist atmosphere or else to be often sprinkled in dry weather. The heat of a warm parlor, or a common green house, is sufficient for their healthy growth. When on the return from Mr. Cushing's garden, the other day, we called on Mr. Douse in Chelsea and looked at his library and collection of paintings. He has many rare books not found in common libraries. Amongst them noticed a copy of Marco Paulo's travels in China. His collection of paintings is also very fine. Mr. Douse was bred to the leather business, especially that branch of it devoted to sheep and goat skins. In this business he has acquired a large fortune. He has always had a taste for reading. A few years since the library and paintings of a gentleman in London, who had failed in business, was put up to sale in shares, after the manner of a raffle. Mr. Douse purchased one of these tickets and happened to draw the whole collection.

June 30, Sabbath.—Attended the Baptist church, in the room over the Boylston market. It is a new society, which my brother was one of the principal movers in forming. The preacher was a Scotchman, whom the society desire to settle over them as pastor. It is strange there should be so many clergymen who are foreigners in Boston and vicinity, when we have

to send our own sons and brothers to foreign countries as missionaries.

July 1. — We this morning bid farewell to my brother, whom it is probable I may never see again in this world. May God in his infinite mercy grant that we may meet in another and better world, even in Heaven. (He died in March, 1843, aged 45 years.) Took seats in the rail car for Taunton at 8 A. M. Reached that place at 10 o'clock. Called on Mr. Mattby, the pastor of a society in this place. He formerly preached in Marietta for six or eight months. Were received with great kindness, but could only spend an hour with him.

Taunton is a pleasantly located town, with six or eight thousand inhabitants. Its situation on the river of that name, affords fine sites for water power. Several cotton factories are in operation. It is also a noted place for herrings. Much of the wealth of the town was formerly derived from this fishery. The arrival of these fish in the spring of the year was an absorbing topic with the people. So much so that one year, when their arrival had been delayed for several days beyond the usual time, so great was the joy of the persons on the watch for their first appearance, that although it was on the Sabbath, and the minister in the midst of the service, yet the happy messenger who bore the good news of their arrival, rushed up the broad aisle crying at the top of his voice, "Fish

has come!" "Fish has come!" So delighted were the audience that one and all rushed out of the house and down to the river to witness with their own eyes the sight of the welcome visitor. The poor minister was left with the empty pews, and walking down from the pulpit, hastened to join his parishioners and share in the joy of the occasion.

In the afternoon took passage in the stage coach for Fair Haven, as the railroad terminates at Taunton, but will soon be continued to New Bedford. We passed some fine ponds in Middlebury, the Indian names of which were Quiteicus and Little Quiteicus; also one called at present Long Pond. Into these ponds the herrings and shad used formerly to run every spring in countless numbers, affording a rich supply of food for the Indians, from the earliest ages, until they were driven out from their birthright by the encroachments of the whites. They also profited largely for many years from this bountiful source, until the numerous dams erected along the river for mills and various machinery have finally put a stop to the ascent of the finny tribes. In these ponds they used to cast their spawn, and from their immense progeny fresh swarms were raised to supply the waste of former years, so that without the aid of man and no labor but the trouble of taking them out of the water in nets, they afforded the richest kind of food, in quantities so great that we of this day would hardly credit the account, as given by some of the aged

men, who yet linger in the vicinity of these waters. Our route led us across the "Long Plain," a long level trace in the northern part of Fair Haven, where my wife was born and lived for a number of years. We arrived at the village about 4 o'clock P. M. and passed the night at Mrs. Dolly Tabor's, one of her old friends and neighbors. Here we met with Isaac Barker and his wife Abigail, the elder sister of Mrs. Hildreth, who had also come on from Athens, Ohio, to visit the place of their nativity, Mr. Barker as well as his wife being born at the Long Plain, and lived there till he was ten years old, when his father's family emigrated to Marietta in 1789. He had never been back since that period, and was now to renew his acquaintance with the scenes of his childhood and with such of his old comrades as remained alive after a period of just half a century.

July 2.—We visited the "Long Plain" in company with Mr. and Mrs. Barker. Many were the stories and events of their childhood, called to mind by a view of this place and the sight of their old companions and neighbors who were yet alive. Amongst other spots, familiar with their childhood, was the mill pond and mill of old Uncle Joseph Severance, who for many years occupied this spot, but was now dead. Isaac and myself procured a small boat and rowed out into the little pond to gather some of the white, fragrant lillies which decorated the surface, and were now in perfection. They were the first I had seen

for thirty-three years. Nothing brings to mind so forcibly the recollection of former days as the sight of a favorite flower. This above all others was the delight of my youth. We gathered a fine parcel of the sweet scented *nymphia odorata*, or pond lilly, some of which were pressed and dried and brought home with us to Ohio. The old mill is still standing and is in operation, but he and his clever old wife, who used to make this spot so interesting, have departed to their long homes several years ago. The graceful lilly still annually decorates the silent surface of the pond, and will continue to do so as long as these waters remain. My wife is highly gratified with the visit, and recognizes many of the scenes of her childhood, yet but little changed by the lapse of thirty-five years. It is quite curious that the value of real estate should have remained with so little change, in this place, during the space of nearly forty years. The farm or homestead occupied by my wife's father, Capt. Pardon Cook, sold in the year 1804 for \$3,300; it was sold a few months since for \$3,500, although a few acres, perhaps twenty, were added to the farm by Mr. Davis in whose family it remained till 1839. The population is but little changed. The same names occupy the lists and the lands owned by the grandfather now belongs to the grandson. When the number is too great for the farm to support, some of the younger sons emigrate, or follow the seas for a living. In the afternoon, took tea and spent a few hours very

pleasantly at the house of Nicholas Davis, an old friend and neighbor of my wife's mother. They are Quakers, and received us with the simplest manner and hearty welcome of that honest sect. We passed the night with Mrs. Anna Tripps, or Simmons, an old playmate of Mrs. D., and near her former home. It was very pleasant to see and hear their reminiscences of the days of their childhood. This farm once belonged to Mrs. Hildreth's grandfather Cook.

July 3.—The morning was stormy, with hard rain all night. In nearly every house we find fine collections of marine shells, as some member of the family or some of their relations are engaged in whaling voyages, and gather up these shells in the islands of the Pacific, for sale or as presents to their friends. In the afternoon we visited the Misses Alden Spooners, old playmates of my wife, but now on the list of ancient spinsters. They are very intelligent, sensible ladies, living with their father, a very aged man, nearly or quite ninety years old. The old house and every thing around it remains much as it was forty years ago. In this quiet, out of the way part of the country, where there is no water power for factories, and where there is no vacant land for new settlers, we have the satisfaction of seeing a spot not subject to those never ending and unceasing changes, so common to the whole Anglo-American race.

July 4, Day of American Independence.—We bid adieu to our kind friends at the Long Plain and

took passage in a covered wagon of one of the neighbors for New Haven. Mr. Barker and wife remained for a day or two, not having finished their visit. We put up at the house of Capt. Wood, a former acquaintance, whose wife was a daughter of one of the old neighbors, of the Bartimus Tabor family. The Captain received us very kindly and politely. He has built him a fine large house, has a few acres of land just out of the village, and having quit the sea, is turning his attention to raising fruit and cultivating the ground. In the afternoon Capt. Wood and myself went over to New Bedford. Little was doing in honor of the day, with the exception of the display of flags from the shipping in the port and the firing a salute from the revenue cutter. A small party from the town had a clam bake, as they call it, after the manner of the Indian inhabitants, on a small island in the river near Capt. Wood's. A hole is made in the ground, lined with stones, a fire built in it; when the stones are red hot the live clams are put in, covered with wet sea weed, and are soon roasted. They are said to eat sweeter after this primitive manner of cooking than by any other.

July 5.—Passed the day chiefly in making calls on the old friends of my wife. We also visited the garden of Mr. Jenry, who has just commenced a very fine one in Fair Haven. We dined and supped at the house of Mrs. Dolly Tabor. She is a woman of much energy of character and fine sense; lives on a

small farm just back of the village, with two or three daughters. After tea we went over to Mr. Seth Alden's, who with his wife was at Mrs. Tabor's, he taking us in his carriage. Here we passed the night. He has a small farm about a mile from the village which he cultivates with great nicety and very successfully. His wife was Thankfull Bennett, a sister of Capt. John Bennett, former husband of the present Mrs. Barker, and an old school and playmate of my wife. Seth was also one of her old associates, and they had a multitude of the incidents of their youthful and by-gone days to rehearse, calling up some mirthful and some melancholy feelings.

July 6.—In the morning Capt. Wood called for us and took us in his carriage to New Bedford. Before leaving Fair Haven called on several of the old neighbors, especially Mr. Bartimus Tabor, who owns one of those wind mills which variegate and add so much beauty to the scenery around this pleasant place. Mr. Tabor was very kind to us, accompanying us with his cart and horse, carrying our trunks for us in the most kind and friendly manner. He is the father of Mrs. Wood, and won much of my heart by his unaffected manners and kind, old fashioned way of receiving us. He passed a large part of the day with us on the 4th of July at Capt. Wood's, talking of the days and events that had long passed away connected with his family and my wife. He was a near neighbor of Capt. Cook for a number of years and now occupies the

house in which he lived after he left the Long Plain and settled in Fair Haven. While in New Bedford we stayed with Mr. — Sears, who married a cousin of my wife, and treated us with much cordiality and kindness. Dr. Paul Spooner, an old friend of my wife and a man of great affability and pleasing address was very polite and attentive to us. He went with us to see a cabinet of shells belonging to a Mrs. Coffin. It is very numerous, arranged in neat drawers and is composed of the finest and most perfect shells I have ever seen. We also visited the garden of Mr. Arnold. He is very rich and his house and grounds are arranged and kept in the most princely style. There is a capacious green house attached to the garden, filled with choice plants, and a grape-ry. Saw a number of dahlias in bloom that had been brought forward in a hot bed and now placed in the open ground. The garden occupies an acre or two, laid out in fine order, filled with hardy shrubs and flowering plants, with serpentine gravel walks and rustic arbors. One of the most interesting sights is an artificial grotto of shell work. It resembles a natural grotto in rude rocks, whose sides and roof are coated over with shells, set in mortar, after a very ingenious manner. We also visited the garden of Mr. William Rodman, a Quaker gentleman. His garden was not so grand as Mr. Arnold's but was very neat and beautiful, with many choice flowers. I noted quite a variety, not less than four different colors of draco-

cephalus, or dragons head, all in flower. In the afternoon Dr. S. took us in his carriage to look at the environs of Bedford on the elevated ground which overlook the harbor. This street is occupied with gentlemen's seats; large and splendid dwelling houses, with three or four acres of ground to each, laid out in the most tasteful manner, with shrubbery, walks and shade trees. The dwellings of Mr. Rodman, Parkman and Morgan, cost \$80,000, or more each and are models of beauty and fine architecture. The money for these edifices was all acquired from the whale fishery, they are by far the most grand and showy seats I have yet seen in the course of my journey.

July 7.—Sabbath day; in the forenoon attended the meeting of the Quakers, who are the most numerous class of religious people in this city and were the original settlers of the place. The houses are in the plainest style of architecture and divided by a low partition, into two portions, for the male and female members. One of the speakers was a woman, who spoke with a good deal of freedom and fluency. The other was a man, who was not so eloquent as his companion. It was the first time I ever attended a meeting of this sect and was much pleased at the hearty and kind manner in which they shook hands with each other at the close of the meeting. In the afternoon we attended worship in the Unitarian Church, with our friend Dr. Spooner. It is a new and

splendid building constructed of granite. The interior is finished with arches overhead, springing from light airy pillars, after the manner of an ancient cathedral. The pews are all lined and cushioned with rich crimson stuff and finished with mahogany. It is said to be the finest church in New England and cost \$30,000. After meeting, we called a few minutes at the house of an old acquaintance of my wife, Mr. Abraham Barker who lived with them at the Long-plain, when he was a boy, being a distant relation. He has become quite wealthy. In his garden we found a new variety of raspberry, it appears to be a seedling of the red antwerp, but is now of a deep purple and larger than that fruit usually is. Mr. Isaac Barker brought home with him some of the seeds and planted that fall in his garden; after two years the plants, 8 or 10 in number produced fruit. A portion of them proved to be purple like the parent; but the larger number produced a straw colored or red fruit, like the common antwerp. In the evening we took tea with Dr. Spooner and then met a brother of his, N. S. Spooner, an old schoolmate of my wife and now lives at the "head of the river" and practices law.

July 8.—This morning we bid adieu to our kind friends in N. Bedford and took passage in the stage coach for Newport in Rhode Island, distant 28 miles. For a portion of the distance, or nine miles from N. Bedford, the country is nicely cultivated and affords many fine farms. I noticed that the cherry trees

which are numerous by the sides of the road were nearly all dead, or in a perishing state, from the effect of some disease. From the appearance of the trees it was the black canker, as they had black knots or excrescences on their branches and trunks. The trees are very numerous along the way for several miles and when in health must have furnished a valuable supply of fruit to the owners. The same sickly aspect was apparent in all the trees of this class, until we arrived within a few miles of Newport, when they assumed a more healthy look, either from greater attention to them by their owners, or else the disease had not reached thus far. For six miles east of "Howland's Ferry," or bridge, the country is very rocky and only cultivated in wood or forest lands, and is owned by the people on the island, where the soil is too valuable to be kept in wood. Howland's bridge is fourteen miles from Bedford. It crosses a narrow sheet of water, about forty rods in width, which divides the island from the main land, and was formerly a noted ferry. A few rods from the ferry lived Capt. Jonathan Devol, an uncle of my wife. During the stormy period of the revolutionary war this was his home and that of his wife Mrs. Nancy Barker, whose family lived on the island. It was also the birth place of cousin Charles and Barker Devol, and the spot always retained a warm place in the heart of Uncle Devol, from the time of his leaving it for Ohio in the year 1788 to the day of his death. The old house in



HOMESTEAD OF S. P. HILDRETH
FROM 1809 UNTIL HIS DEATH

which he lived is still standing. "Mount Phillip" is in sight, on the main land near Bristol and was the favorite dwelling place of Phillip, chief sagamore of the Narragansetts. There was once a wooden bridge across this inlet but it was destroyed by the noted September gale in 1815. It is replaced by a stone causeway, with a draw bridge in the center for the passage of small vessels up into the bay. I saw the spot where the Devoll family lived and that of his friend, Tilnus Amy, on the Island opposite. The old farm is still owned and occupied by his son who married a cousin of Mrs. Hildreth, Rhoda Fish. We were very sorry we could not stop and make her a visit, but our time for being in New York was limited and we passed her house with great regret. The farmers in this vicinity use an uncommon kind of article for manure to enrich their land. A species of fish called the manhaden, abound in these waters and is taken in nets in vast numbers. These are thrown broadcast on the surface of the earth amongst the growing corn, and exhale a most disgusting and offensive odor to those unaccustomed to the smell, but which is said not to disturb persons who are used to it. The Indian women, from whom the practice was learned by the whites, used a much neater mode; they buried one or two fish in each hill of corn at the time of planting, which in this poor sandy soil greatly enriched it and brought forth a nice crop without that disgusting smell which attends the modern practice.

Seaweed is another article used for manure, and we saw it raked up in heaps near the edge of the water, ready to be carted on to their fields, and between them both, the land is rendered very productive in grass and grain, so much so that the Island has long been called the garden of New England. The soil however on the Island is naturally better than on the main. About two miles from the bridge on the road to Newport, we passed a spot where diggings had been made for coal, and some found; but the work was now abandoned. At Cumberland on the Island, it is found in considerable quantity, of the Anthracite family. Slate is the predominant rock of a hard quality; it splits readily into convenient shapes for laying up into walls, and is used for the building of fences by the farmers. It makes a very neat wall and their small enclosures of six or eight acres look prettily when surrounded with these fences. The lands on the road near the town are highly cultivated and are ornamented with many fine country seats and fruit trees. As we approached the harbor, the scene is rendered very romantic and picturesque by the great number of wind mills that stand on the high ground, tossing and turning their long arms and white sails in the the sea breeze which pretty constantly blows on the coast. A lofty monument, just back of the town, erected to the memory of the gallant Commodore Perry, adds also very much to the beauty and interest of the spot. Here there are no streams of water and the wind is used for

milling purposes and the turning of machinery. Newport contains about 12,000 inhabitants and was once a port of extensive commercial business. So much so that 60 or 80 years ago the traders from New York went there to buy goods. Their shipping is now chiefly engaged in whaling and fishing. The town is very ancient, with narrow streets, but well paved. Near the house where we stopped we met with George Turner, attorney at law and formerly a resident of Marietta; he was much rejoiced at seeing us and strongly urged us to spend a few days with him, but our engagements to be in New York by such a day forbade any delay. We therefore took passage in the steamboat Massachusetts at 4 P. M. In passing round "Point Judith," a noted promontory of Rhode Island on the main, on which is a lighthouse, the wind was quite brisk and we met so rough a sea as to cause considerable tossing of the boat. This soon created seasickness amongst the passengers. My wife sympathized with her female companions and was so sick as to be unable to eat anything till we reached New York at 10 o'clock next morning. The boat touched at Stonington where the railroad from Boston terminates, and received about 250 passengers so that she had more than 500 souls on board with much freight. The views along the shores of the sound are beautiful and constantly affords new scenery from the deck of the boat. We passed through "Hell gate" without any trouble or commotion, as the tide was

flood and nearly at its height. This pass was greatly dreaded by the early Dutch navigators, and has been the source of as many wonderful legends as the "Scylla and Charybdis" of Virgil. We arrived at the house of my nephew, J. P. Nesmith, son of my oldest sister Susan, at 11 A. M. and were kindly welcomed by the family. Mr. Nesmith has for many years been a commission merchant in New York, for domestic fabrics, and has acquired a very handsome estate.

July 9.—We did but little this day besides resting ourselves, after the seasickness and broken slumbers of the past night. Mr. Nesmith took us in his carriage and rode out into the country a few miles back of the city. Streets and lots are laid out for the distance of three or four miles, and the city is rapidly enlarging itself in that direction and in a few years more will occupy the whole peninsula.

July 10.—Called at the house of Dr. Joy and left my card, he being absent in the country. He had been a correspondent of mine and we have made several exchanges of shells. He is one of the most devoted naturalists in this branch and has described and published a number of new ones. He has also procured for me a number of books from London in natural history, not to be had in America. Called on Dr. Beck, who politely took me in his carriage to see Dr. Torrey; he was absent in the the country. We

then visited the New York Lyceum of Natural History, and was introduced to Dr. DeKay, Zoologist to the state; found him busily engaged in one of the rooms, describing the fishes, birds, fossilbones, etc. He is about 45 years old, full, robust habit; thick set and short in person, has a fine full and broad forehead and is a man of great learning and skill in fossil osteology, as well as Zoology generally. It was a very warm day and we found the Doctor stripped to the shirt and pantaloons, collar open and feet bare, trying to be as comfortable as he could. He was a man of great frankness and plainness of manners, and received me in his dishable with an affected ease and good humor. He has quit the practice of medicine and lives with his family on a farm on Long Island, 30 miles below the city at a place called Oyster Bay. He showed me a number of drawings of the objects to be described in his branch of history, which were very beautiful. The whole natural history of the state, when completed in every branch, will be a most noble and grand monument of the munificence of the rulers of that republic. Mr. Cosens, the librarian, was very polite and offered to show me any article in the cabinet, or book in the library. The latter contains a number of rare works in natural history, and the cabinet is a large one. Dr. S. L. Mitchell, one of the earliest promoters of natural history in New York, was also of the principal founders of the Lyceum. Called on Mr. Redfield, the writer on storms, and left my card, he

returned my call in the evening. He is a modest, sensible man, of much merit. His facts and communications in relation to the storms of the Atlantic are receiving deserved notice in Europe and have procured him just applause. He presented me with copies of several of his articles and one on steam engines.

July 11.—This morning visited Catlin's "Indian Gallery," which is a collection of portraits of celebrated chiefs of the western tribes, and views of curious scenery on the Missouri. Hunting scenes and their dances with actual specimens of their dresses, war implements, pipes, etc., all of which forms a very interesting exhibition, filling a large room. The paintings were taken by Mr. Catlin himself, in the course of several years spent in traveling amongst the tribes of the far west. The rest of the day was passed in examining the cabinet and library of the Lyceum of Natural History.

July 12.—In the morning visited the American or Scudders museum. It contains many curious articles; especially some relics from the ruins of a very ancient city at the s. w. extremity of the Gulf of Mexico. In the afternoon visited the library and halls of the New York Historical Society; found many rare books on the early history of America, and took the titles of a number. In the evening visited Nibloes public garden, a noted place of resort for the citizens who want amusements. It consists of alcoves and gravel walks, with a fountain of pure water. The walks are

bordered with flowering plants in pots, and at night the whole is illuminated with 6000 lamps, some with various colored lights. He has lately added theatricals and pantomime to the exhibition. The garden and plants are worth seeing, but the other exhibitions of pantomime, etc., are a waste of time and money, productive of only evil.

July 13.—Visited the Battery, a celebrated promenade for city belles and showy gentlemen. From this place there is a fine view of the harbor, the forts and islands, with the shipping, which are always numerous. In the afternoon visited the book store for old authors on the early history of the western states, travels, etc., but could find none.

July 14.—Sabbath, in the morning we attended the Roman Catholic Cathedral, to which church Mrs. Nesmith belongs. The interior is very beautiful, roof supported by arches and pillars; fine singing and organ. The service is conducted with great pomp and ceremony and the people are very devout. There was a sermon in English that might well be called Catholic. In the afternoon attended the Episcopal service of which Mr. — is the pastor. It is a fine building. New York abounds in noble churches, many of which have been built by the revenues of old societies that are rich in the funds arriving from the ground rents of city lots belonging to them, given at an early day. The funds and property of one of these is said to amount to nearly a million of dollars.

July 15.—We bid adieu to our hospitable relatives and took passage in the S.boat Independence, connected with the Amboy and Bordentown railroad, for the city of Philadelphia. The passage up the Raritan river is very picturesque. Shores decorated with villages and country seats, indicative of thrift and wealth. We landed at Amboy and took the rail cars. The track passes across rather a sandy and barren portion of New Jersey, with here and there some good farming lands. The growth is composed of pine trees, when not improved. As we approached the Delaware we passed through many large orchards of peach trees, which are grown extensively for the New York and Philadelphia market. The lands amongst the trees is kept under cultivation, richly manured and the trees kept low, for the convenience of gathering the fruit. The owner expects only three or four crops from a tree when it is replaced by a fresh one. This keeps them in a healthy state of growth and the fruit is much larger and finer. Some farmers are said to realize several thousand dollars a year from the sale of peaches, the purchaser taking them from the orchard, giving him little trouble. At Bordentown, the noted residences of Jos. Buonaparte, we entered the steamboat, passing down the beautiful Delaware to Philadelphia and landed at 2 P. M. Here we took a coach and rode to Dr. S. G. Morton's, where we were cordially received by the Dr. and lady. In the afternoon the Dr. took me to visit the rooms of the

Academy of Natural History. They have the largest library on natural history in America, nearly all of which were the munificent gift of William McLure, a noted patron of the sciences. The society are now building a fire proof house for their cabinet and library, towards which Mr. McLure has given \$20,000 and will give more if it is needed.

July 16.—Spent the forenoon in shopping with Mrs. Hildreth, purchasing various articles for presents and our own use. In the afternoon visited the city library. It contains a vast collection of books, for the use of the public, on paying a small sum. Called in with the Dr. to see the artist who is striking off the lithographic prints of American and other crania, for his great work on heads. We visited the Chinese Museum of Mr. Dunn. This curious collection of the arts amongst the Chinese embraces their out of door utensils for agriculture and gardening, as well as articles for domestic use. Dresses, rich specimens of silks, curious old vases of porcelain, carved work, ships, boats and in short, samples of almost everything used by these unique people. The collection cost more than \$40,000 and required 20 years to gather it. All the articles are very perfect and in the nicest order. It is said to be the only museum of the kind ever formed by any one. It fills a room 100 feet long and 50 feet wide. In the evening attended a meeting of the Natural History Society, of which I have been a

member for several years; only fifteen present; nothing new read by the members.

July 17.—Arose early this morning and visited the market. The building, which is a light structure of wood, extends for a mile in length, occupying the middle of the street. The quality of vegetables of the finest kind is very astonishing, with fruit in great variety, especially peaches, apricots, pears, apples, cherries, blackberries, etc. Cucumbers sold three for one cent. Fish plenty, flesh meats scarce and very dear. Dr. Morton and wife accompanied us to view the water works at Fairmount, on the Schuylkill, which supply the city with water. A dam is thrown across the river by which a range of wheels are turned and the water raised by force pumps to the height of 100 feet and discharged into three reservoirs, of the size of an acre or more; from thence it is sent down to the city in cast iron pipes. It is a beautiful, as well as valuable works. Near the works is a fine fountain, throwing up a large column of water and adorned with statues of Neptune, nymphs, etc. The natural mural cliffs, clothed with ivy, add greatly to the beauty of the scene. From Fairmont we went to the Girard Orphans College. It is a splendid structure, erected by the princely munificence of Mons. Girard. The college is built of white marble and ornamented by a portico of columns, 36 in number, being 9 on each side. They are 7 feet in diameter and 54 feet high, fluted and crowned with magnificent Corinthian capitals. The cost of each

column is estimated at \$14,000 and the building, with two large houses for boarding the orphans, will cost \$200,000. The whole when finished will exceed in splendor, any other establishment of the kind in America. In the afternoon called on Mr. Witherell, a noted druggist and chemist, a man of the academy. Also on Isaac Lea, the great fresh water conchologist. Witnessed a fire in the West Liberty and admired the fine appearance and activity of the well trained firemen of the city.

July 18.—We bid adieu to our polite hosts and took seats in the railroad cars for Harrisburgh at 6:30 A. M. The country over which we passed is rich and finely cultivated, especially about Lancaster. We arrived at Harrisburgh at 3 P. M., here we were transfered to the canal boats, which are very comfortable conveyances and when not crowded with passengers afford a delightful mode of traveling, especially in fine weather, as we have so good an opportunity to see the rich scenery on the Susquehanna and Juniata rivers. Our stop at Harrisburgh was so brief that we did not go into the city, but is said to be quite a beautiful town. Sixteen miles above Harrisburgh the canal boats cross the river, the horses going on a bridge, which answers for a tow path as well as other travel. The Juniata comes in to join the Susquehanna just below the bridge and the whole forms one of the most picturesque scenes that can be found in any country. The river is here

about half a mile wide. Shortly after crossing this river, the canal passes over the Juniata, in a aqueduct and then ascends along the banks of the latter stream to near its head in the mountains. The valley is narrow but affords numerous rich views of mountain scenery. The hills are clothed with forest trees, amongst which the chestnut now in full blossom holds a conspicuous place. The hillsides are very abrupt and in many places are covered with loose masses of transition sand stones, amidst which the trees have taken root and hide their sterility from the eye of the observer. Very few of them can ever be cultivated, but must remain as nurseries for timber and wood.

July 19.—Continued travelling up the valley of the Juniata and occasionally passing a small village on the banks of the canal. Huntington, the seat of justice for a county of this name, was passed early in the evening of yesterday. In the afternoon several of the passengers left the boat and walked across a narrow neck of land, or isthmus of three fourths of a mile while it is six miles round it. We reached the spot where the boat was to take us up, one hour before she arrived in her traverse around the bend. As we approach the mountains, the views become more wild and beautiful along the shores of the Juniata. At Lewisburgh in the county of Mifflin, the hills are 1200 feet high. The sides of many of the mountains are covered to the depth of many feet, with loose rubble stones composed of broken fragments of slaty

sand stone, which in many places prevents all vegetation, and the hillside is a mass of fragments of all sizes from that of the fist to a ton or more. The northern turnpike from Pittsburgh to Harrisburgh, passes along the valley of the Juniata, near the canal and in many places is seen clinging to the sides of the mountain, amidst this rolling mass of stones at a fearful elevation above the river. The canal terminates at Holidaysburgh, at the foot of the Allegheny range. This village suffered from a frightful deluge in July 1838. The rain fell in such torrents from a mass of congregated clouds on the brow of the mountain, that from eleven o'clock at evening to four the next morning, the water filled the valley in which the town stands from hill to hill, driving the inhabitants from the first floor of their houses to their chambers. Many of the smaller houses were carried off by the flood and several of the inhabitants drowned. Twenty miles of the canal were washed away and the river in the narrow passes rose to the height of 30 feet in a short time. This catastrophe was much like the avalanche in the White Mountains and from a similar cause.

July 20.—Reached the Allegheny at 10 A. M. in a car drawn by a locomotive. Here we were drawn up an inclined plane by a stationary engine and a huge cable of hemp. This operation of drawing up is repeated five times by as many engines, before reaching the summit of the Allegheny mountains; on the levels, between the incline planes the cars are drawn

by horses, except one level of four miles when a steam car is used. The mountain scenery at this season of the year is fine. The chestnut is in full bloom and is very abundant, interspersed at intervals where there is much moisture, with patches of hemlock and spruce pine. The road side is richly ornamented with large patches of the *Rhodendron Maximum*, both of the pink colored and white varieties, now in full bloom. The white is far the most abundant and the pink only seen in certain situations. Near the top of the Allegheny there are several beds of bituminous coal which are worked. The rock strata here are nearly horizontal, or slightly inclined to the west, while east of this range the rocks are nearly vertical, or highly inclined, distorted and bent in various directions. On the summit of the Allegheny the cars stop at a tavern for dinner. Here it is said to rain more or less nearly every day during the summer months; so that it is difficult to save their crops of oats and barley or to dry their hay. It was raining while we were here. In descending the western slope of this range, it requires the same number of inclined planes as on the eastern side, with a level of 14 miles on the waters of the Connemaugh creek, a branch of the Kiskeminetas falling into the Allegheny river, miles above Pittsburgh. Coal beds become more frequent and we greet the waters of our own happy valley of the Ohio. On this stream the cars pass through a tunnel of 500 feet in length. The railroad terminates at Johnstown, a

village of some importance, and we again embark on the canal. The whole length of the railroad is 38 miles and occupied 5 hours in passing. Johnstown lies on the Connemaugh and is a neat village, distant by canal 103 miles from Pittsburgh. We have embarked in the canal packet John Hancock. Captain Vanderbelt, commander.

July 21.—Sabbath day, we had intended to have lain by on this day at some town on the canal, but finding none until nearly noon, Freeport on the Allegheny river, we thought it better to pass quietly along and read the bible and such books as the cabin afforded, a set of the Evangelical Library, than to stop in a place where there might be no preaching. After leaving Johnstown the scenery on the Connemaugh is very wild and picturesque, both sides of the stream being lined with high hills. The river has cut itself a passage through both the Laurel and Chestnut ridges of mountains, along the meandering of which the canal finds a ready passage. Just before the Connemaugh unites with the Loyalhanna to form the Kiskeminetas, the canal passes through a ridge or promontory of 300 feet in height, by a tunnel, while the river pursues its course around this obstruction for three miles and comes back within 300 yards of the same spot. The tunnel is 908 feet in length, blasted out of the solid rock and of a width sufficient for the canal and tow path. The canal crosses the Legonier Valley, a rich tract of land lying between the Laurel and Chestnut

ranges, and extending up southerly to the Yohiogany river, one of the main branches of the Monongahela. It was early occupied by the Whites and was the scene of many a bloody adventure with the Indians, in the first settlement of this region. This morning we passed quite a number of salt making furnaces, scattered along the borders of the Kiskeminetas, in Armstrong County. There are a few in Indiana County, which lies east of this, next to Cambria. The wells are from 500 to 700 feet in depth and the water abundant, requiring from 80 to 100 gallons to make 50 pounds of salt. Bituminous coal is used for fuel, and is found in great abundance in all the river hills, near to the furnaces, in beds of three and four feet in thickness. Further south, in Westmoreland county the beds of coal are said to be fourteen or fifteen feet thick. A few miles west of the Allegheny river, above the crossing of the canal, thick beds of cannel coal are found of a fine quality. The canal is carried over the Allegheny river in an aqueduct, a little above the village of Freeport, and continues down to Allegheny town, on the west bank of the river and there recrosses to Pittsburgh. The bottom lands are not wide on the Allegheny, but the hills or uplands are rich and abound in fine farms. We reached Pittsburgh at 6:30 P. M. and put up at the Exchange Coffee-house.

July 22.—Morning cloudy and rainy. Walked with my wife a shopping. Bought some paper hang-

ings for our parlor—eleven rolls and three of bordering for \$12.12. Called on D. T. Morgan. Absent at Marietta. Bought a German dictionary for George. Pittsburgh is a very dirty, smoky town, especially on a rainy day, but one of great manufacturing and commercial importance. The streets are filthy and badly paved. The Ohio river is low and the charge for a passenger to Marietta is \$10.00. We decided to travel by land to Wheeling for \$4.00. Took passage in the stage coach at 2 P. M. by the way of Washington, Pa.; crossed the Monogahela by a fine bridge. From the opposite shore have a splendid view of the city and the forty steamboats lying along the wharves. The hills in the vicinity are high, not less than three hundred feet, and afford picturesque views. In traveling down the Ohio river for a mile or more before the road ascends through a ravine on to the adjacent upland, we have a sight of many fine seats on the hills opposite. The most conspicuous is the Theological Seminary for Presbyterians, on the hill, and the Roman Catholic Nunnery at the foot, on the second bottom. Several fine country seats adorn the borders of the river for several miles below. After the road ascends on to the uplands, it passes over a rich and highly cultivated region, between Pittsburgh and Washington. Many beautiful scenes are continually presenting themselves to the eye of the traveler. The broad hillsides are loaded with luxuriant crops of grain and grass, which the farmer is

now busily engaged in harvesting. Seven miles north of Washington, which is thirty from Pittsburgh, we pass through Cannonsburgh, the seat of Jefferson College, a flourishing institution, now containing 240 students. A mile east of this is a building for Theological students of the sect of Seceders from the church of Scotland. Their board is procured by working two hours each day on a farm attached to the college, and called "Tusculum", so that they can live for 75 cents a week. In the village at private houses, the board is \$2.25. At Washington, the seat of justice for this county, a town nearly as old as Pittsburgh, there is another college; at present it is not quite so flourishing as Cannonsburgh, though in a thriving state. We passed the night at this place, it is a small town of inhabitants, on the national road 31 miles from Wheeling.

July 23.—We left Washington at 7 A. M. passing over a highly cultivated country, but not so beautiful as that of yesterday. The agricultural staples of this county are wool and wheat; of the former, large quantities are grown and of a quality equal to any west of the mountains. It is also celebrated for fine cattle, of the new or imported breeds, indicating an intelligent population. The farmers of this region are said to be very rich. Near the line of Virginia, 15 miles from the town of Wheeling, we passed through the village of Alexandria or "Hardscrabble", a place of some note, as the spot where runaway matches are

consummated, and much frequented by lovers from Ohio and Virginia. It is nestled in a little valley amidst a most hilly and broken region of country, from which it derived its most appropriate and early name of "Hardscrabble." Soon after leaving this "Gretna Green" of Pennsylvania, we fell upon the waters of Wheeling Creek and followed it down to within a mile of Wheeling town, when the road ascends the river hill and passes down a beautiful slope on to the streets of the city. Along the borders of the creek are many fine farms and some of the heaviest crops of grain we have seen anywhere on the road. Reached Wheeling at 12:30 P. M. and put up with our friend E. B. Swearingen.

July 24.—The afternoon and evening of yesterday were spent in looking at the collections of minerals, shells, plants, etc., of Drs. Todd and Townsend. The former has quite a nice taste in gardening. This morning I went out with Drs. Todd and Morton to examine the geology of the hills about the town. From the deposit of limerock over the coal, and also below it, I am of the opinion that the coal at this place is identical with the limerock and coal on the Muskingum river at McConnelsville and Waterford, Ohio. Here it is six feet thick—there it is only four feet. The limestone is destitute of organic remains in both places and is from forty to fifty feet in thickness. A similar layer of slaty shale divides the bed of coal near the top of the deposit, and is here left for a roof

to the mine with a foot of coal above. When the geology of Ohio and Virginia is completed, no doubt the identity of the deposit will be established. In Washington county, Pennsylvania, twenty miles east, the lime becomes thinner and a lower bed comes to the surface of the hills, which contains fossils. A few years since a boring was made at the margin of the Ohio, at the upper end of the town, to the depth of nine hundred feet, in search of salt water, without finding brine, which is an additional proof of the identity of the strata, as the salt rock on the Muskingum lies at more than a thousand feet below the bed of coal in the hills back of McConnelsville. (N. B. Since this time Mr. Briggs, in the employ of Virginia, has traced this bed from the Muskingum to Wheeling across the intermediate country and proved them to be the same at both places.)

The afternoon was passed in visiting the family of our cousin Ezekiel Hildreth; the evening at Mr. Swearingen's with Dr. Todd and Dr. Clemons. The latter gave me a description of the opening of the great mound at Grave Creek, twelve miles below, lately occupied by its owner, Mr. Tomlinson. Many curious and interesting relics were found, a description of which was published in the papers.

July 25.—We bid farewell to our friends and took passage in the steamboat "Excell" for Marietta at 8 A. M. Price of passage \$3.00. Our trip down was quite pleasant, the many beautiful views in the

bends of the river affording rich specimens of Ohio scenery. We arrived at our home at 8 P. M., after an absence of eleven weeks. We found the family all well, and rejoiced to see us again after so long an absence. Our hearts rejoicing in the goodness of God, who has safely guided and protected us through the perils of the journey; suffering no accident or evil to befall us, from the day of our departure to the day of our return. Blessed be His great and glorious name forever.

A Brief Genealogy of the
Ancestors of
Mrs. Rhoda Hildreth

Capt. Issac Barker, the grandfather of Rhoda Hildreth, was born on Rhode Island, about the year 1720. He was bred to the sea, and after he became the commander of a vessel, sailed for many years from Newport in the West India trade. He married Elizabeth Howland, and became the father of nine children. After having acquired a moderate fortune by his maratime employment, he purchased a farm on the road from Newport to Howland's Ferry, about two miles from the latter place. Here he located himself as he thought for the remainder of his days, having quit the occupation of a sailor and assumed that of a cultivator of the earth. In the year 1761 there was a great scarcity of salt in the market and it bore a high price. From this circumstance, in an evil hour, he was tempted by some of his old Newport employers to assume the command of a vessel and make a voyage to the Isle of May for a load of salt. His oldest son, Michael, then in his fifteenth year, entreated his father to take him with him. He was quite unwilling to do so but finally consented.

On their return, with a full cargo, in a storm the vessel was lost and all on board perished. His loss was deeply lamented by all his acquaintances, as he was a man who was greatly esteemed for his many excellencies of character. His wife was left with a family of eight young children, and in daily expectation of giving birth to another. She finally moved from the island and purchased a farm near her father, Isaac Howland, at the Long Plain, in the township of New Bedford, Mass. She owned at that time three slaves, a negro man and woman and an Indian boy twelve or fourteen years old, bought by Capt. Barker in one of his South American or West India voyages. He was called a "Buck Indian," probably from his having been owned or sold by the Buccaneers. The two negro slaves she sold but retained the indian to assist her in cultivating the farm. He proved to be a faithful and affectionate servant, treating her with respect and the children with great kindness. After living a few years on her farm she was induced to marry Benjamin Aiken, Esq., a man who held many public offices but was too indolent to look after his own affairs. While with him she resided at a place called "Punnagansett." After three or four years she returned to her own farm near her father. After all her children were married, she lived with her daughter, Rhoda Cook, and died at the age of nearly ninety years. Her children were married as follows, viz: Bathsheba married Robert

Fish; Rebecca married John Rouse; Mary to John Gray; Isaac to Rhoda Cook, sister of Joseph; Elizabeth to Joseph Cook; Nancy to Jonathan Devoll; Rhoda to Pardon Cook; Ruth to Obed Cushman. She was the youngest and born soon after the death of her father, Capt. Barker.

Capt. Pardon Cook, the father of my wife Rhoda, was born in the year 1746, in the northeast part of the town of New Bedford, called "The Long Plain." He was the son of Jos. Cook and the twin brother of Capt. Paul Cook. There were six brothers: Job, Robert, Thomas, Paul, Pardon and Joseph; and four sisters, Meribah, Anna, Lydia and Rhoda. Pardon Cook was bred to the seas from a boy. During the revolutionary war he kept a store of groceries, etc., at the Long Plain. In September, 1780, he married Miss Rhoda Barker, by whom he had four children: Abigail, Rhoda, Elizabeth and Pardon. After the close of the war he commanded a ship and sailed from Boston in the European trade. In the year 1788 he commanded a voyage to the East Indies and was absent three years, returning in 1791. It was quite successful and enabled him to retire from the sea on to a farm, which he purchased from Mrs. Aiken, the mother of his wife. In 1798 he made a journey to the State of Ohio to visit his brother Joseph and see how he might be pleased with the country, intending to move there should he think it best. The wild and uncultivated condition in which he found it led him to

think it would be too great a sacrifice of comfort to his wife and children to attempt it, till the country was more thickly settled. Bennet Cook, his nephew, and son of his brother Joseph, then in his twenty-first year, accompanied him, he being at sea when his father moved to Ohio. After his return from this journey he remained on his farm until the year 1800, when he removed his family to Fair Haven, a small port on the eastern shore of the harbor of New Bedford, and opened a tavern, for which his wife was admirably fitted. The principal reason for this removal was the opportunity there afforded for educating his children, as an academy recently opened in that place. He was a man of strong intellect and refined views of what was right and proper in the culture of children and his intercourse with his fellow men. He died suddenly on the 10th of September, 1803, with apoplexy, greatly lamented by his friends and neighbors.

In 1804 his widow went to Ohio, on horseback, in company with his brother, Joseph Cook, who was there on a visit to the family. She purchased a farm in Belpre of Col. Israel Putnam and did not return. In the fall of that year she sent for her children and they came out in November and December with Bennet Cook.

The Cook Family

The grandfather of my wife, Rhoda Cook, was Joseph Cook, and married Mary Bennet. He was the father of ten children, viz: Robert, Job, Thomas, Pardon, Paul, (the latter were twins), and Joseph; the daughters, Meribah, Amy, Lydia and Rhoda.

The children of Job and who they married I have not ascertained.

Thomas had six children, viz: Thomas, Job and Timothy; daughters, Meriby, Hannah and Lydia.

Paul was married three times. By first wife had three children, Paul, Anna and Elizabeth. Paul died at an early day, when captain of a ship, and was a very promising young man.

Elizabeth married a Mr. Fayette Sherman, and had only one son, Fayette, who came to Ohio with his grandfather and mother in 1816; studied law and died young.

Anna married a Capt. Burgess, seaman. Her descendants live in New Bedford.

Pardon, as is before stated, was a seaman; married Rhoda Barker and had four children, viz: Abigail, Rhoda and Elizabeth, with one son, Pardon. Abi-

gail was born 29th October, 1782; Rhoda born 25th August, 1785; Elizabeth, 30th July, 1787, died June 8, 1858, at Clinton, Iowa, with her daughter Caroline Aylsworth, aged 71 years; Pardon, August 8, 1789.

Abigal married John Bennet, a sea captain, in October, 1803; had two children, Abigail and John Cook. Capt. Bennet died in 1817. In March, 1838, she married again to Hon. Isaac Barker, of Athens, Ohio, a cousin and died March 15, 1856. Age 74 years.

Rhoda married J. P. Hildreth, August 19, 1807 and was the mother of 6 children; 3 sons and 3 daughters. Elizabeth married Dr. Erastus Webb. Pardon remained unmarried with his mother, who died March 8, 1856. Age 98 years.

Joseph Cook, the youngest of the brothers, married Elizabeth Barker, and was the father of 12 children. He moved to the Ohio in the year 1796, and settled in Wood County, Virginia, 12 miles below Marietta, on a farm which he cleared from the wilderness. The children were named Bennett, John, Joseph, Barker Tilnus and Pardon; Phebe, Nancy, Sally, Elizabeth, Bathsheba and Prudence.

Bennet married Mrs. Hannah Johnson, a young widow, whose maiden name was James, and had 3 sons, Bennet, Paul and James and one daughter who died young. Bennet married Julia Devol, grand

daughter of Captain Jonathan Devol. Paul and James married sisters, named Kinchelo, of Wood County, Virginia.

John married Peggy Prattzman and had 6 or 8 children.

Joseph married Clarissa Devol, daughter of Gilbert Devol, and had 3 children; Charles, Maria, and Elizabeth. He settled in Belpre and died when young.

Barker married Miss McLentick and had sons and daughters. 7 children, 4 sons.

Tilnus married Elizabeth Russel, had 3 sons and 4 daughters; Ann Eliza, Caroline, Horace, Spencer, Augusta, Joanna and Tilnus.

Pardon married Polly Russel, a sister, and had 4 sons; Selden, Spencer, Pardon and Russel.

Phebe married Moses Hewitt; Nancy to John James; Bathsheba to James Jolly; Elizabeth to Mr. Darling; Sally to Levi Johnson and Prudence to Selden Spencer, a son of Dr. Spencer of Vienna, Wood County, Va. All these daughters had large families and were nearly as fruitful as their mother. The Cooks and Barkers may well be called a prolific race.

Genealogy of the Hildreth Family

Oliver Hildreth was the son of James Hildreth, of Westford, Mass., born in 1723, and married Anna Blaisdel of Andover; resided in Townsend and followed the occupation of farmer. He was the father of fifteen children, six sons and nine daughters, viz: Jonathan, James, *Samuel*, Oliver, Abijah and Seth; the daughters were named Molly, Dolly, Lucy, Anna, Sarah, Rebecca, Rachel, Joanna and Abigail, twins.

Molly, Rachel and Anna all married brothers by the name of Tarbel and lived in Cavendish, N. H.

Dolly to Oliver Greene of Ashbarnham.

Lucy to a Mr. Barnes of Concord, Mass.

Sarah to Job Brooks of Stodard, N. H.

Rebecca to Charles Elliot, a Baptist preacher of Moron.

Joanna to Reuben Davis of Chelsea, Vt.

Abigail to Jabez Green of Marlborough.

All these had considerable families of children.

The brothers married and had families:

Jonathan Hildreth lived in Concord, Mass., and carried on farming, coopering and merchandise. He became a man of wealth. Had four sons and five daughters, viz: Benjamin Warren, Andrew, Franklin and George, Eunice, Nancy, two Elizas and ——

Oliver Hildreth had four sons and seven daughters.

Seth Hildreth had two sons and seven daughters, viz: Oliver and Amos, Sally, Polly, Susan, Betsy, Lucy, Dolly and Nancy.

James Hildreth had sons and daughters; lived in Bilerica.

Abijah Hildreth had a family of one son and three daughters, and lived in Henekah, N. H.

SAMUEL HILDRETH married Abigail Bodwell. He was born in 1750, and married May 21, 1776. His wife, Abigail, was born December 16, 1755. He settled in Methuen, Mass., and practiced medicine; having studied with Dr. John Brown of Wilmington, Mass. He was the father of two sons and five daughters, viz:

- 1 Susan, born in 1777, died in 1813.
- 2 Abigail, born February 26, 1770.
- 3 SAMUEL PRESCOTT, born September 30, 1783.
- 4 Mary, born October 7, 1786.
- 5 Nancy, born in 1789.
- 6 Harriet Warren, born June 22, 1796.
- 7 Charles T., born January 12, 1798.

1 Susan was married to John Nesmith, of Derry, N. H., in 1796, and had issue as follows:

- 1 John Prescott, born November 16, 1797.
- 2 Isabella Abigail, born November 16, 1799.
- 3 Susan Hildreth, born September 29, 1801.
- 4 Samuel Hildreth, born August 24, 1803.
- 5 James Pinkerton, born September 29, 1805. Died April 21, 1834.
- 6 Mary, born April 10, 1808.
- 7 Thomas, born July 21, 1811.
- 8 Elizabeth, born September 22, 1813.

1. John P. Nesmith married Mary Josephine Dillon, of New York City, the—day of May, 1837. Had issue as follows:

- 1 Robert Dillon, born November 9, 1838.
- 2 Frazier, born December 30, 1840. Died in March 1842.
- 3 Gerhard, born January 6, 1842. Died in April 1843.
- 4 Francis Edward, born September 6, 1848.

2 Isabella A. Nesmith married David Steel, October 9, 1838, and had issue as follows:

- 1 John, born November 4, 1839.
- 2 James Nesmith, born June 5, 1842.

3 Susan H. married Hazen Pressy, July 3, 1835; no children.

4 Samuel H. married Pricilla Brown, of Circleville, Ohio, in 1832, and had issue as follows:

- 1 John Wellington, born January 4, 1834.
- 2 James Brown, born February 5, 1837.
- 3 Ellen Mary, born August 7, 1840.
- 4 Alice, born January, 1843. Died, October 1850.
- 5 Thomas, born March 29, 1846. Died September 1850.

Mrs. Pricilla B. Nesmith died April 1851, and Samuel H. married Caroline H. Rush, March 1852, and by her had the following children:

- 1 Julia, born March 1853.
- 2 Samuel Hubert, January 1856.
- 5 James P. Nesmith died unmarried at Maton Zar, Cuba, April 21, 1834.
- 6 Mary Nesmith remained unmarried.
- 7 Thomas Nesmith married Maria Antoinette Gale, October, 1840, and had issue as follows:
 - 1 John Wadsworth, born January 1843. Died March 1844.
 - 2 Anthony Rutgers, born September 1845.
 - 3 Henrietta Cruger Hudson, born October 7, 1848.
 - 4 Otto Andrea and Loring Callender, twins, born March 6, 1852.
- 8 Elizabeth Nesmith married James W. Barker, May 1839, and had issue as follows:
 - 1 Maria A., born September 3, 1840.
 - 2 Charles N. R., born May 19, 1843.

Brief Notices of the Nesmith Family

The grandfather of John Nesmith emigrated with a company of settlers from near Londonderry in the north of Ireland, before the Revolutionary war, in the year 1719, and purchased a large tract of land in New Hampshire, which they named Londonderry, and divided up into farms. John inherited the old homestead and conducted the farming operation. None of his sons fancied this occupation, but rather that of merchandise.

John P. commenced his training in this branch under David Howe of Haverhill, a noted man in trade. When about eighteen years old, or in 1815, from thence he went to Boston, and soon after to the city of New York, where he opened a commission house with his brother James, for domestic manufactures, chiefly cotton goods, consigned to him from Boston and vicinity. His business became extensive and lucrative, yielding a large revenue. Having a taste for literature and the fine arts, he made several visits to Europe and purchased many valuable oil pictures,

pieces of statuary and books, with which he adorned his residences on Staten Island, where he owned a large farm in the center of the Island. James having died in 1834, his brother Thomas took his place in the firm and owned half of the land which they embellished and ornamented with houses, fruit trees and shrubbery.

Thomas's health being feeble, after several European trips and a residence of several years in France, with his family finally, about the year 1858, settled in San Antonio, Texas.

Samuel H. Nesmith was raised on the farm, had a good academical education and studied law. About the year 1827 he came to Ohio, kept a school at Marietta, then went to Circleville Ohio, where he married. In 1833 he purchased a large cattle farm near Pittsfield, Illinois, where he settled; after a few years sold his land and went into merchandise, and is now in 1860, living in Missouri, town of Canton, trading.

Elizabeth Nesmith, after marriage with J. W. Barker, a shoe dealer, lived a few years on R. I. Her husband treating her badly she left him with her children, came out to her relatives in Illinois, where she supported herself by teaching school. Her husband died about 1854, and she is now living in Toledo, Iowa.

Isabella is living in Goffstown, N. H. Her husband is a man of talent and high standing in the law and public business.

Susan, with her husband H. Pressey, moved out to Illinois about the year 1840, and first lived on a farm near Samuel. He was by occupation a farmer and house joiner. Since about 1854, they have resided in Pittsfield, Illinois.

Mary remained single and after the death of her father, lived with her mother-in-law (step mother) Lydia Sargent Nesmith, and kept house in Derry Village, N. H. Since the death of her step mother in 1857, has spent most of the time with her married sisters.

Brief Notices of the Bradley Family

2 Abigail Hildreth, second child of Samuel Hildreth and Abigail Bodwell was married to Enoch Bradley, of Haverhill, the 31 of October, 1802. Mr. Bradley was born April 29, 1778, and died April 6, 1855. Age 77 years. His wife Abigail H. was born February 36, 1779, and died May 1, 1856. Age 77 years. The children were as follows:

- 1 George Albert, born 1803. Died when a few days old.
- 2 Mary Lowe, born October 11, 1804. Died August 15, 1815.
- 3 Enoch Lowe, born November 21, 1806.
- 4 Eliza Ann Bradley, born August 13, 1808, in Haverhill.
- 5 Margaret Bowers, born April 12, 1810.
- 6 Samuel Prescott, born March 12, 1812.
- 7 Louisa B., born January 3, 1814.
- 8 Mary Lowe, born March 19, 1816.
- 9 Charles Truworth Bradley, born January 5, 1818.
- 10 Abigail Ayers, born March 25, 1820.
- 11 Joseph Hildreth Bradley, born probably 1823.

1 George Albert, died when a few days old.

2 Mary Lowe, died August 15, 1815.

3 Enoch Lowe, was married to Sarah Ann Shaw of Portland, Maine, September 1, 1836, who died in March 1893, and had issue as follows:

1 Ann Eliza, born in Haverhill, June 11, 1837.

2 Abbey Louisa, born April 1, 1839. Died September 19, 1839.

3 Enoch Moody, born August 22, 1840.

4 Sarah Lowe, born October 12, 1843.

5 Margaret Lovejoy, born April 23, 1847.

6 Charles William, born June 22, 1850.

7 Joseph Lowe, born May 31, 1854.

4 Eliza Ann Bradley, was married to Josiah Keely, a Baptist minister, on March 23, 1830, and had issue as follows:

1 Elizabeth Parker, born February 19, 1831. Died February 19, 1847.

2 George, born October 14, 1833, in Haverhill, Mass. Died in March, 1834.

3 Mary Louisa, born October 30, 1834.

4 Abby Hildreth, born July 25, 1837, at Haverhill.

5 George, born August 14, 1839, at Haverhill.

6 William Keely, born September 29, 1842, Haverhill.

7 Harriett Madeline, born January 18, 1846, in Wenham, N. Y.

Mary Louisa Keely, was married to Eben Knight, of Milford, N. H. June 28, 1853, at her father's residence in Saco, Maine, and have one child.

1 Louisa Elizabeth, born June 16, 1854, at Milford.

5 Margaret Bowers, married to John Gilman Lovejoy, cashier of the Bank in Rockland, Maine, October 11, 1836, and had issue as follows:

- 1 George Gilman, born October 3, 1840.
- 2 Abby Arvia, born May 8, 1842. Died August 31, 1843.
- 3 Joseph Bradley, born July 22, 1844.
- 4 Charles Horace, born July 2, 1854.

6 Samuel Prescott, married Emmeline Bartlett, of Boston. Lived in Haverhill and carried on merchandise. He died of pneumonia, in Haverhill, Mass. Age 79 years. Had issue as follows:

- 1 Henry Prescott, born January 23, 1838.
- 2 Maria Gilbert, born August 17, 1843.

7 Louisa B. married to William Henry Shaw of Portland Maine, October 1, 1835, and lived in Portland, and had issue as follows:

- 1 Henry Bradley, born October 16, 1837.

8 Mary Lowe, married to James Chadborne, September 19, 1837. Died August 5, 1858. Age 42 years. Mr. Chadborne was born in Portland, June 20, 1816, and by this marriage had issue as follows:

- 1 Mary Elizabeth, born July 27, 1838, in Lewiston, Maine.
- 2 Enoch Bradley, born February 6, 1841, in Lewiston, Maine.
- 3 Charles Prescott, born July 23, 1842, in Portland, Maine. Died August 23, 1843.

- 4 Charles William Crocker, born April 23, 1844, in Brooklyn, L. I.
- 5 James Jr., born August 9, 1845, in Brooklyn, L. I.
- 6 Edward Tappon, born April 17, 1848, in Brooklyn, L. I.
- 7 Abbie Hildreth, born March 19, 1850, in Brooklyn, L. I. Died March 26, 1850.

9 Charles Truworth Bradley, married Edwarda Walker of Worcester, Mass. November 15, 1851. No issue. Lived in Milwaukee, Wis., engaged in merchandise. Died February 18, 1893, leaving an estate valued at \$1,250,000, gave it all to his wife, and made her sole executrix of his will.

10 Abigail Ayers, married to Avery Augustus Bromley, of Middletown, N. Y., November 7, 1849. No issue. Mr. Bromley is a merchant in Middletown.

11 Joseph Hildreth Bradley, married to Lydia Ann Bowler, of Boston, August 31, 1850, and had issue as follows:

- 1 Helen Blanch, born May 29, 1851. Died March 1, 1853.
- 2 Anna Josephine, born February 1, 1854. Died Feb. 5, 1854.
- 3 Grace, born October 23, 1856.

Enoch Bradley was the son of Enoch Bradley, an old inhabitant of the West Parish of Haverhill. He had three brothers, which rhymed thus, Enoch and Lowe, Brichel and Jo.

The family seem to have been husbandmen and tillers of the soil. Mr. Bradley was noted for his industry and thrift, and taught all his eleven children to labor with their own hands, in such work as was required on a farm in the early part of the present century.

The oldest son, Enoch Lowe, inherits the homestead, on which is a grist mill, worked by Lowe for many years, selling the meal and flour in the village of Haverhill.

The daughters all married respectably and made excellent wives and mothers, which we should expect from so good and exemplary a mother.

The youngest son, Joseph H., was educated at Hanover college and studied law, settling in Boston. His brothers are mostly engaged in trade and manufactures.

Genealogy of the Hildreth Family

Resumed.

3 Samuel Prescott Hildreth, the third child of Dr. Samuel Hildreth and Abigail Bodwell, was born September 30, 1783, and married to Rhoda Cook of Belpre, Ohio, August 18, 1807, who was born August 25, 1785, at New Bedford or "Long Plain" Mass., and by this marriage had issue as follows:

- 1 Mary Ann, born May 13, 1808. Died October 24, 1842.
- 2 Charles Cook, born April 28, 1811.
- 3 George Osgood, born November 7, 1812.
- 4 Samuel Prescott, born October 19, 1819.
- 5 Rhoda Maria, born November 20, 1822. Died February 20, 1854.
- 6 Harriet Eliza, born September 4, 1826.

1 Mary Ann Hildreth was married to Douglass Putnam of Harmar, Ohio, February 7, 1831, and had issue as follows:

- 1 Benjamin Perkins, born May 4, 1832.
- 2 Samuel Hildreth, born June 19, 1835.
- 3 Douglass Jr., born August 21, 1838.
- 4 Harriet Day, born September 19, 1840. Died November 20, 1842.

- 5 John Day, born October 17, 1842. Died March 30, 1845.

Benjamin P. Putnam, son of Douglass and Mary Ann Putnam, was married to Lydia Edgerton, of Newport, Ohio, February 14, 1860, and had issue as follows:

- 1 Douglass Putnam, born November 19, 1860.
- 2 Elizabeth Edgerton Putnam, born July 3, 1865.

2 Charles C. Hildreth, M. D. was married to Sarah Swearingen of Wheeling, W. Va., March 24, 1836. Lived in Zanesville, Ohio. No issue.

4 Rev. Samuel P. Hildreth, Jr. was married to Miss Sophia Adams of Dresden, Ohio, August 3, 1852, and had issue as follows:

- 1 Mary Cass Hildreth, born March 1, 1856.
- 2 Rhoda Maria, born May 19, 1858.

5 Rhoda Maria Hildreth was married to Andrew Ross of Boston, June 1, 1847, and had issue as follows:

- 1 Mary Hildreth, born July 2, 1850. Married June 3, 1874, to James W. Edgerton at Marietta Ohio.
- 2 Samuel Hildreth, born February 9, 1854.

6 Harriet Eliza Hildreth was married to Elisha Douglass Perkins, April 11, 1848. Elisha Douglass Perkins died at Sacramento in California, December 17, 1852. Age 27 years, and had issue as follows:

- 1 Albert Douglass, born April 14, 1849. Died August 6, 1849.

Harriet E. Perkins was again married to John Means of Cattlesburgh, Ky., October 25, 1854, and died February 14, 1910, at twelve o'clock noon. Age 81 years. Had issue as follows:

- 1 Thomas Hildreth, born December 1, 1856.
- 2 Eliza Isabella, born August 8, 1858.
- 3-4 Lilian Means and Rosalea Means, twins, born February 25, 1860.
- 5 Harold, born May 19, 1862.
- 6 Ellison Cooke, born December 16, 1864.

4 Mary Hildreth, the fourth child of Dr. Samuel Hildreth and Abigail Bodwell of Methuen, Mass., was married to Francis Eaton, a lawyer of Haverhill, in the year 1814. Died February 15, 1817. Age 31 years. Mr. Eaton died in two or three years after his wife. Had issue as follows:

- 1 Francis Eaton, born April 4, 1815.
- 2 Mary Eaton, born February 5, 1817. Died March 13, 1843.

Mary Eaton was married to Andrew Ross, of Boston, August 21, 1840. Died March 13, 1843, leaving one child, Francis Andrew Ross, born November 17, 1841, who came to Ohio with his father in 1849, and is now, January 8, 1861, living in Henry County, Iowa.

5 Nancy Hildreth, the fifth child of Dr. Samuel Hildreth and Abigail Bodwell, was born in Methuen, October 28, 1789 and married to Thomas Newcomb, of Boston, January 17, 1815. Mr. Newcomb was

born in Quincy, Mass., August 4, 1786. Thomas Newcomb was bred to the art of a goldsmith and worked several years in Boston, but after a time entered into merchandise, which was pursued successfully in Haverhill, Mass., where he resided and brought up his family, acquiring a very comfortable fortune for their support. Had issue as follows:

- 1 Henry, born October 22, 1815. Died October 22, 1843.
- 2 Sarah Ann, born June 20, 1817. Died July 5, 1849.
- 3 Charles Hildreth, born September 26, 1818.
- 4 Caroline Elizabeth, born June 13, 1821. Died September 15, 1844.
- 5 John Day, born September 11, 1823.
- 6 Harriet Day, born November 27, 1827.

Sarah Ann Newcomb, was married to Benjamin Fabens of Salem, Mass. September 21, 1841, and had issue, one son:

- 1 Benjamin Lewis, born in September, 1846.

Charles H. Newcomb was married to Sarah Morse, of Derry, N. H., January 23, 1846. She died September, 1858.

John Day Newcomb was married to Sarah A. Maynard of Haverhill, January, 1859.

6 Harriet Warren Hildreth, the sixth child of Dr. Samuel Hildreth and Abigail Bodwell, was born in Methuen, June 22, 1796, and was married to John

Day of Salem, in the year 1819. By this marriage there was no issue. Captain Day was bred to the sea and while a boy served as a midshipman in one of the U. S. frigates during the war of 1812. In manhood had command of a ship and sailed from Salem and Boston in the European commerce. Having acquired a handsome estate, about the year 1835 he entered into merchandise in Portland; in connection with speculations in the wild land of Maine, and by reverses lost all he possessed in 1837. In 1840, came to Ohio and finally gained the command of a ship in New Orleans, and by a few years at sea, obtained a competence and settled in Salem.

7 Charles Truworth Hildreth, the seventh child of Dr. Samuel Hildreth and Abigail Bodwell, was born in Methuen, January 12, 1798, and was married to Miss Elizabeth Denton of Boston in 1822. By this marriage had only one child, William, who died in his third year and was buried in the cemetery at Mt. Auburn, where his father owned a lot.

In the spring of the year 1815, Charles T. Hildreth came to Marietta, Ohio, with his brother, where he lived three years and studied medicine; in 1818, returned to his father's house in Haverhill, and attended a course of medical lectures in Boston. In 1819, he returned to the valley of the Ohio, with the intention of settling for life. After examining many places he finally settled at Edwardsville, in the southern part of the state of Illinois. The country was partially settled

and very unhealthy, he was attacked with chills and fever and had to return to Ohio in the beginning of winter, and remained at Marietta until the summer of 1820, when he was attacked with typhoid-fever at Belpre, and hardly escaped with life. Late in the fall of 1820, he returned to his father's in Haverhill, and concluded to remain in New England. After trying several places to practice medicine, he finally settled in Boston, married and obtained a remunerating business, chiefly from the Baptists, which church he had joined. After twenty years of practice his health gradually declined and he died in the full and blessed consolations of the gospel of Christ, in March 1843. Age 45 years. His wife died in September, 1858. She was several years older than himself.

Dr. Samuel Hildreth came to Marietta and visited his son in May, 1823. In August following, while on a visit to Belpre, he was attacked with the epidemic fever which then prevailed and died at the house of Mrs. R. Cook, on August 6, 1823. Age 73 years. In 1825 his remains were brought to Marietta and buried in the "Mound Grave Yard".

The Bodwell Family

and Ancestors of My Mother

John Ladd and Mary Merrill, of Haverhill, were married October 17, 1717, and had nine children.

Abigail, the fifth child, the parent of my mother, was born on July 12, 1726, and married to Daniel Bodwell, Jr., of Methuen, in 1745, by Rev. Christopher Sargent, in the parlor of the first church in Methuen. The day of the month is omitted. He died about the year 1800, an old man of 80 years, and she died in 1816, age 90 years. They had nine children by this marriage:

- 1 Elizabeth, born January 1, 1747.
 - 2 Daniel Ladd, born October 14, 1748.
 - 3 Parker, born October 29, 1750.
 - 4 Elizabeth, born December 23, 1752.
 - 5 ABIGAIL, born December 16, 1755.
 - 6 Lydia, born March 15, 1757.
 - 7 Alpheus, born February 29, 1759.
 - 8 Ruth, born April 17, 1761.
 - 9 John Ladd, born September 26, 1763.
- 1 Elizabeth, probably died young.

2 Daniel Bodwell, the third, was married to Alice Messer of Methuen, in November, 1771, and had issue as follows:

- 1 Elizabeth, born June 3, 1773.
- 2 Elizabeth, the first born being dead, born September 7, 1774.
- 3 William Messer, born September 7, 1777.
- 4 Daniel, born June 20, 1780.
- 5 Alice, born January 4, 1782.
- 6 Lydia, born October 17, 1784.
- 8 Frederick, born April 8, 1787.
- 9 John, born June 24, 1792.
- 10 Persis, born January 26, 1795.

The farm and residence of Daniel Bodwell was on the bank of the Merrimac river, half a mile above the great dam at Lawrence. In 1844 the farm was sold to the proprietors of that city, and is now covered with city lots and buildings, especially the lower end of it. The dam stands on "Bodwell Falls".

3 Parker Bodwell was married to Hannah Abbott of Andover, Mass., date unknown, and had several children. One named Parker Ladd, who married Betsy Merrill, and had several children; one son named Herman, who suffered much from a disease of the thigh bone, about 4 years older than myself, with others that I do not know their names.

4 Elizabeth Bodwell, fourth child of Daniel Bodwell and Abigail Ladd, was born December 23, 1752, and married John Sargent of Methuen, September 22, 1771, and had issue as follows:

- 1 Betsy.
- 2 Abigail.
- 3 Frederic.
- 4 Sally.

The dates of their births I have not as yet obtained. The daughters all married and settled in Methuen. Frederic settled in Albany, state of N. Y., as a clothier.

Their oldest child was Asa, who studied physic with Dr. J. Bodwell, became surgeon's mate of the U. S. sloop of war "Pickering", and was lost at sea, in 1796 or 1797. No tidings of the vessel were ever obtained.

John Sargent was a very sensible and well educated man. He owned the mill seat on the west side of the falls of the Spicket river, and a grist mill and fulling mill, working at the trade of a clothier. When the Methuen "Social Library" was established about the year 1793, he was the Librarian and kept the books in his dwelling house.

5 Abigail Bodwell, the fifth child of Daniel Bodwell and Abigail Ladd, was married to Dr. Samuel Hildreth, of Methuen, May the 21, 1776, and had issue as follows:

- 1 Susan, born 1778. Died, 1814.
- 2 Abigail, born February 26, 1779. Died April 6, 1855. Age 77 years.
- 3 Samuel Prescott, born September 30, 1783.
- 4 Mary, born October 7, 1786. Died February 15, 1817. Age 31 years.

- 5 Nancy, born October 28, 1789.
- 6 Harriet Warren, born June 22, 1796.
- 7 Charles Truworth, born January 12, 1798. Died 1843. Age 45 years.

6 Lydia Bodwell, the sixth child of Daniel Bodwell and Abigail Ladd, was married to Robert Chase, of Lundown, N. H. or Newbury, December 7, 1780, and had issue as follows:

- 1 Mary.
- 2 Ruth.
- 3 Robert.

I have not the dates of their births or deaths. Their father, Robert Chase, was a very pious, hard working farmer and lived in Lundown, N. H., which town was properly named as the soil was sandy and very poor. When a boy of ten years I visited there once with my mother, she riding behind me on horseback. It was a noted region for producing chestnuts.

7 Alpheus Bodwell, the seventh child of Daniel Bodwell and Abigail Ladd, was married to Hannah Bodwell, his cousin and daughter of Maj. Samuel Bodwell of Methuen, May 1, 1786, and had issue as follows:

- 1 Samuel, born July 8, 1786. Died at sea.
- 2 Moses, born October 3, 1787. Died about 1796, by bite of a mad dog.
- 3 Alpheus, born October 3, 1788. Died young.
- 4 Alpheus born February 13, 1790. Died at sea in his 19th year.

- 5 Eliza, born August 7, 1793.
- 6 Frederic, born March 31, 1795.
- 7 Hannah, born April 12, 1796.
- 8 Moses, second, born November 30, 1798.
- 9 Albert Mason, born September 8, 1804. Died at sea.
- 10 Samuel, second, born April 2, 1806.

None of these children married but Hannah and she left no issue. They all died in youth or early manhood. Their mother for the last few years of her life was subject to attacks of insanity, not lasting very long, but very harassing to the family at this time. (June 19, 1861. They are all dead.) A more full description of my uncle is given in my autobiography. My aunt died in August, 1835.

8 Ruth Bodwell, the eighth child of Daniel Bodwell and Abigail Ladd, married Josiah Abbott, of Andover, Mass., May 14, 1784, and had issue as follows:

- 1 Charles.
- 2 Ruth.
- 3 Fanny.

I have not the date of these births, but were all living in Lexington, N. H., in 1823, where Mr. Abbot moved as early as 1803 or 4. I used to see them often before their mother's death. He married a second wife, by whom he had nine children.

9 Dr. John Ladd Bodwell, the ninth child of Daniel Bodwell and Abigail Ladd, was married to

Dorcas Bodwell of Methuen, his cousin and daughter of Major Samuel Bodwell, January 17, 1795, and had issue as follows:

- 1 Edward, became an engineer on the railroad, and moved to Ohio in 1857 or 8, had a family and in 1859, to Memphis, in Tennessee.
- 2 Persis, lived in Manchester, N. H. A teacher of school.
- 3 Dorcas, married M. Waldo, and lived at the Falls Village, Methuen.
- 4 Augustus L., an apothecary, lived in Manchester, N.H.

Dr. John Bodwell practiced medicine many years in Methuen, 40 or more, then moved to Manchester, N. H., where he died.

Genealogy

of the Ancestors of

Rhoda Cooke Hildreth

Captain Thomas Cooke and his wife Mary, were born in England, between A. D. 1600 and 1603, about the close of Elizabeth's reign. They had four children, Thomas Jr., John, Sarah and George, the two oldest born in England, and the others in America. Between 1630 and 1636, the family emigrated from England to Boston, in the colony of "the Massachusetts bay", where they lived a few years. In 1637, Captain Cooke and a number of associates purchased from the Titequot Indians, the site of the present town of Taunton, on Taunton river, some 30 miles south of Boston, and at once laid out and commenced the building of this noted manufacturing place, whose present population is 15,000. Having removed to Taunton, Captain Cooke took the oath of "fidelity" there to the colony of "New Plymouth," in 1639. In August, 1643, he and his son Thomas Jr., were enrolled in the militia of Plymouth Colony. In September, 1643, he with his family removed from Taunton and settled on a farm in the town of Portsmouth on the island of Rhode Island, the farm being

on the east side of the island, opposite "Toyland Point" on Tiverton, and six miles N. E. of Newport. In 1659, Captain Cooke was one of the three commissioners who ran the western boundary line of the colony of "Rhode Island". In 1664, he was a member of the colonial legislature, meeting at Newport. His death occurred in the spring of 1677. His wife survived him a few years and was the executrix of his will.

John Cooke Sr., the second child of Thomas and Mary was born in England in 1631. Admitted a "freeman" of Rhode Island in 1648. Married a Miss Mary Borden, daughter of Richard Borden and Joan —, about 1652. Became wealthy and owned lands on R. I. and in Tiverton, and also a number of Indian and Negro slaves. Had seventeen children, Mary, Elizabeth, Sarah, John Jr., Hannah, Joseph, Martha, Deborah, Thomas, Amy, Samuel and six other daughters; and died on his father's homestead in Portsmouth, May 15, 1691. The inscription on his tombstone is yet legible. He died of smallpox. His wife had died December 23, 1690. Age 57 years.

Richard Borden, father of Mary Borden, born 1601. Died May 25, 1691, of Portsmouth, R. I. 1654-55, General Treasurer. 1654-56-57 Commissioner.

John Cooke Jr., fourth child of John Sr., was born in Portsmouth, R. I. about A. D. 1660, on the Cooke

homestead, married Ruth Shaw, a daughter of Anthony and Alice Stonard Shaw, about 1682 and settled on a farm, given by his father, of 150 acres, lying on Panketest neck, in Tiverton. Became owner of land on the "Poenssel and Panketest Purchases" in Tiverton, about 1718, and died in July 1737, his wife Ruth surviving him. Children married as follows:

Mary, married John Howland of Dartsmouth.

Thomas, married Lydia Taylor. January 17, 1712.

Deborah, married James Howland, July 25, 1717.

Anna, married James Tripp, March 13, 1719.

Thomas Cooke, fourth child of John Jr. and Ruth, was born about 1690. Married Lydia Taylor, January 17, 1712, a daughter of John Taylor and Abigail—, and by her had ten children, Joseph, Sarah, Job, Elizabeth, Anna, Mary, Abigail, Jeremiah, Phebe and Hannah, all born in Tiverton. Owned the south half of his father's farm and other land; was a Quaker or Friend in religion. His wife dying, he married Susanna Cornell of Dartsmouth, Mass., in 1758, and died in January 1779, having his son Joseph his executor.

John Taylor was the son of Robert Taylor and Mary Hodges, married November, 1646.

Joseph Cooke Sr., first child of Thomas and Lydia, was born September 12, 1712. Married Mary, daughter of Robert and Amy Bennet, of Tiverton, in 1733, settled on a farm at Long Plain in 1735, on

which he lived till his death in September, 1787. His wife, Mary, died February 11, 1801. He had nine children; Lydia, Meribah, Job, Thomas, Alma, Paul and Pardon, twins, Joseph Jr., and Rhoda, all born at Long Plain, but Lydia, at Tiverton.

Pardon Cook, seventh child of Joseph Sr. was born September 19, 1746, was a merchant and sea captain. In 1780 married Rhoda Barker, daughter of Captain Isaac Barker, deceased, of Portsmouth, R. I. and Elizabeth Howland his wife. Had four children, Abigail, Rhoda, Elizabeth and Pardon Jr. In the fall of the year 1800, he moved his family to Fair Haven, near New Bedford, for the benefit of his children in education, an academy being opened there about this time. He died of apoplexy on the 10th of September, 1803. Age 57 years. In 1804, the widow and three unmarried children moved to Ohio, and purchased a farm in Belpre, opposite the mouth of Little Kanawah. Abigail married Captain John Bennet, in 1804. Rhoda married Dr. S. A. Hildreth, on August 18, 1807. Elizabeth to Dr. Erastus Webb, 1818, while Pardon remained a bachelor. Mrs. Cooke died at Athens, Ohio, in March, 1856. Age 97 years and six months.

Some Account of the Sickness
and Death of
Mrs. Rhoda Marie Hildreth Ross
Aged 31 Years

She was confined in child bed with her second child on Thursday, February 9, 1854, at 8 o'clock P. M. The labour was not unusually severe or tedious, but complained of a good deal of tenderness of the bowels, if placed on the back, indicating incipient inflammation. She had been uncommonly healthy for months preceding. She remained comfortable until the next day at 11 A. M., when a chill came on as she was sitting up in bed to take nourishment, followed by a light fever, and that night slept poorly. Her bowels being confined, gave her some consomme of figs and senna, her favorite laxative, but not operating that night, she took castor oil and spirits of turpentine, which produced sufficient motion. On Saturday evening at 9 o'clock was attacked with a pain in the right side near the viscera, for which took Dovers powders and sandnum, with warm fermentations; it afforded some relief and she slept with moisture on the skin, pulse 120. She was bled in the evening to 14 or 16 ounces. The bowels now appeared turmid, showing the folds

of the colon on the surface, but were not tender to the touch or unnaturally hot.

On Sunday, the third day, continued the Dovers powders, with nitre and directed a diet of gum arabic, water and elm, lest a pernicious food should occasion flatulence and swell the bowels still more; thirst not great or tongue much coated, and seemed to be a disease of irritation, rather than inflammation, there being but little pain since Saturday evening, bearing pressure, except on the spot where the pain commenced. Applied warm poultices of hops and wheat bran, the tension of the bowels fluctuating, less full after an evacuation which were full enough. Slept more on Sunday night than any previous one.

On the fourth day or Monday was more comfortable, pulse at 105, at 5 P. M. At 7 P. M. her brother Charles arrived from Louisville, and changed the course of treatment, directing more nourishing food and giving some brandy, thinking there was danger of reducing her too much; he also applied sinapisms to the breasts to promote secretion of milk, none yet appearing; also over the abdomen. He gave Tinct Veratria Virida to keep down the pulse, with a dose of anodyne. She had a wretched night from the distress and irritation of the mustard; no sleep.

In the morning, Tuesday the fifth, the nurse without my order, changed her dress and removed her to make the bed, combed her head, etc., all of which

wearied and distressed her exceedingly; bowels more turmid and more tender; gave a dose of oil and Terebinth, which operated a little and lessened the fullness.

Tuesday, sixth, continued the use of Tin. Veratria which kept the pulse at 70 or 80; thirst increased, gave bits of ice to cool the mouth and quench dryness.

Wednesday, seventh, bad night, sleeping only at short periods, difficult breathing with severe pain in the right iliac region, where it first began, extending up the right side to the top of the shoulders; linament of Hartshorn, chloroform and alcohol applied, afforded temporary relief, but soon returned, continued the same remedies but pulse rose to 105 in the night showing increased irritability of the heart, and it was not again below 100.

Thursday, eighth day, no better, bowels more full and hard to move, distressed since Tuesday with an immense load of gas on the stomach, causing eructation every few minutes, preventing sleep and jarring the bowels, now quite tender. At 4 P. M., of this day gave a tablespoon of fine charcoal every three hours to absorb gas and move the bowels; it was continued to ten o'clock A. M.

Friday, the ninth day, at 4. P. M., after nausea and vomiting from the action of the Veratria, had a copious discharge from the bowels, with much gas, which afforded a good deal of relief and lessened this

swelling one third. Her brother Charles now left for home, at 9 A. M., thinking her to be much better.

Saturday, tenth, had a very bad night, no sleep of any length, looks sunken and distressed; until now had been cheerful. Began to use charcoal again at noon with the addition of yeast in small quantity rendering it easier to swallow, it being difficult to take anything, from the quantity of gas; vomited several times last night, in the part from the Veratria in large doses, bowels more turmid, pulse 120.

Sunday, the eleventh day, last evening, Dr. Regnier advised to lay a blister over the right hypochondrium, as it was hard and swelled; it vesicated partially, but distressed her very much. During the day gave the Veratria every three hours, 10 or 12 drops, pulse very rapid, thirst great, with redness of the lips and tongue. Omitted the Veratria as it had no control over the pulse, only sickening the stomach. Sunday night still worse. Having been with her nearly all the time, by night and by day, I left her after eleven at night, but returned at 3:30 A. M.

Monday morning, pulse intermitting and very rapid. Percieving that death was at hand I apprised her of it, and sent for the Rev. E. B. Andrews, who lived near. Her pastor, Mr. Wicks, had visited her on Sunday evening, and prayed with her. In this trying emergency her mind was calm and collected. She sent for some of her dearest female friends, Mrs. Lucy Smith, and

sister Maria Woodbridge, commenced calmly and bid them a tender adieu, as if going on a journey, perfectly resigned to the will of God, glorifying Him in her last hour. She desired Mr. Andrews, after prayer, to baptise her babe, naming it Samuel Hildreth. Called for her dear little Mary, now three years and six months old, and with a sweet smile told her that her mother was now going up to the skies, and she would see her no more; but if she was a good little girl, she should come to her some time. She then directed about her burial, with the grounds around her grave to be made cheerful and pleasant with roses and evergreens, so that when I visited it with her children, I could tell them about their mother. The charge of these she committed to her mother, sister Hattie and myself. She had been living a little over a year in a house which I had built expressly for her and after her own model. She regretted she must leave it so soon, with the ornamented shrubbery in contemplation this spring, but was resigned to the will of her heavenly Father, and gave up all cheerfully at his bidding. She designated numerous little articles, as mementos to be given to her personal friends, with all the calmness of an every day occurrence. The breathing now became more oppressed as the abdomen was enormously distended, stopping the motion of the heart and diaphragm. She called on her Saviour with confidence and assured hope in her last hour, as her only dependence. A few minutes before she ceased to

breath, her reason left her and she grasped frantically the arm and shoulder of her sister. The agony of death soon ceased and her departing spirit was in the presence of her God and Redeemer, where sorrow and suffering can distress her no more. Thus died our dear Rhoda Maria, in the midst of her days and usefulness. May the will of God be done in all things.

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